THE European Magazine, AND LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of *LONDON*.

For AUGUST, 1785.

[Embellished with, 1. An elegant Engraving of GEORGE COLMAN, Esq. from an original Painting by GAINSBOROUGH. 2. Plan of a GARDEN BUILDING, at Beckett, near Farringdon, Berks, by INIGO JONES. 3. View of a VOLCANO on the Summit of MORNE GAROU, a Mountain in the Island of St. Vincent. 4. A Representation of a newly-discovered English Bird (sitting on its curious Nest) of the GENUS MOTACILLA. And 5. A Fourth Plate illustrative of GRECIAN and other EASTERN ANTIQUITIES.]

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE

J. SEWELL, CORNHILL; AND J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

Probus's Hints are ſo politely offered, that we hold ourſelves obliged to him for them, and they ſhall be taken into conſideration.

The effuſion of ſpleen and ill-humour from Mancheſter, under the ſignature of *Cenſor*, deſerves no notice.

Giles Monro ſhould recollect, that a Magazine cannot be adapted to the taſte of any one perſon alone. We always endeavour to pleaſe the generality. The political pieces he wiſhes to have omitted have been repeatedly approved by the public. He need not fear that we ſhall degenerate into party.

D. W. H.—Urbanus—J. D.—Jack Robinſon—The Poem of Mrs. Monk, never before publiſhed—*The Original Poems of Cuthbert Shaw, and ſome Hints for an account of him*, which ſhall be made uſe of, *Plowden*, *Cantabrigienſis*, and *Theatricus*, are received. They will all be conſidered with candour and attention; and ſuch as are proper inſerted.

We make it a rule to take notice of no Letters where the poſtage is not paid.

We hope to be able to reſume our *Review of Muſical Publications*, which has ſuffered a partial ſuſpenſion in the two laſt Numbers, from the great overflow of more temporary matter, in our next Month's Magazine.

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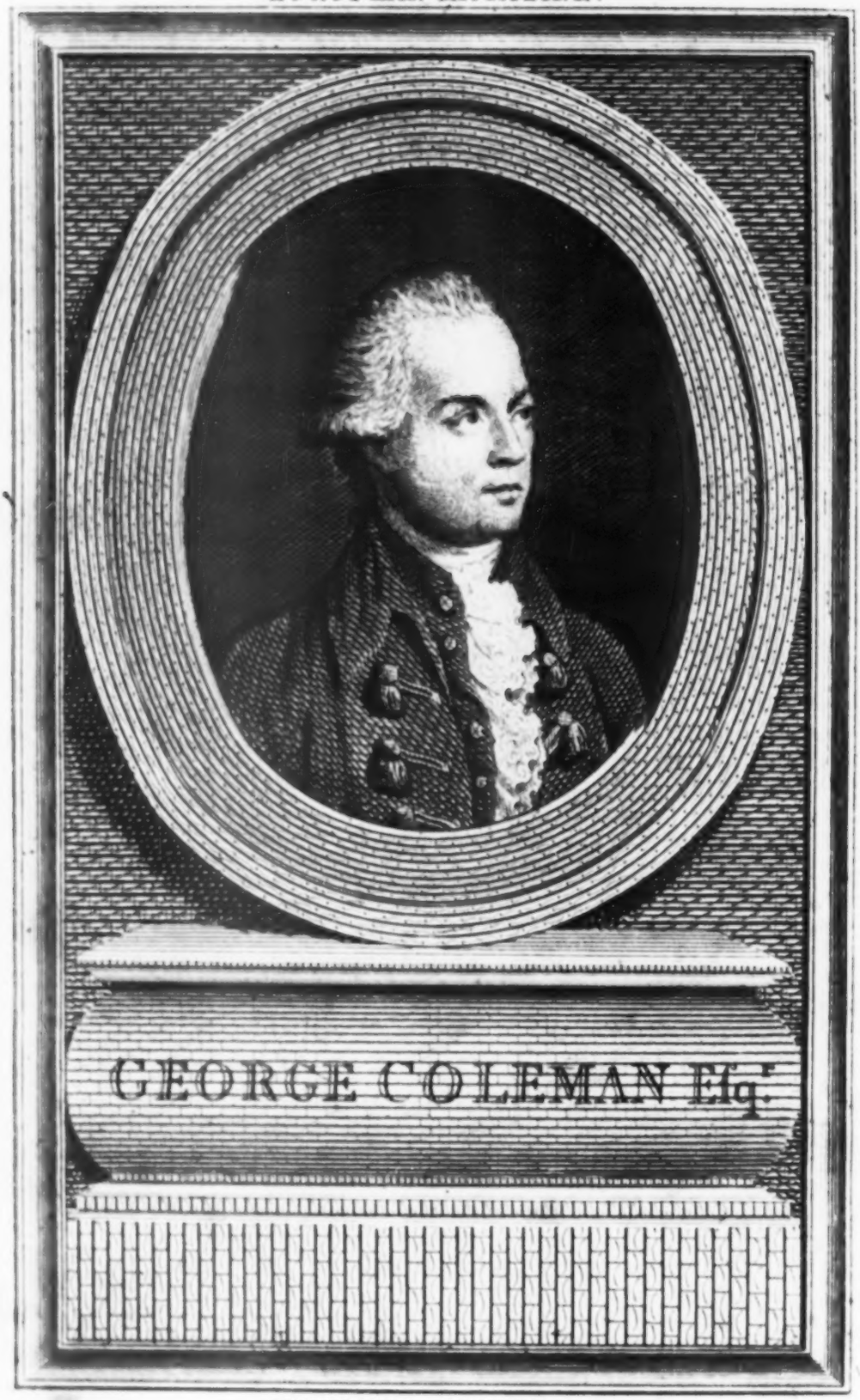
Bank Stock, ——	India Bonds, 15s. pr.
New 4 per Cent. 1777 76 ⅛ ⅝	Fund Navy ——
5 per Cem. Ann. 1785, 92 ½ ¼ 5-8ths	New Navy and Vict. Bills ——
3 per Cent. red. 50 ⅛ ¼	L. Ann 17 15-16ths years pur.
3 per Ct Conſ. 58 ⅜ ½	10 years Short Ann. 1777, ——
3 per Cent. 1726, —	30 years Ann. 1778,
3 per Cent. 1751, —	3 per Cent. Scrip. —
South Sea Stock, —	4 per Cent. Scrip.
Old S. S. An. ——	Omnium, —
New S. S. Ann. 57 1-8th ¼	Exchequer Bills 10s. prem.
3 per Cent. 1751, —	Lottery Tickets 13l. 17s. 6d.
India Stock, ——	
3 per Ct. Ind. Ann. —	



Published by J. Sewell in Cornhill 1785.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW; FOR AUGUST, 1785.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of GEORGE COLMAN, Eſq.

[With an ENGRAVING of him, from an original Picture by GAINSBOROUGH.]

THE gentleman we have ſelected for the ſubject of this month's Magazine has been ſo long within the obſervation of the public, his writings are ſo well known, and the applauſe he has met with has been ſo general and deſerved, that we do not flatter ourſelves with having the power to communicate to our readers much novelty concerning him or his works. Poſterity, however, who will read his productions with equal ſatisfaction as the preſent times, will be obliged to us for recording the following particulars.

George Colman is the ſon of Francis Colman, Eſq. his Majeſty's Reſident at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuſcany at Florence, by a ſiſter of the late Counteſs of Bath. He was born at Florence, and had the honour of having the late King George II. whoſe name he bears, for his godfather. He received his education at Weſtminſter ſchool, where he very early ſhewed his poetical talents. The firſt performance by him is a Copy of Verſes addreſſed to his couſin Lord Pulteney, written in the year 1747, while he was at Weſtminſter, and ſince printed in the *St. James's Magazine*, a work publiſhed by his unfortunate friend Robert Lloyd *. At ſchool he had for his companions Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Churchill, Bonnel Thornton, and ſome others, who have ſince diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the literary world. From Weſtminſter ſchool he removed to Oxford, and became a Student of Chriſt-Church. It was here, at a very early age, he engaged with his friend, Bonnel Thornton, in publiſhing *The Connoiſſeur*, a periodical paper which appeared once a week, and was continued from January 31, 1754, to September 30, 1756. When the age of the writers of this entertaining paper is conſidered, the wit and humour, the ſpirit, the good ſenſe and ſhrewd obſervations on life and manners, with which it abounds, will excite ſome degree of wonder, but will at the ſame time evidently point out the extraordinary talents which were afterwards to be more fully diſplayed in the Jealous Wife and the Clandeſtine Marriage.

The recommendation of his friends, or his choice, but probably the former, induced him to fix upon the Law for his profeſſion; and he accordingly was entered of Lincoln's Inn, and in due ſeaſon called to the Bar. He attended there a very ſhort time, though, if our recollection does not miſlead us, he was ſeen often enough in the Courts to prevent his abandoning the profeſſion merely for want of encouragement. It is reaſonable, however, to ſuppoſe, that he felt more pleaſure in attending to the Muſe than to Briefs and Reports, and it will therefore excite no wonder that he took the earlieſt opportunity of relinquiſhing purſuits not congenial to his taſte. Apollo and Littleton, ſays Wycherley, ſeldom meet in the ſame brain.

On the 18th of March, 1758, he took the degree of Maſter of Arts at Oxford, and in the year 1760 his firſt dramatic piece, Polly Honeycombe, was acted at Drury-Lane, with great ſucceſs. For ſeveral years before, the Comic Muſe ſeemed to have relinquiſhed the

* In conjunction with this gentleman he wrote the beſt parodies of modern times, the "Odes to Oblivion and Obſcurity." When Mr. Lloyd's volume of poems was about to be publiſhed by ſubſcription, materials being wanted to compleat it, Mr. Colman gave Mr. Lloyd *The Law Student*, addreſſed to himſelf, with ſuch alterations as that circumſtance made neceſſary.

ſtage. No comedy had been produced at either Theatre ſince the year 1751, when Moore's Gil Blas was with difficulty performed nine nights. At length, in the beginning of the year 1761, three different authors were candidates for public favour in the ſame walk, almoſt at the ſame time, viz. Mr. Murphy, who exhibited the Way to Keep Him; Mr. Macklin, the Married Libertine; and Mr. Colman, the Jealous Wife. The former and latter of theſe were moſt ſucceſsful, and the latter in a much higher degree. Indeed, when the excellent performance of Meſſ. Garrick, Yates, O'Brien, King, Palmer, Moody, with Mrs. Pritchard, Clive, and Miſs Pritchard, are recollected, it would have ſhewn a remarkable want of taſte in the Town not to have followed, as they did, this admirable piece with the greateſt eagerneſs and perſeverance.

The mention of the Jealous Wife in Churchill's Roſciad, occaſioned Mr. Colman to experience ſome of the malevolence which that and other of Mr. Churchill's ſatires gave birth to. Many rude and illiberal attacks iſſued from the preſs againſt all the different combatants, and it is preſumed that ſuch of them as are now living would eſteem themſelves under no obligations to any perſon who ſhould revive the memory of their forgotten reſentments. We ſhall only therefore obſerve, that much good writing and much wit and humour were thrown away in this very acrimonious and diſgraceful controverſy.

We ſhall not regularly trace the ſeveral dramatic pieces of Mr. Colman as they appeared, the greater part being within the moſt of our readers remembrance. On July 1764, Lord Bath died, and on that event Mr. Colman found himſelf in circumſtances fully ſufficient to enable him to follow the bent of his genius. The firſt publication which he produced, after this period, was a tranſlation of the comedies of Terence, in the execution of which he reſcued that author from the hands of as taſteleſs and ignorant a ſet of writers as ever diſgraced the name of tranſlators. Whoever would wiſh to ſee the ſpirit of the ancient bard tranſuſed into the Engliſh language, muſt look for it in Mr. Colman's verſion.

The ſucceſſor of Lord Bath, General Pulteney, died in 1767, and Mr. Colman again found himſelf remembered in his Will, by a ſecond annuity, which confirmed the independency of his fortune. He ſeems, however, to have felt no charms in an idle life; as, in 1767, he united with Meſſrs Harris, Rutherforth, and Powell, in the purchaſe of Covent-Garden Theatre, and took upon himſelf the laborious office of Acting Manager. The differences which aroſe from this aſſociation are too recent to be forgot, and the cauſes of them perhaps too ridiculous to be recorded. It may, however, in general, be obſerved, that the appeals to the Public during this controverſy, do great credit to the talents, if not the tempers, of each party. As an act of oblivion of former animoſities, and a general reconciliation of all parties, ſoon afterwards took place, we ſhall not perpetuate the memory of quarrels, now no longer of conſequence to the Publick.

After continuing Manager of Covent-Garden Theatre ſeven years, Mr. Colman ſold his ſhare and intereſt therein to Mr. James Leake, one of his then partners, and, in 1777, purchaſed of Mr. Foote the Theatre in the Hay-Market. The eſtimation which the entertainments exhibited under his direction are held in by the Publick, the reputation which the Theatre has acquired, and the continual concourſe of the polite world, during the height of ſummer, ſufficiently ſpeak the praiſes of Mr. Colman's management. Indeed it has been long admitted, that no perſon, ſince the death of Mr. Garrick, is ſo able to ſuperintend the entertainments of the ſtage as the ſubject of this account.

To ſagacity in diſcovering the talents of his performers, he joins the inclination and ability to diſplay them with every advantage. To him Mr. Henderſon, Miſs Farren, Mrs. Bannitter, Miſs George, Mrs. Wells, and, in ſome meaſure, Mr. Edwin, (whoſe comic powers had been buried a whole ſeaſon under Mr. Foote's management) beſides ſome others, owe their introduction to a London audience; and the great improvements made by Mr. Palmer, Mr. Parſons, &c. teſtify the judgment and induſtry of their director.

Within the laſt three years Mr. Colman has ſhewn that his attention to the theatre has not made him entirely neglect his claſſical ſtudies. He has lately given the public a new tranſlation and commentary on Horace's Art of Poetry, in which he has produced a new ſyſtem to explain this very difficult Poem. In oppoſition to Dr. Hurd, he ſuppoſes, "that one of the ſons of Piſo, undoubtedly "the elder, had either written or meditated "a poetical work, moſt probably a Tragedy; "and that he had, with the knowledge of "the family, communicated his piece or in-"tention to Horace; but Horace either diſ-"approving of the work, or doubting of the "poetical faculties of the elder Piſo, or both, "wiſhed to diſſuade from all thoughts of "publication. With this view he formed "the deſign of writing this epiſtle, addreſ-"ſing it with a courtlineſs and delicacy per-"fectly agreeable to his acknowledged cha-"racter, indifferently to the whole family,

"the

"the father and his two ſons, *Epiſtola ad "Piſones de Arte Poetica.*" This hypotheſis is ſupported with much learning, ingenuity, and modeſty; and if not fully eſtabliſhed, is at leaſt as well entitled to applauſe as that adopted by the Biſhop of Worceſter.

On the publication of the *Horace*, the Biſhop ſaid to Dr. Douglas, "Give my com-"pliments to C—, and thank him for the "handſome manner in which he has treated "me, and tell him that *I think he is right.*"

Beſides the Dramatic Works of Mr. Colman, and thoſe we have already mentioned, he is the author of a Preface to the laſt edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, a Diſſertation prefixed to Maſſinger, a ſeries of papers in the St. James's Chronicle under the title of The Genius, and many other fugitive pieces. A report lately prevailed that he intended to collect ſome of thoſe into volumes; a deſign the public will be glad to ſee carried into execution. Mr. Colman alſo, ſome years ago, promiſed to publiſh the works of his deceaſed friend Mr. Thornton; a promiſe he ought to be reminded of, and which we hope he will fulfil.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for AUGUST 1785. No. XVIII.

THIS month has been productive of much political matter at home and abroad; and on looking over our labours of laſt month, we find our obſervations and conjectures realizing into important facts, as faſt as they can well evolve themſelves from the womb of time, all in regular train and ſucceſſion.

The Commercial Arrangement between Great Britain and Ireland has fared juſt as we ſtated. It has been received in the Iriſh Houſe of Commons with all the marks of indignation and reprobation, on its firſt reading, and not honoured with an order for a ſecond reading; conſequently, it is ſmothered in the birth, and by the hands of the obſtetrical agent who was appointed to midwife it into its ſecond birth in Ireland. —— It is gone to ſleep with its fathers, and there let it reſt undiſturbed as unlamented! —— It would, however, be a great curioſity to find out, for a certainty, who was the original parent of this very extraordinary unparalleled phænomenon in politicks, that he might reap the benefit as well as the laurels due to his laborious unwearied endeavours to bring forth, as well as to rear, this non-deſcript in politicks *pro bono publico*, as is pretended. — The Miniſter has never yet publickly owned the bantling to be his own, though he has adopted it, hugged it, cheriſhed and nouriſhed it, and moved heaven and earth to rear it to maturity; but all his endeavours have been defeated through its intrinſick deformity, and the diſtortions it has undergone under his hands. — His Right-hand ſupporter, the ſecret-influence man, has never fairly owned it, but was ſecond to the Premier in the above ſtrenuous endeavour to rear it; yet all to no purpoſe. —— His Left-hand ſupporter, the *quondam* mouth of Scotland, has neither owned it nor eagerly defended it, but as a baſtard-brood of ſome kin to a favourite friend.— In ſhort, this homely, unſightly brat has been conceived, born, and dandled upon the knee of Miniſtry, without any viſible or known parents or anceſtors; and thoſe who mourn in ſecret over its ſudden fate, are aſhamed to ſhew their grief, leſt it ſhould be fathered upon them. — For our parts, we freely acknowledge, that we think there is no loſs come to the land by its death; and we think further, that its real parent's life will never be of ſervice to this country, let him live as long as he will. — We are afraid the lives of the nurſes will not be much more beneficial to our country.—Thoſe who could ſwallow and digeſt the Propoſitions, muſt have wide throats and ſtrong ſtomachs indeed!

This month has produced a mandate from the New Commiſſioners for the affairs of Taxes, enjoining all houſe-keepers to make report of their inmates, lodgers, male and female ſervants, horſes, coaches, waggons, and wheel-carriages, all in one heap or jumble! a fine medley! in order to have all taxed according to the old and new laws, for loading beaſts of burden already heavy laden. — Well may the Miniſter ſay, "My little finger ſhall be heavier than my father's loins," or thoſe of all his predeceſſors.—

An Adjournment of Parliament for near three months has been adopted in this month, in lieu of a Prorogation; for what reaſon the Miniſter can beſt tell. We cannot find out one good end it can anſwer.

A ſpecial requiſition from the American Congreſs is reported to have been introduced to our Cabinet, for eſtabliſhing a commercial arrangement between Great Britain and the Thirteen Stripes! To be ſure, we muſt be attentive to the motions, requeſts, and demands of that illuſtrious body, above all other powers on the face of the earth, in conſideration of the numerous, great, and important favours they have already conferred on us! The work is more than three parts done already,

ready, having the conſent of Congreſs to take all from us, and give us nothing in return! for that is their profeſſed ſyſtem and practice, from their firſt treaty till now!—They can unblushingly demand every thing we have, and more than we have to give; but when it comes to their part to grant ſomething in return, why, truly they have no power but to recommend the ſubject propoſed to the reſpective legiſlatures of their confederacy!—Would any men in their ſenſes treat with ſuch people?——Let them begin their treaty with doing juſtice to the loyal Americans and injured Britons whom they have defrauded of their property by their injurious laws, or rather by their violation of all law and juſtice.

Some aukward circumſtances have awakened the jealouſies and apprehenſions of many perſons reſpecting the diſpoſitions, deſigns, and manœuvres of the French. Common ſenſe is ſo faithleſs, that it is difficult to decide upon its ſuggeſtions: but certainly the ſudden departure of the Engliſh and French ambaſſadors from their ſtations at nearly the ſame time, upon frivolous or falſe pretences, immediately upon the publication of the French King's ſevere edict againſt the trade and manufactures of Britain, and a viſible naval armament on both ſides unexplained, unaccounted for, wears but a very unpromiſing aſpect which the two Courts hold out to one another at preſent.—Miniſters may diſſemble, and make light of all theſe appearances, ſnap all off at their fingers' ends, pretending to laugh at the fears of the people; but ſound politicians conſider all this as very ſlender ſecurity againſt the horrors of war.—Theſe have not forgot the behaviour of the Miniſter, at the laſt breaking of the French with us; it is too memorable a circumſtance to be eaſily forgotten:—for

On the Wedneſday, the then Miniſter came down to the Houſe of Commons, and there officially declared, that the French had not the moſt diſtant idea of breaking with us, or taking part with the Americans: as a proof whereof he aſſerted, that the French forces, which had been quartered on or near the ſea-ſide, were all marched up into the interior part of the country, and their ſhips were all laid up in their moorings! He even went ſo far as to laugh at the ſenders of Oppoſition for their groſs ignorance of thoſe affairs, aſking them, what ſort of correſpondence they kept, and what intelligence they received from the continent, not to know ſuch important matters of fact? On the Friday following, in a ſpace of leſs than eight-and-forty hours, the French ambaſſador delivered to Miniſtry his maſter's manifeſto, avowing his alliance with the Americans, and his determination to ſupport them; then turned on his heel, took French leave, and returned to his own country, when hoſtilities commenced!——This ſhews how much reliance may be placed on the countenance, the pretences, and grimaces of Miniſters.

Beſides, we aſk, How does the French King's edict correſpond with the letter and ſpirit of the eighteenth preliminary article of peace, whereby it was agreed, that both Courts ſhould appoint Commiſſioners to enquire into the ſtate of commerce between the two nations, in order to agree upon new arrangements of trade, on the footing of reciprocity and mutual convenience? This edict, therefore, militates againſt the ſpirit and the letter of that treaty of pacification concluded in the year 1783. Let Miniſters explain this myſtery if they can.

To the above appearances we may add, the part now acting by our Sovereign's German Miniſters in the league forming under the lead of his Pruſſian Majeſty. We have, in a former Magazine, expreſſed our apprehenſions on this ſubject, and our marked diſapprobation of ſuch a meaſure when in contemplation: our opinion ſtrengthens on this point, for ſundry reaſons too extenſive to be here recited. We are truly ſorry to hear that the ſcheme is ſo openly avowed by the confederates, as to attract the public cognizance of the Emperor, againſt whom it is pointed. Conſequences from that ſtep may be very fatal to this kingdom in particular, and to Germany, nay even Europe in general. May the parties confederating as openly diſavow any further proceedings in it, as the Emperor diſavows the pretended cauſe of it!

The Dutch Commiſſioners have found their way to make a bow at the Court of Vienna; but their addreſs to the Emperor and his anſwer ſeem to differ widely; the former implying a treaty of pacification nearly completed; the other ſignifying that it is barely begun! There is ſomething whimſical in his Imperial Majeſty making the heavy-heeled Dutchmen dance to Vienna on the buſineſs of peace, and then referring himſelf to the negociations of his Ambaſſador at the French Court! This is certainly a round-about way of doing buſineſs of ſuch moment and conſequence. It looks as if theſe Commiſſioners had been ſent there as hoſtages for the performance of whatever ſhould be ſtipulated on the part of their High Mightineſſes at Verſailles. Begging the Emperor's pardon, however, we think the wiſeſt way would have been to have made his own bargain, and the moſt honourable way, in his own capital.

The poor Catholick King ſeems to be in a ſtrange predicament with the infidel Algerines!

rines! He has made a ſad compromiſe with them; a diſgraceful end to his grand confederacy! He can neither keep peace with them, nor make war ſucceſsfully. What he does now, he muſt do upon his own bottom; for the other Powers who joined him formerly, will be afraid to truſt him again, after relinquiſhing them ſo abruptly by his late treaty with the Dey. Thus the Algerines will tyrannize over them all! Sad œconomy of the Chriſtian Maritime Powers!

All the commotions, changes, and revolutions of the Turks ſeem to be confined within their own unwieldy empire, without reaching the circumjacent kingdoms, unleſs theſe provoke an attack upon themſelves. The Chriſtian world has very little to complain of the Mahometan empire in the preſent century; it is well if the latter has not too much reaſon to complain of the former.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

SYLLOGISTICUS: A CHARACTER.

GENTLEMEN,

AMONGST all the diſagreeable or peculiar characters that make their appearance in the comedy of life, there is none of ſo troubleſome and diſtinguiſhing a nature, as the Eternal Diſputer, who, relying upon his knowledge, pretends formally to invalidate the opinions of every one who is ſo unfortunate as to fall in his way. — Of this order of men is the formidable *Syllogiſticus*, a man of learning, ſenſe, and wit; but one who ſours the enjoyment of every company he is invited to, by his impertinent criticiſms or angry diſputes. His life is one continued ſcene of warfare; he is never happy but when he is diſſenting from others, diſputing, not to convince or be convinced, but to diſplay his learning and argumentation. By this means, he is every thing and nothing. Though a man of ſound principles in religion, he has defended the Papiſts, ſyllogized for the infidels; nay, he has been known to have openly profeſſed himſelf an admirer of Mahomet, merely becauſe that impoſtor happened to become the object of raillery of a perſon in whoſe company he happened to be. For this reaſon, therefore, when *Syllogiſticus* enters a room, he immediately throws a damp over the mirth and good-humour of the company. Every one is cautious how he talks upon the moſt trivial ſubject, as this moſt redoubted diſputant will as ſoon bring his batteries againſt the diction of Tom Thumb as any other important treatiſe of literature. He has, at length, made himſelf ſo notorious, that no one is ever ſo hardy as to advance an opinion in his preſence, whether it be new or old, if he is willing to avoid a ſtorm of logic, and a peal of ſyllogiſms. There is another unlucky circumſtance attending his character, and that is, if he cannot convince you *out* of Smiglecius, or any other *folio* bulky logician, he will be ſure to convince you *with* him; and inſtead of reaſoning *logicè*, with major, minor, and concluſion, he will ſometimes, ſooner than that you ſhould depart *unenlightened*, come home to the purpoſe, by making uſe of the *argumentum ad hominem*. The methods that his acquaintance put in practice to avoid either of his arguments, is to entrench themſelves behind ſome qualifying proverb; ſuch as, *Quot homines tot ſententiæ*, or any other apoſite apothegm. To ferret them out of their entrenchments, he will ſometimes, with Hudibras, change ſides; by that means endeavouring to lure you into his ſnares, and then confute you at leiſure. Many and daily are the mortifications he receives; but let him have his diſpute, and you may have your joke. He is a Tory when diſputing with a Whig, and a Whig againſt a Tory. He is an advocate for libertiniſm againſt the philoſopher, and a philoſopher againſt the libertine. In a word, he changes opinions with his adverſary, and was once, at a certain coffee-houſe, a ſtickler for and againſt Lord N— at one and the ſame time. It is in vain to tell him of the impropriety of ſuch conduct; he will deny the charge, and labour to convince you that he is no more given to wrangling than any other man. He diſobliged an uncle, an obſtinate Preſbyterian, who intended to make him his heir, by maintaining the doctrine of purgatory, and other Romiſh tenets; and was finally diſcarded by a young lady of fortune, whom he courted, by diſputing her judgment in muſlins and cambricks. Though he is ſufficiently qualified, he will oblige the learned world with no particular treatiſe, becauſe then he would be bound to ſtick to the ſentiments he there laid down; and that would cauſe a fameneſs in his diſputes, which he ſeems greatly to avoid. To ſum up his character in two words, he is a LOGICAL PROTEUS. Neither muſt we attribute this diſpoſition to any malignity in his nature, but to a peculiarity in his humour, which hurries him into diſputes without end, and victories without number. B.

AN

An INESTIMABLE DISSOLVENT for the HUMAN CALCULI.

MR. Benjamin Colburne of Bath is a gentleman ſo univerſally known and eſteemed, that were it not for the information of mankind throughout Europe, it would be needleſs to ſay, that he is a man of ample fortune, of the utmoſt candour, and poſſeſſes unbounded philanthropy: That being bred to phyſic (but from the practice of which he has many years ſince retired) he has employed his leiſure-hours in chemical experiments, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that he has proved, beyond a doubt, on himſelf, and on ſeveral of his friends, that the ſolution of fixed alkaline ſalt, ſaturated with fixable air, will prevent the formation of *calculi* in the human bladder; nay, that *calculi* being ſteeped in that ſolution, will daily loſe of its original weight, and be diſpoſed to crumble and diſſolve. The late ingenious Dr. Dobſon, in his "Commentary on Fixed Air," had conceived, that much benefit in many diſorders, and particularly in the gravel, might be received from the uſe of medicated waters. But it appears that Mr. Colburne is the firſt man who has experienced, in his own perſon, the ſucceſs of his own diſcovery; and having ſo done, he generouſly communicated it to his friends and neighbours, who have been equally relieved, and who were equally willing to have their names and caſes publiſhed; which not only proves the efficacy of the medicine on a ſingle patient, or conſtitution, but that it is ſuch as acts on the urine of all human beings. Mr. Colburne's own caſe, the Rev. Dr. Cooper, the Hon. and Rev. G. Hamilton of Taplow, of Mr. Anſtie, and of a ſimple man of 65, who would not permit his name to be publiſhed (yet equally benefited) has been publiſhed by Dr. Falconer; but publiſhed as an Appendix to Dr. Dobſon's "Commentary on Fixed Air." I hope, therefore, thought it an act of humanity to give the poor, as well as the rich, the means of relief, by ſending you a ſketch of this valuable diſcovery; and it will then be in every man's power either to prepare the ſolution himſelf, or to purchaſe it at a very moderate price; and they may be ſure that this is ſent to you with the ſame good deſign that it was communicated by the diſcoverer, whoſe memory, I have reaſon to believe, will be revered by many nations. Mr. Colburne informs us, that from ſeveral very accurate experiments on the human *calculi* ſteeped in alkaline ſalts, they were reduced in weight, and diſpoſed to diſſolve: this led him to try what effect it would produce, by the internal uſe, on the urine of thoſe who ſuffer from the gravel or ſtone, and was agreeably ſurpriſed to find that his own urine (for he was a ſufferer himſelf) from being turbid, and diſpoſed to precipitation, became clear and of a natural colour. But the alkaline ſalts proving diſagreeable and nauſeating, he conceived that ſome more agreeable mode might be contrived to anſwer the ſame good purpoſes. Fixed air ſeemed to Mr. Colburne the beſt means of ſucceſs, and experience ſoon confirmed his hopes. The alkaline ſolution is thus prepared.

Put two ounces, Troy-weight, of dry ſalt of tartar into an open earthen veſſel, and pour upon it two quarts of the ſofteſt water to be had, and ſtir them well together. Let the ſolution ſtand for 24 hours, when the clear part muſt be poured off, with care to avoid any of the reſiduum, and put into the middle part of one of the glaſs machines for impregnating water with fixable air, and expoſed to a ſtream of that fluid: after the water has been 24 hours in this ſituation, it will be fit for uſe, and ſhould be bottled off; well-cork the bottles, and ſet them upon their corks, bottom upwards; and with ſuch care it will keep ſeveral weeks. Eight ounces may be taken three times in 24 hours without any inconvenience; but it may be beſt to begin with a ſmaller quantity.

It is needleſs to trouble you with the caſes of the other reſpectable gentlemen, whoſe names are mentioned above; it is ſufficient to ſay, that Mr. Colburne, by an almoſt conſtant uſe of this medicine, enjoys better health and better ſpirits, though conſiderably turned of 60, than he had experienced for 20 years before, and never has any ſymptoms of gravel or ſtone but when he happens to neglect (as is ſometimes the caſe when from home) his accuſtomed ſolution. It appears alſo, that the other gentlemen whoſe names are mentioned, and a lady of Bath alſo, who from delicacy, not *folly*, has with-held her name alſo, have all experienced the wonderful effects of this very important diſcovery. Had this medicine been diſcovered by a practiſing and profeſſional man, there is not a doubt but it would have made his fortune: or, indeed, had Mr. Colburne ſecretly communicated it to ſome medical friend, and no doubt he has many, it muſt, in that caſe, have enriched an individual. But he has generouſly given it for the good of all mankind, ſhewing them how to uſe it; and, therefore, I deſire it to be univerſally extended in your uſeful and entertaining MAGAZINE. I am, Sir,

Your conſtant reader and friend,

POLYXENA.

P. S. Mr. Colburne is father-in-law to the very reſpectable member for Newcaſtle, Sir Matthew White Ridley.

MEMOIRS

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS of General JAMES OGLETORPE.

(*Concluded from page* 14.)

WHEN repriſals were known to have been publiſhed by his Britannic Majeſty againſt the king of Spain, a party of the garriſon of Auguſtine came up and ſurpriſed two highlanders upon the iſland of Amelia, cut off their heads, and mangled their bodies with great inhumanity. General Oglethorpe immediately went in purſuit of them, but, though he followed them by land and water above 100 miles in twenty-four hours, they eſcaped. He, however, by way of retaliation, paſſed the river St. Mattheo or St. John's into Florida, drove in the guards of Spaniſh horſe poſted upon that river, and advanced as far as a place called the Canallas: he alſo took other meaſures for reconnoitring the country, which he apprehended would be attended with advantage hereafter.

On his return to Frederica, in January, he met Captain, afterwards Sir Peter, Warren, who was lately arrived with the Squirrel man of war. When their conſultation was concluded, the Captain went and cruiſed off the Bay of Auguſtine, while the General with a detachment of troops on board of the boats, and ſome artillery, went up the lakes of Florida, and attacked and took the forts of Pickalata and St. Francis.

Encouraged by this ſucceſs, and by the information from ſome priſoners of the weak condition of Auguſtine, he meditated the reduction of that place; and accordingly went to Charles-Town to deſire aſſiſtance of the people of Carolina. His plan, at firſt, was to block up the place before the Spaniards could receive proviſions and relief from Cuba. He alſo ſpirited up the Creek Indians to join him, and entered into a correſpondence with ſome diſcontented chiefs in the ſervice of Spain. He ſoon after acquainted the Aſſembly of Carolina, that if they could, by March following, join the troops upon the River St. Mattheo or St. John with 600 white men, a troop of horſe, another of rangers, and 600 negroes for pioneers, with a proper train of artillery, and neceſſaries, there would be a probability of taking the place, or at leaſt of preventing the Spaniards from undertaking any thing againſt Carolina, provided the men of war would block up the ports from receiving ſuccours by ſea.

The firſt interruption this plan met with, was from the ſupineneſs of the Aſſembly of Carolina, who delayed the aſſiſtance they had promiſed, until the garriſon of Auguſtine had received both men and proviſions from the Havannah. This delay had almoſt occaſioned the deſtruction of Captain Warren, who, not knowing of the ſuccours which the place had obtained, went and lay off it to prevent their coming in, but in the dark of a calm night was attacked by ſix half gallies, whom he engaged with great ſpirit; and in the end ſunk one, and drove the reſt into port.

General Oglethorpe, diſguſted at the inactivity of the people of Carolina, left Charles-Town in order to make the beſt diſpoſition he could amongſt his own people: he croſſed St. John's River with a party of his regiment, and landed in Florida on the 10th of May. He immediately inveſted and took Fort Diego, about three leagues from Auguſtine. Soon afterwards 400 men arrived from Carolina, but without any horſe, rangers, negroes, or pioneers. About the ſame time came a body of Cherokee Indians, as alſo Capt. Dunbar with a party of Chickeſaws, and the rangers and highlanders from Georgia under Captain M'Intoſh.

The fleet, in the mean while, arrived off St. Mattheo or St. John's river, to aſſiſt upon the expedition. The General went on board the Commodore, where a conſultation was held, and it was agreed to anchor off Auguſtine, and to attempt an entry into the harbour. The General immediately marched by land, and in three days arrived at Moofa, a fort built by the Spaniards for the deſerted negroes from Carolina: from hence he ſent a ſmall detachment to take poſſeſſion of the town, having had a private intimation that it would be delivered up to him; but this ſcheme, by an untimely diſcovery, was fruſtrated.

In the mean time, the Commodore found that there was a battery upon the iſland of Anaſtaſia, which defended the entry of the harbour. This obliged the General to march to the coaſt with a party of 200 men. He had before ſent the highlanders, rangers, and a party of Indians, under Colonel Palmer, with orders to lie in the woods, near Auguſtine, and hinder the Spaniſh parties from coming out by land, but with poſitive orders not to come to any general action, nor lie two nights in the ſame place. The General then came up to the Commodore and held a conſultation: a landing was determined to be attempted, and Captain Warren, who on this occaſion had a commiſſion given him to command as lieu-

tenant-colonel, offered his ſervice. Anaſtaſia was immediately attacked and taken; but it was ſoon found that the river which runs between that iſland and the caſtle, near which the town lay, was too wide to batter in breach. It was then reſolved to attempt to croſs the river and land near the town, but now the half gallies were a floating battery, ſo that there was no poſſibility of landing without firſt taking or driving them away. This, however, the General offered to attempt with the boats of the ſquadron.

Many obſtacles afterwards aroſe to impede the progreſs of the ſiege; and the ſurprize of Colonel Palmer's party, through the negligence and diſobedience of that officer, gave the enemy freſh confidence. At length it was agreed, on the 23d of June, that Capt. Warren, with the boats from the men of war, two ſloops hired by the General, and the Carolina veſſels with their militia, ſhould attack the half gallies; and that, upon a ſignal given, the General ſhould attack the trenches upon the land-ſide.

This was a deſperate meaſure; yet it was determined to be purſued. The whole troops belonging to the beſiegers, including even the ſeamen, were much inferior in numbers to the garriſon. The General, however, perſevered, and made all the preparations in his power, by drawing together all his ſtrength, providing faſcines, ſhort ladders, &c. as when he received notice that the Commodore had reſolved to delay the attack.

Sickneſs had at this time ſpread amongſt the troops, and the Commodore was obliged to quit the coaſt. The Spaniards had received a ſtrong reinforcement from Cuba, and upon this all hopes of reducing the place by famine ceaſed. The ſquadron ſailed, the Carolina troops marched away, and the General brought up the rear. The garriſon made an unſucceſsful ſally; but the General demoliſhed the Spaniſh forts which were erected in proper paſſes to hinder the invaſions of the Creek Indians, whereby all the plantations were deſtroyed and laid open, ſo that the Spaniards could not poſſeſs any thing out of the reach of Auguſtine.

Thus ended this unfortunate attempt; but though General Oglethorpe was defeated in his principal aim, he ſucceeded in his other views, which were to intimidate the Spaniards from invading Georgia and Carolina. They remained inactive within their own territories until the year 1742, when they collected a body of troops and entered Georgia, where they committed many ravages; but they were obliged to quit their enterprize with diſgrace, by the bravery and conduct of General Oglethorpe.

The General continued in his government, attending to the duties of his office, until March 1743, when having received information that the Spaniards of St. Auguſtine were making preparations for a ſecond invaſion of Georgia, he ſet out at the head of a body of Indians, with a company of grenadiers, a detachment of his own regiment, the highlanders, and Georgia rangers, and on the 6th of the ſame month landed at Mattheo or St. John's river, from whence he proceeded forward to St. Auguſtine, the Spaniards retiring into the town on his approach; but, after encamping ſome days, finding the enemy would not venture out in the field, and being in no condition to undertake a ſiege he had before miſcarried in, he returned to Frederica; and in September following he arrived in England *.

The ill ſucceſs of the attack on St. Auguſtine was aſcribed to different cauſes, as the intereſts and paſſions of ſeveral of the perſons concerned in the buſineſs operated. By ſome it was imputed to treachery; by others, to the miſconduct of the General. A controverſy, carried on with much acrimony, enſued; and on the General's return to England, nineteen articles of complaint were delivered in againſt him by Lieutenant-Colonel William Cooke, on which a Board of Officers ſat a conſiderable time, when, after hearing the evidence, they, on the 7th of June, 1744, diſmiſſed the charges as groundleſs and malicious, and declared the accuſer incapable of ſerving his Majeſty. In the month of September in this year, the General married the only daughter of Sir Nathan Wright, Bart. of Cranham-hall, in Eſſex.

On the 30th of March, 1745, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General; and the rebellion breaking out in that year, we find him in December with his regiment very actively employed in following the rebels; but though he was frequently cloſe to them, he did not overtake them, and in February 1746 he arrived in London. His conduct again became the ſubject of enquiry. On the 29th of September his trial came on at the Horſe Guards, and ended the 7th of October, when he was again honourably acquitted; and the Gazette of the 21ſt of that month declared, that his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to confirm the ſentence.

Here his military character ſeems to have ended; for we do not find that he was any way employed in the war of 1756. On the eſtabliſhing the Britiſh Herring Fiſhery in

* The colony of Georgia from this time was neglected, and in 1751 the Truſtees reſigned their right to the Crown, and the province became royal property.

1750, he took a very conſiderable part, and became one of the Council; in which ſituation he, on the 25th of October, delivered to the Prince of Wales the charter of incorporation, in a ſpeech printed in the London Magazine of that year, p. 510. In 1754 he was candidate for the borough of Haſlemere, which he had repreſented in former parliaments; but on the cloſe of the poll the numbers were found to be, for J. More Molyneux 75, Phil. Carteret Webb 76, Peter Burrel 46, and for himſelf only 45.

It was probably after this period, if at all, that he was reduced, according to the aſſertion of a well-known writer in one of the news-papers, to great difficulties in his fortune, and to the neceſſity of practiſing in ſome manner the ſcience of phyſic as a profeſſion. We apprehend theſe difficulties could not have laſted any length of time, as on Feb. 22, 1765, he was advanced to the rank of General, and lived to be the oldeſt officer in the King's ſervice.

He is repreſented to have been a man of great benevolence. In 1728 he engaged in the laudable enquiry into the ſtate of the gaols, on finding a gentleman whom he went to viſit loaded with irons, and otherwiſe treated with great barbarity. He was Chairman of the Committee appointed by the Houſe of Commons to make the enquiry, and, by the ſpirit and vigour of his proceedings, cauſed many uſeful regulations to be adopted, and the great delinquent to be puniſhed in ſome degree, though the law could not reach him equal to his guilt.

He was remarkably abſtemious, very active, eſpecially in walking and ſhooting with a bow, ſomething garrulous, willing to communicate his knowledge, and particularly kind and benevolent to his tenants and dependants.

In the latter years of his life he lived in London in winter, and at Cranham in the ſummer; uſed to attend the Houſe of Commons, the Eaſt-India Houſe, and was frequently to be ſeen at other places of public reſort. He poſſeſſed great vivacity, and his company was generally acceptable and entertaining.

He died at Cranham, July 1, 1785.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

The following Narrative is copied from a pamphlet, entitled, "ESSAYS for the Month of January, 1717," printed for E. Berington, 8vo, p. 16. I know not what degree of credit it is intitled to; but it appears to be curious and uſeful enough to deſerve preſervation. It is probable that ſome of your Correſpondents who live in that part of the kingdom in which the ſcene is laid, may be able to confirm the ſtory, either from tradition or written documents. Your inſerting it will oblige

A CORRESPONDENT.

A SINGULAR STORY of Mr. STANLEY.

CAPTAIN James Stanley, who had been an officer in the king's army during the civil wars which began in the year 1641, and had loſt by the ſequeſtration ſucceeding them the largeſt part of his eſtate, retired to ſpend the remnant of his days on one of his farms, which he had found means to preſerve in the name of a relation of the contrary party, and which was ſeated in that part of Gloceſterſhire which borders on the Severn.

He ſurvived but a little the ruins of his cauſe, and dying in his retirement, left his wife, a young widow, with that farm for her jointure, whoſe rent, when laſt lett, had been about 500l. per annum: ſhe had a ſon under nine years of age, whom ſhe took from a ſchool he was ſent to in the life-time of his father, and kept him at home, as a means to divert or alleviate her ſorrow.

Robert Stanley, this ſon, diſcovered a genius much bent to a love of the country. He would often delight to be preſent at the plowings, the threſhings, and ſuch other buſineſs of the ſervants, and was every year diligent in picking up the acorns, as they fell from ſome trees which grew about his mother's houſe, which acorns he would be whole days employing himſelf in making holes for, and planting up and down in the banks of the hedge-rows or encloſure.

The mother, however, was adviſed, when her ſon reached fifteen, to ſend him to London, where the law was believed the moſt hopeful employment he could follow. He was therefore recommended to the care of an attorney, with whom he lived ſeveral years; and afterwards ſetting up for himſelf, miſcarried in the buſineſs, and either through fear of his mother's diſpleaſure, or the weight of ſome debts he had contracted, procured recommendations for ſome ſmall preferment abroad, and went over to Jamaica, which was then newly ſettled by the Engliſh.

In Jamaica, from a very narrow beginning, he obtained by the ſucceſs of his induſtry a conſiderable plantation, and lived in that iſland almoſt twenty years; at the end of which time he grew deſirous to viſit England again, and there ſettle near his mother, who was ſtill alive and impatient to ſee him.

In purſuit of this view, he ſold his plantation, and freighting a ſhip with his effects, put himſelf and his family on board her, and ſet ſail for Briſtol; to which he was ſo near as the iſland of Scilly, by the Land's End off Cornwall, when the ſhip by a ſtorm in the night unfortunately ſplit upon a rock, where nothing at all of her cargo was ſaved; and with very much difficulty ſome few of the paſſengers, among whom was Mr. Stanley himſelf, thus reſtored to his country in a condition more naked and miſerable than he left it.

He found means, however, to get ſoon to his mother, who received him with that mixture of ſorrow and joy which was natural to the occaſion; and when her firſt emotions were over, and her paſſions grew calm enough to hear him at large give an account of his ſhipwreck and the particulars of his loſs by it, ſhe anſwered him with a ſigh—That ſhe had feared ſome misfortune would befal him wherever he was, becauſe a few days before, an unuſual high wind had blown down above a hundred of thoſe oaks which ſhe had cheriſhed for his ſake, and which he might remember, when a boy, he had planted from the acorn all about the eſtate; but ſhe thanked God, there were many yet left ſtanding, which ſhe hoped was a good omen, that he would overcome his misfortunes.

A good omen indeed, cried Mr. Stanley, if in nigh thirty years growth they are ſo large as I wiſh them; for but a day or two ago, in the city of Briſtol, I met with a perſon who was purpoſely employed, and is making enquiry, with a great deal of earneſtneſs, after ſound, young oak timber, a great parcel of which ſort he is commiſſioned to purchaſe.

The end of the ſtory is, that upon examination they found above ſeventeen hundred ſuch oaks as they ſold for forty ſhillings a-piece, with which ſtock Mr. Stanley began a new trade, and became as conſiderable a merchant as any in the Weſt; and, in memory of this fortunate accident, he preſerved from the axe about twenty of the trees which grew neareſt the houſe, which trees (though the eſtate is now fallen to another family) are known to this day by the name of 'Save-all Remnant.'

This example of a gentleman preſerved from ſuch ruin, in the middle of his life, by the innocent and unmeaning diverſion of his childhood, together with what is told us by the famous Sir Richard Weſton, of a merchant of his acquaintance who planted with his own hands ſo much wood that he ſold it in his life-time for fifty thouſand pounds ſterling; theſe examples, we ſay, are ſufficient to excite a new vigour in our Country Gentlemen, who might eaſily improve upon the hint, ſo far as to eaſe their eſtates of a burden which often oppreſſes, and ſometimes deſtroys them: we mean, where a gentleman leaves many daughters, for whoſe fortunes the eſtate is the fund, and ſtands mortgaged to provide them.

How eaſily were this inconvenience prevented, if at the birth of a daughter but ten acres of land were ſet out from the eſtate, and, after being carefully encloſed, were well planted with timber-trees.

Suppoſe, for example, they were fir-trees, which are found to thrive readily in all parts of England: four thouſand ſuch trees would grow twenty years together on ten acres of land without galling each other; at the end of which term they would, one with another, be worth twenty ſhillings a-piece for ſmall maſts for veſſels, and many other good uſes; ſo that here were (almoſt without loſs or expence) a fortune of four thouſand pounds provided for the young lady by that time ſhe grows marriageable, and her father's eſtate not charged with a penny towards raiſing it.

The ſame thing being done, only changing the kind of tree, planted at every new birth of a daughter or ſon, would effectually provide for them all as faſt as they grow up, like a plow kept at work for their benefit, even while they were ſleeping: there is, we may hope, no elder brother in England who will diſlike this particular part of this eſſay, whatever his opinion may be of the other.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

Some very appoſite remarks in your Magazine of July upon POETIC IMITATION, induce me to offer the following obſervations on the ſubject.

O Imitatores, ſervum pecus.

THAT Dullneſs ſhould be univerſally ſtigmatized, when accompanied by Aſſurance, is juſt; that plagiariſm ſhould by detection be expoſed to the deriſion of the World is laudable, and the peculiar province of the Critic; but that Collins, the favoured child of Poeſy, whoſe

whoſe productions in every line bear the moſt indubitable ſtamp of that divine enthuſiaſm which characteriſes Genius, ſhould be plundered with impunity, and yet criticiſed into neglect, muſt excite the aſtoniſhment and indignation of every reader accuſtomed to think and to decide for himſelf.

I revere the memory of the late Dr. Johnſon; I admire his extenſive erudition, and the ſagacity diſcovered in his delineations of men and manners; I celebrate him as an Eſſayiſt, but cannot give my ſuffrage to his poſſeſſing that quality, as a Poet, we have been ſpeaking of above.

To be able to aſcertain the merit of thoſe delightful flights of imagination which declare the true Poet, a ſimilarity of perception is required, which may enable the Critic even to anticipate the effuſions of the Bard, and glow with an ardor nearly equal to his own. I willingly reſt my argument upon the truth of this aſſertion, and ſhould be happy to ſee in any one production of the Doctor's, that beautiful wildneſs of harmony and elevation of thought which are ſo very conſpicuous in the Works of his Friend.

This it is important to aſcertain, ſince under the ſanction of ſo decided an opinion as that Great Man has ventured, every writer of a *haſty* Sketch of yeſterday's Buſineſs may inform us, in his critical comments upon theatrical occurrences, that laſt night was badly delivered a very bad compoſition, which, to the amazement of thoſe who heard it, and of the world in general, proves to have been "Collins's Ode on the Paſſions," recited by Mr. *Henderſon*.

Is the judgment of the amiable and elegant Dr. Langhorne to be oppoſed to theſe vague and unſupported aſſertions of our immaculate Cenſor? No, God forbid! there is not the ſlighteſt neceſſity. Impudence, Gentlemen, is the legitimate offspring of Ignorance and Pride; and what the folly of its dullneſs ſuppoſes, its aſſurance will never fail to promulgate.

But to the more immediate purpoſe of this Eſſay—

I believe I hazard very little when I maintain, that no Modern has been ſo frequently plundered, and that with impunity, as our celebrated Poet Collins. Every fanciful poetaſter hunting after imagery has had recourſe to the works of our ſublime Bard.

Perſonification, in the hands of a maſter, is one of the moſt ſublime traits of true Poetry; but theſe dabblers preſerve nothing of the ſtrict analogy in the original; the features of Danger ſhall be given to Horror, Terror, or Death, with perfect indifference; the image ſhall be celebrated as aſtoniſhingly ſublime, and the author as a prodigy for originality, when the alteration of two words ſhall diſcover the impotence of the plagiary in the ſource from whence it originated.

Far be it from me to detract from the merits of ſeveral delightful poets of both ſexes now living. I readily acquit them from the intentional part of the charge; in them recollection may be miſtaken for invention; they have too great claims on account of their own merit, knowingly to call in auxiliary ſupport.

In a future Number I ſhall give a few inſtances of this latter kind of ſimilarity, (for the firſt is of little conſequence) merely to aſcertain literary property, or, in the words of Sheridan upon a well-known line, "who "happened to think of it firſt."

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours, &c.
X.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

ACCORDING to promiſe, I ſend you a TRANSLATION of the LETTER that Monſ. BEAUMARCHAIS wrote to the EDITORS of the PARIS JOURNAL, in Anſwer to ſeveral anonymous Criticiſms on his FIGARO, which had been inſerted in that Paper. — In conſequence of this Letter, the republication of which is ſuppreſſed, he was ſent to ST. LAZAR, and remained there twelve days, when he was releaſed through the interference of ſome powerful friends, but is ſtill refuſed the privilege of juſtifying his conduct, although he is ſaid to have ſolicited it with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion and great earneſtneſs.

When we conſider that he is an Author in the higheſt eſtimation among the citizens of Paris, a merchant of eminence, a banker, and a man who, it is ſaid, has ſhewn much zeal for the intereſts of humanity, and ſee him condemned to the moſt diſgraceful puniſhment without trial, for a ſuppoſed offence; it will ſerve to ſhew that arbitrary government in all its horrors, better than a volume written on the ſubject.

At a time when licentiouſneſs is carried to the unhappy height it at preſent is, in this country, ſuch a recent anecdote from the other muſt form a ſtriking contraſt; and if it does not convince thoſe who read it, that civil liberty is a bleſſing which our neighbours know not the taſte of, it may perhaps induce them to believe, that we are not the moſt oppreſſed people on earth.

I am, &c.

CANDID.

PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS, to the AUTHORS of THE PARIS JOURNAL.

DISENGAGED from more ſerious buſineſs, Gentlemen, it is to yourſelves alone that I complain of your conduct, for the violent attacks which you have given encouragement to againſt poor Figaro.

Is it at length verified, Gentlemen, that your privilege of printing extends to the right of wearying our citizens with thoſe anonymous vulgariſms, which all men, ſoured by a like ſucceſs, chuſe to ſend to your paper?

This is ſo far from allowable, that you are ſcarcely excuſable, even when commanded to do it. — And why then this ſpleen of a Churchman, becauſe a piece which offends him continues to pleaſe the public?

"And how now, Mathon, is this prieſtly language?"

It has been long ſaid, that whenever the individuals of one profeſſion unite to judge thoſe of another, we ſee nothing but fooleries printed.

Don't you remember, Gentlemen, that it is written, *Redeem by your charities both your ſins and your follies.* If the Author had added, your *dalliances*, nd every one had juſtice done him, don't you ſee an Abbé would be ruined? Yourſelves alſo, Gentlemen, don't you owe ſome ſmall benevolence to the poor nurſes of the Hoſpital?

As for the ingenious anecdote of the Poſt-boy in a rage and the Dog named Figaro, we know you were impoſed on throughout. We all knew the Marquis of L——, who, having two mongrel puppies, very WISELY called the bitch Pyramus, and the dog Thiſbé: Did that cauſe thoſe names to be leſs eſteemed?

And without ſeeking example out of the ſubject, is there a name among us more abuſed than that of Abbé? The honour of ſuppoſing it was formerly decreed only to our dignified Fathers; now they give it indifferently to thoſe beings the moſt equivocal, of whom we hear it daily ſaid, — *Why don't you ſilence that ſot of an Abbé? Drive out that raſcally Abbé. What daemon has proſtituted the priſe to that impertinent Abbé?* In a word, this name deſcends at preſent from the noble mitred Abbé, at the head of a great abbaye, down to thoſe contemptible Abbés who deal in ſlander in the daily papers.— Meſſieurs recognize the latter, but does it hinder us from honouring the name, always reſpectable, in the former? Thus this reaſoning on the Dog is nothing but Dog reaſoning.

Nevertheleſs the Abbé, who wrote to me, did not wait a long time for my anſwer to his fraternity; it had been, before-hand, printed in the Preface to Figaro, which we ſhall publiſh preſently.— But under whatever form it is read, it will be acknowledged by all to give them pleaſure.

Notwithſtanding, Gentlemen, what could be your object in publiſhing all this nonſenſe? After I had vanquiſhed lions and tigers to get a comedy acted, think you, after its ſucceſs, to reduce me, like a Dutch ſervant, to beat the baſket every morning over the vile inſects of the night? —

Nor will I again reply to any anonymous writer (eſpecially on the ſubject of the little Figaro) who is not covered by ſome act of charity. —— It well became a certain pretended Father to criticiſe my charity, who gave nothing himſelf! It is very convenient to certain people not to boaſt of their gifts, as it frequently excuſes them from giving; and the left hand may eaſily keep the ſecret, when the right hand has nothing to divulge. —My three louis-d'ors ſent openly were worth twenty to a poor wet-nurſe, without, at the ſame time, comprehending the crown of the elder brother of your abbey. — This idea I have a pleaſure in boaſting of, that I have ſent each as much as he has, and by name. — *This* may have leſs merit, but, at leaſt, the gift is certain.

If any body were permitted to boaſt of the good he has done, it would be, perhaps, he to whom has been imputed much evil which he is innocent of. —— And the man who is impatient to ſet apart two thouſand crowns to a charitable eſtabliſhment —can he be ſaid to boaſt in giving three louis-d'ors? — Be impartial, Gentlemen, and afterwards pit me againſt your prieſt, at who does moſt good from the beſt motives. The ſtruggle would be of a new ſpecies, and of more worth than the battle of Figaro. —— Print then, Gentlemen, whatever is ſaid againſt me —all the nonſenſe and the noiſe that is current; but don't ſhut your paper, whenever my charity is in queſtion. — Why did not you print my ſublime trait of my Norman Nurſe, who, having eight children, a huſband, and nine ſous a-day, had maintained, for four years, a nurſe-child, without having received any pay? — She came here on foot, ſeeking the parents of her child. — Both father and mother had diſappeared.—They would have had her, at Paris, have put the infant into the Foundling Hoſpital.— "Ah, God forbid! exclaimed ſhe, I have maintained it during four years! I have eight children living; it ſhall become my ninth;" and ſhe returned with it weeping.

My aſſiduous collection for her amounted to fifteen or ſixteen louis-d'ors. If you had not ſuppreſſed one of my Letters to the Journal, containing the ſublime relation of this

woman,

woman, she would have obtained last year the Public Prize of Virtue; and it would have been taken kindly.— Those are the things you ought to publish.——How comes it that you say not a word of the noble enthusiasm with which the city of Lyons adopted my Plan of Charity for the *Poor Women who nurse Children?* It was published in the Journal of that city, and sent to you, to engage this capital to imitate the generous example, and was worth all the invectives of your worthy ecclesiastic.

In a word, Gentlemen, here is my last reply.—If you again confer on the penny-post the exclusive privilege of transmitting to me those anonymous injuries with which my charities are paid, you must pardon me, lest I should be compelled to consider you as parties concerned; and there does not exist a tribunal, where I shall not, then, obtain the power of conferring on you the title of Runaway Outlaws, who refuse to appear before the public, the judges of your paper.

I am, &c.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MODERN ANECDOTES.

IN one of the Pit-passages of *Old Drury*, last winter, when *all the world*, from the *prince* to the *pick-pocket*, seemed to be pressing forward to see Mrs. Siddons, one young gentleman happened to push so violently upon another as to elbow him, whether *fairly* or *foully*, out of his *place*——

"'Sdeath," cried the offended youth, "who are *you* that dare to behave so?—some journeyman FRISEUR, I suppose, from your BREEDING."—

"Very likely," returned the other coolly, "*and if you will favour me with your name, you shall have such a* DRESSING *from me to-morrow morning, as becomes such a* PUPPY."

From this altercation, *trifling* as it was to an extreme, and *ludicrous* as well as *trifling*, a challenge ensued; and to the *challenge* succeeded a *rencontre*, which in a few minutes, in perfect consonance with the *fashionable* ideas of *honour*, sent one of the heroes to seek an abode in *another world*, and forced the other to court a sanctuary in *another kingdom*.

MODERN HONOUR is, indeed, a FARCE; but why should it be suffered to terminate so often in TRAGEDY?—Let the superintendants of our POLICE then look to that point, while we, anxious to support the dignity of human nature, blush to record, that, in a country which boasts of its *laws*, there should exist so little of the *spirit of legislation*, as thus to allow two *hair-brained striplings* an opportunity of *barbarously destroying each other*.—And for what?—Why, merely for the glorious purpose of *proving*—which, after all, the event in question by no means *did* prove,—that the one was a GENTLEMAN, and the other was *not*—what he had been styled—a PUPPY!

"VELUTI in Speculo" is not only one of the most *expressive* mottoes that can grace a theatre, but one of the *oldest* also which we recollect to have been adopted for that purpose.—Certain it is, nevertheless, that if the stage be a "mirror of life," we frequently behold the reflection of that mirror more variously displayed in the *real* characters that surround us *before* the curtain, than in the *mock* ones which, with all their delusive attractions, the most expert MANAGER can exhibit to us *from behind it*.

Having presented an anecdote which commenced with *impertinence* and *spleen*, and terminated with *bloodshed* and *woe*, as a contrast to it, we shall relate an adventure which happened the same evening at the very same theatre, but which, however *serious* it seemed to be *at first*, had at least a *laughable conclusion*.

A gentleman from the city, thankful that he had been able, on so splendid an occasion, to *squeeze* himself into the GALLERY—being desirous, before the curtain drew up, to know what o'clock it was, felt for his watch, and missed it.—In the full persuasion that it had been taken from him since he entered the house, he looked round and espied behind him a young fellow, in whose looks there was a somewhat which seemed to evince him to be one of the numerous tribe of *light fingered candidates for the gallows*, who still, in spite of every precaution, continue to infest our public places, and to convert them into so many *seminaries of lawless profligacy and rapine*.

Our adventurer knew that *there is generally less difficulty in getting out of a London playhouse than into it*; he accordingly stepped back a few feats, and accosting the object of his suspicions with a *threatening accent*, and a *determined look*, demanded his watch again *directly!*—

The varlet was confounded; and though on his *cheek* there appeared no *blush*, yet in his *breast* there were evident signs of a violent *palpitation*.—

"Hush!" exclaimed he—having before his eyes, doubtless, the dread of a *constable* or a *horse-pond*—"hush! do not alarm the people—my *character* is at stake, and *that* I prize beyond *fifty watches!*—Here is one which I found at my feet not two minutes ago—promise but to let me go and you shall have it."

This condition was readily acceded to by the gentleman; and the thief, slipping into it

hand a watch, inſtantly vaniſhed amidſt the crowd, congratulating himſelf all the while, no doubt, on his dexterity in having effected ſo miraculous an eſcape, at the expence of only *one watch*, when he could have ſpared at leaſt *half a dozen*, which he ſtill had about him *as the fruit of his evening's labour*.

The play having by this time commenced, our citizen rejoiced to think that he had recovered his property, put up the watch *ſafely*, nor thought again of looking *how the hours went* —On his return home, however, how great was his ſurprize to find himſelf poſſeſſed of *two watches*;—one in his fob which the thief had delivered as his own, on the ſuppoſition that he had actually picked it from him; and his *own watch*, which, in the hurry of wiſhing to reach the theatre *in time*, he had, with an inadvertent negligence, *left upon the table!*

POOR Lady Mary—but ſoftly—*names* are ſacred; nor ſhall it be alledged that, guilty of an offence we reprobate in others, — that of being *perſonally* ſevere on the characters of *individuals* — we are ourſelves the unbluſhing chroniclers of ſcandal.

Still, however, we *will* ſay, and we *will* think, that poor lady Mary — *and many a lady Mary is there in the kingdom!* — is not a little to be pitied.

Why is ſhe to be pitied, however?—Alas! aſk herſelf, and the wall ingenuouſly reply, *Becauſe, rendered a victim to parental ambition and avarice, I am* MARRIED!

Till this inauſpicious event, indeed, lady Mary ſeemed to be one of the happieſt of her ſex; and it was particularly obſerved in every company, that ſhe, who uſed to be the very ſoul of vivacity, and who ſeemed to live but to cheer an admiring world with her ſmiles, was *now* (though ſprightly enough in the *abſence* of a huſband to whom nature had given every quality that can form an antidote to love) perpetually in a *yawning mood* when he was *preſent*.

The huſband himſelf — who, void as he was of ſenſibility, could not help noticing this *ſudden* alteration in the behaviour of lady Mary, ventured one evening, in the courſe of one of their uſual *lounging tete-a tete's*, to aſk the cauſe of it.

"Is it," ſaid he, — affecting to look at her with a *tenderneſs* which it was denied to him by his cruel ſtars either to *feel* or to *inſpire*, — "is it becauſe you are tired of my *company*, my dear, that you always *yawn thus before me?*" —

"Oh! no, *my dear*," ironically returned the lady — even then, however, vainly attempting to ſuppreſs an involuntary *heigh-ho!* "You never can be *company* to *me*, nor *I* to *you*. — Thanks to the will of a father, a prieſt has precluded us from entering even the avenue to *that* happineſs. —— HE, you know, *ſolemnly made us* ONE; and ever ſince, I know not how it is, but, conſidering *you as a part of myſelf*, I always become *dull* and *ſleepy*, when I find myſelf, as at preſent, — ALONE." ——

Here inſenſibly ſucceeded another *heigh-ho!* on the part of the lady; which, with the addition of a trickling tear from *her*, and a ſullen look from *him*, terminated, *for that night*, a converſation which, to readers of a certain deſcription, will probably appear to convey no unfaithful ſketch of the ſcenes that compoſe the celebrated comedy called MATRIMONIAL FELICITY IN HIGH LIFE.

IN London, we often hear it quaintly ſaid, "*Quick* is the *word*, and *ſharp* the *motion*;" and hence probably originated the word SHARPER.—A youth of this fraternity—one of that numerous tribe of *flaſh* fellows, who live *nobody knows where*, and who have always *caſh* in their pockets *nobody can tell how* — having obtained acceſs one day into the houſe of a certain honourable gentleman learned in the law, while the ſervants were from home, and probably amuſing themſelves over a pot of humble porter, found nothing on which he could with ſafety lay his fingers but two ſuits of old cloaths. Theſe, however, he determined to carry off, rather than return *empty-handed*; and, in decamping with his booty, he met the gentleman himſelf, who, unconſcious that he was left to be *his own houſe-keeper*, aſked him very innocently, "to whom the apparel belonged; and whither he was going with it?" —

"What, your Honour, don't you know me?"—replied the arch-depredator—Why, I am a dyer and ſcowerer.—I have the honour to work for the family, and your ſervants have ſent the clothes with me to be *cleaned*."

"Have they to?" cried the honeſt counſellor: "Well, you ſhall have my new gown with you alſo to clean. — I never appeared in it at Weſtminſter but once, and then it had the misfortune of being ſtained with a few drops of oil."

The gown was accordingly produced. — "Lord, Sir!" ſays the ſelf-created ſcowerer, "your robe is not a pin the worſe; and you may depend upon it, that, *when I return the gown*, you will not ſee *a ſpot* upon it."

Here the fellow ſpoke truth; for though it was not his intention to *return* the gown, it was his fate to be *ſtopped* with it, in offering it for ſale; and on his examination before a juſtice, it was ludicrouſly remarked, that the priſoner had certainly *wit* enough, and *impudence* enough, to commence counſellor himſelf; and that, having obtained a *lawyer's gown*, he wanted but a *lawyer's wig* alſo, in order to equip him completely *for* the *bar*, inſtead of being placed, as he now was, *at* it.

On the PROGRESS of GARDENING.

In a LETTER from the Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON to the Rev. Mr. NORRIS, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, London.

[From Vol. VII. of the ARCHAEOLOGIA, juſt publiſhed.]

(Concluded from Page 69.)

[Illuſtrated by an Engraving.]

CHARLES the Firſt is well known to have been in the earlier part of his reign an encourager of the elegant arts; but I have not happened to meet with any proofs of attention to the gardens of his palaces, if the appointing Parkinſon to be his *herbariſt* be excepted, which office it is believed was firſt created by this king.

Improvements of the ſame kind were little to be expected from the Commonwealth, or Cromwell; but Charles the Second being fond both of playing at mall, and walking in St. James's Park, planted ſome rows of limes, and dug the canal, both which ſtill remain. He alſo covered the central walk with cockle ſhells, and inſtituted the office of cockle ſtrewer. It was ſo well kept during this reign that Waller calls it "the *poliſhed* Mall." He alſo mentions that Charles the Second (probably from this circumſtance) was able to ſtrike the ball more than half the length of the walk.

Lord Capel ſeems to have been the firſt perſon of conſequence in England (*a*), who was at much expence in his gardens, and having brought over with him many new fruits from France (*b*), he planted them at Kew.

Lord Eſſex had the ſame taſte, and ſent his gardener Roſe to ſtudy the then much celebrated beauties of Verſailles. Upon Roſe's return Charles the Second appointed him royal gardener (*c*), when he planted ſuch famous *dwarfs* at Hampton Court, Carlton, and Marlborough Gardens (*d*), that London (who was Roſe's apprentice) challenges all Europe to produce the like.

I ſhould rather conceive that this king had the firſt hot and ice-houſe (which generally accompany each other) ever built in England, as at the inſtallation dinner given at Windſor on the twenty-third of April 1667 there were cherries, ſtrawberries, and ice creams.

Evelyn publiſhed his *Calendarium Hortenſe* in 1679, from which it appears that moſt of the flowers, ſhrubs, and fruits which we plant at preſent were then known (*e*), if we except what have been lately introduced from America (*f*). The ſame writer gives particular directions about parterres and aviaries, which latter ornament was not therefore uncommon at this period, the example being probably taken from that in the Bird Cage Walk, where (it ſhould ſeem from the name) (*g*) Charles the Second had placed this garden ornament. He had alſo a large collection of water fowl, which he generally fed himſelf.

I ſhould not conclude what relates to gardening during this reign without mentioning that probably many of what were then called improvements, might have been imitated from thoſe of Lewis the Fourteenth, as according to Rapin this king not only delighted in gardens, but often directed the workmen in perſon.

(*a*) Lord W. Ruſſel laid out the garden in Bloomſbury Square about the ſame time, and probably then planted the acacias which now grow before the offices. They are become of ſuch a ſize as to be perhaps deemed timber.

(*b*) Switzer, vol. I. Ichnographia Ruſtica, 3 vols. 8vo.

(*c*) He had before indeed ſent for Le Nautre and Perault, but it is believed that the latter declined coming into England. Le Nautre however planted the parks of St. James and Greenwich.

(*d*) "All with a border of rich *fruit trees* crown'd."

Waller ſpeaking of the Mall.

(*e*) See Aſhmole's Hiſtory of the Order of the Garter. Monconys mentions, that in 1663 Spring Gardens (or Vauxhall) was much reſorted to, having graſs and ſand walks, dividing ſquares of twenty or thirty yards, which were incloſed with hedges of gooſeberries, whilſt within there were raſberries, roſes, beans and aſparagus. T. ii. pag. 17.

(*f*) Compton biſhop of London introduced in the epiſcopal garden at Fulham many foreign trees which ſtill continue to grow there.

(*g*) I have been informed that in the old books belonging to the maſter of the horſe, there is an allowance to the *avener*, for hemp ſeed, with which theſe birds were fed. As for the more common etymology of the name of this *walk* from *berceau* or a cradle, there is not the leaſt appearance of the limes having been arched over when firſt planted.

—— per te curando incumbere fundo
Non dubitas, circum famuli ſtant ordine longo,
Centum qui pomis, centum qui floribus hortos
Conſerere ingentes, et aquas deducere certant;
Artificumque vices varias, operumque laborem
Per medios inſtans operi partiris, ut agrum
Omnia ſint paribus numeris, dimenſa per omnem (*b*).

One of the maſter gardeners therefore having been reproved by his majeſty for not having made the beds of a parterre exactly anſwer each other, did not inſtantly allow himſelf to have committed a miſtake, but having meaſured the ground with ſuppoſed great care, juſtified himſelf by ſaying, that the king's eye was truer than his line.

I conclude, that the ſhort reign of James the Second produced no great alteration in the royal gardens; but his ſucceſſor introduced or gave a vogue to clipt yews, with magnificent gates, and rails of iron (*i*).

Thoſe at Hampton Court which are parallel to the Thames extend ſix hundred yards in length, and are broken at regular intervals of fifty yards with twelve gates four yards wide and ſeven feet high. The deſign of theſe rails is elegant, and moſt capitally executed. The harp, thiſtle, garter, &c. are introduced as ornaments.

The four urns placed in that part of the garden which lies before the principal front of the palace are perhaps the firſt ornaments of that kind which are to be found in England, though I believe they are not uncommon in Italian gardens of more early periods.

In another part of the garden there is a moſt elegant alcove conſiſting entirely of, and arched over with, trellis. Though the carpenter however cannot be too much commended for the execution of his work, yet there is certainly a great abſurdity in ſuch a building, as it neither excludes wind, ſun, or rain. Moſt of theſe garden ornaments indeed may more probably be attributed to queen Mary rather than the king, who ſpent many of his ſummers out of England. She reſided much at Hampton Court, and is ſaid to have appointed Plukenet to be her herbariſt, with a ſalary of two hundred pounds per annum. During this reign botaniſts were ſent to explore the Indies for plants (*k*).

The fruit garden at Hampton Court is not now often exceeded in ſize, as it conſiſts of no leſs than eight acres, adjoining to which there is a wilderneſs of ten, and in which there is a labyrinth poſſibly as old as the time of Henry the Eighth.

As this is perhaps the only ſuch garden device now remaining, after the devaſtations of Meſſrs. Kent and Brown, I ſhall mention ſome particulars relative to it.

The winding walks amount to half a mile, though the whole extent is not perhaps more than a quarter of an acre, and there is a ſtand adjacent in which the gardener places himſelf in order to extricate you by his direction, after the ſtranger acknowledges himſelf to be completely tired and puzzled (*l*).

Before I made this arduous attempt, I reſolved to fix upon a certain rule as my beſt chance to avoid being confounded, and I ſucceeded by always keeping as near as I could to the outermoſt hedge.

I muſt not however take too much credit to myſelf from my diſcernment, becauſe Switzer, whom I ſhall have occaſion afterwards to cite, condemns this labyrinth for having but four ſtops, whereas he had given a plan for one with twenty.

I do not recollect that queen Anne is ſuppoſed to have made any conſiderable alterations in the royal gardens, if the parterre before the great terrace at Windſor is excepted, the beds of which are now covered with turf, though traces of the figure ſtill remain.

Switzer indeed (*m*) mentions that ſhe finiſh-

(*b*) De Hort's 1672.

(*i*) The moſt magnificent and extenſive iron-work next to that at Hampton Court is perhaps the gates and rails at Leeſwood near Mold in Flintſhire. The gardens there are laid out by Switzer (author of the Ichnographia Ruſtica) in Bridgeman's firſt ſtyle.

(*k*) Preface to Ray's Synopſis 1696. This great botaniſt mentions a tulip tree growing at Chelſea in 1684, and a hot-houſe belonging to a Mr. Watts which had a tea ſhrub. Ray meditated a work to be entitled, "*Horti* Angliæ." See his letters. It may not be improper here to refer to Aylesbough's Catalogue of the Sloane MSS. Article 4436 contains "Obſervations on the *Humble* and *Senſitive* plants," which were ſo early as 1661 in Mr. Chiffin's garden St. James's Park. The ſame accurate catalogue contains a liſt of the foreign plants cultivated at Hampton Court in 1692.

(*l*) "Mazes well framed a man's height may perhaps make your friend wander in gathering berries till he cannot recover himſelf without your help." Lawſon's New Orchard, 4to. 1626.

(*m*) Ichnographia Ruſtica, 3 vols. 8vo.

ed-

ed the old gardens at Kenſington begun by king William, under the direction of Wife, who became the royal gardener on the death of Rose (*n*), to whom he had been apprentice. His alteration of the gravel pit (*o*) in the old part of the garden is compared by the *Spectator* to the ſublime of epic poetry; but ſuch revolutions happen with regard to taſte, that every holly and yew hedge are now removed from this celebrated ſpot.

Wife had a partner whoſe name was *London*, and who being nearly in as great requeſt as the modern Brown, conſtantly made regular circuits during the ſummer to execute the comands of thoſe who might wiſh to employ him.

Theſe two partners planted perhaps the firſt conſiderable nurſery of this country, which was at Brompton, and by which they are ſaid to have made a profit of two thouſand pounds (*p*).

It is believed that George the Firſt rather improved the gardens at Herenhauſen than thoſe of any of his Engliſh palaces.

In the ſucceeding reign queen Caroline threw a ſtring of ponds in Hyde Park into one, ſo as to form what is called the Serpentine River, from its being not exactly ſtrait, as all ponds and canals were before. The late lord Bathurſt indeed told me, that he was the firſt perſon who ventured to deviate from ſtrait lines, in a brook which he had widened at Ryſkins near Colebrook. The lord Stafford of that time however (*q*), paying him a viſit, and being carried out to ſee the effect of this new improvement, aſked him to own fairly, how little more it would have coſt, to have made the courſe of the brook in a ſtrait direction.

Queen Caroline likewiſe is well known to have planted and laid out the gardens both of Richmond and Kenſington, upon a larger ſcale, and in better taſte, than we have any inſtances before that period. She ſeems alſo to have been the firſt introducer of expenſive buildings in gardens, if one at lord Barrington's (*r*) is excepted.

This not only by tradition, but internal proofs is moſt undoubtedly a plan of Inigo Jones, and in my memory was always called the Banquetting Houſe, for which purpoſe it was originally deſtined, having cellars under it.

This great architect ſeems to have indulged his fancy upon this occaſion, and to have imitated the Chineſe ſtyle with great propriety, as the ſituation much reſembles thoſe we ſee in Chineſe drawings where ſummer houſes are repreſented.

It is a coved cube of eighteen feet, built and paved with moſt excellent freeſtone, hath four doors and eight windows which are fixed in ſtone tranſomes, the panes being plate glaſs, and the wood between thoſe panes being gilded (*s*).

The building commands the water on three ſides, having a paved walk round it exactly of the ſame breadth with the projecting roof which overhangs it, the intention being perhaps that the angler ſhould fiſh there whilſt it rains, and when it is ſuppoſed he is moſt likely to have good ſport.

This Banquetting Houſe is now in exactly the ſame plight as it was a hundred and fifty years ago if the gilding (*t*) of the window frames is excepted, and the removal of a parapet wall, which went round three parts of the walk that is under cover, probably to prevent the angler from falling into the water.

I have been the more particular in the deſcription of this Banquetting Houſe, as I conceive it to be perhaps the moſt ancient garden building which we have in the kingdom.

We are now arrived at a more particular æra for taſte in gardening, which we chiefly owe to Kent, who moſt properly baniſhed

(*n*) In the time of Charles the Second there were two other famous gardeners, viz. Lucre and Field, gardeners to the earl of Bedford. Cock was alſo then gardener to lord Effex. Switzer.

(*o*) The gravel of England, and particularly of the county of Middleſex, is moſt deſervedly admired, and yet perhaps this is the firſt pit of any extent which had been dug for walks. Charles the Second covered the Mall with cockles.

(*p*) Switzer. London died in 1713. Ibid. His ſucceſſors have been Bridgeman, Kent, and Brown.

(*q*) Plenipotentiary at the peace of Utrecht.

(*r*) At Beckett near Farringdon in Berkſhire. I think there is a garden building alſo at Wilton, which is ſuppoſed to have been planned by Jones. I ſend herewith a plan and elevation of the former. See *Fig.* 1. of PLATE I.

(*s*) The old gardens near this building were alſo famous in their time, having been executed at conſiderable expence.

(*t*) Gilding (at leaſt in gold) laſts longer than is generally ſuppoſed; witneſs that at the prebendal houſe of the late Rev. Dr. Blair at Weſtminſter, which, though finiſhed under the direction of Inigo Jones, is ſtill very bright.

the more ancient ornaments, nor though I have the honour of being a member of this learned ſociety, can I repine at the reformation.

We have indeed alluſions to gardens in the preſent ſtyle ſo early as the time of Taſſo, but they exiſted only in the poet's imagination, and were never executed.

In lieto aſpetto il bel giardin s'aperſe,
Acque ſtagnante, mobili criſtalli,
Fior vari, e varie piante, erbe diverſe:
Apriche collinette, ombroſe valli,
Selve, e ſpelonche in una viſta offerſe;
E quel c'è il bello e'l caro accreſce all' opre,
L'arte che tutto fa, nulla ſi ſcuopre.
Stimi (ſi miſto il culto e col negletto)
Sol naturali e gli ornamenti e i fiti;
Di natura arte par che per diletto,
L'imitatrice ſua ſcherzando imiti (*u*).

This deſcription of the garden of the enchantreſs Alcina is fortunately tranſlated by Spenſer in his legion of Temperance, when Sir Guyon approaches the garden of *Acraſy* or *Intemperance*, though our poet hath tranſpoſed ſeveral of Taſſo's lines:

" *And that which all faire works doth moſt*
" *aggrace,*
" *The art which all that wrought, appeared*
" *in no place* (*x*).
" One would have thought ſo cunningly
" the rude
" And ſcorned parts were mingled with
" the fine,
" That nature had for wantonneſs enſu'd
" Art, and that art at nature did repine.
" So thriving each the other to undermine,
" Each did the other's worke more beautify,
" So differing both in willes, agreed in fine,
" So all agreed through ſweete diverſity,
" This garden to adorne with all variety."
Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

It was reſerved for Kent to realize theſe beautiful deſcriptions, for which he was peculiarly adapted by being a painter (*y*); as the true teſt of perfection in a modern garden is, that a landſcape painter would chooſe it for a compoſition.

Kent hath been ſucceeded by Brown, who hath undoubtedly great merit in laying out pleaſure grounds, but I conceive that in ſome of his plans I ſee rather traces of the gardener of Old Stowe, than of Pouſſin or Claude Lorraine (*z*). I could wiſh therefore that Gainsborough gave the deſign, and that Brown executed. I am, &c.

DAINES BARRINGTON.

P. S. For ſeveral anecdotes and obſervations with regard to the progreſs of gardening, I muſt refer to an appendix of that learned and ingenious antiquary the Hon. Mr. Walpole, which I have lately peruſed.

(*u*) Gier. Lib. Canto XVI.

(*x*) Nature's own work it ſeemed.
Nature taught art. Milton's Paradiſe Regained.

(*y*) Kent indeed on his return from Italy painted hiſtory and portrait, but like Gainſborough he might alſo have ſtudied landſcapes.

(*z*) Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage Roſa dath'd, or learned Pouſſin drew.
Thomſon's Caſtle of Indolence.

An ACCOUNT of an ENGLISH BIRD of the GENUS MOTACILLA, ſuppoſed to be hitherto unnoticed by Britiſh Ornithologiſts, obſerved by the Rev. JOHN LIGHTFOOT, M. A. F. R. S.

[From the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS, Vol. LXXV. Part I. juſt publiſhed.]

[Illuſtrated by an Engraving.]

AS every diſcovery in natural hiſtory is eſteemed worthy the notice of that Society which was inſtituted on purpoſe to improve natural knowledge, I have taken the liberty to ſend you a deſcription and drawing of a bird which haunts the reeds of the river Colin, in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, and which ſeems to have hitherto eſcaped the notice of writers on Britiſh Ornithology; and therefore ſome account and deſcription of it will not, I truſt, be unacceptable to the Society over which you ſo laudably preſide.

The neſt and eggs of the bird I am about to deſcribe firſt attracted my attention, and led to the diſcovery of the bird itſelf. They were repeatedly brought by a fiſherman on the Uxbridge river, in the pariſh of Denham, to her Grace the Ducheſs Dowager of Portland, who firſt communicated them to me. They were ſuppoſed by the fiſherman to belong to the *ſedge-bird* of Pennant, or *motacilla ſalicaria* of Linnæus; but being well acquainted with the neſt and eggs of this, I was very ſure he was miſtaken, though he actually

Plate 1.

Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

Published by I. Sewell in Cornhill. 1785.

actually produced this bird as the true proprietor of the ſubjects in queſtion. The ſtructure and poſition of the neſt having a ſingular appearance, and both that and the eggs belonging to a bird unknown to me, I became deſirous of finding out the ſecret architect, and to that end made uſe of ſuch means as I thought moſt likely to promote the diſcovery.

In a ſhort time my expectations were gratified; for on the 26th day of July 1783, intelligence was brought me, that ſuch a neſt as I wanted was found. I had given previous direction, that it ſhould not be diſturbed before I had ſeen it. Upon examination, I inſtantly perceived it to be of the ſame kind and ſtructure with that under enquiry, containing two eggs, and two young ones juſt excluded from the ſhell. One of the old birds was ſitting at this time upon the neſt, which a perſon in company attempting to ſeize, it flew at him with ſo much reſentment and acrimony, as to draw blood from the hand that dared to moleſt its inſtinctive operations. Both the parent birds continued hovering about their neſt with much watchful care and anxiety, while I made ſeveral attempts to take them alive; but, finding all endeavours in vain, leſt I ſhould loſe the opportunity of examining them with accuracy, I at length, with reluctance, cauſed them to be ſhot. From theſe ſpecimens the following deſcriptions were made, which, with an accurate drawing of one of them, together with its neſt and egg, are humbly ſubmitted to your notice. [See *Fig.* 2. of PLATE I.]

From the generic characters delivered by Linnæus, our bird muſt evidently be reduced to the family of his *motacilla*, for it has a weak, ſlender, ſubulate bill, almoſt ſtraight; the mandibles nearly equal; the noſtrils oval and naked, or not covered with briſtles; the tongue lacerated at the extremity; the legs ſlender; the toes divided to the origin, except that the exterior one is joined, at the under part of the laſt joint, to the middle toe; the claws of nearly equal length.

The male and female have the ſame coloured plumage, ſo that one deſcription will ſerve for both. They differ a little in ſize, but their external appearance is the ſame. They are both larger than the *pettychaps* deſcribed by Willoughby, ſmaller than the *white-throat*, and nearly of the ſame ſize with the *willow-wren*. But to be more particular.

The cock bird weighed, when juſt killed, exactly ſeven pennyweights and nine grains; the hen ſix pennyweights and nine grains, or one pennyweight leſs.

The male meaſured, from tip to tip of the extended wings, ſeven inches and a half; the female ſix and three-quarters.

From the end of the bill to the extremity of the tail, the cock meaſured five inches and a half; the hen only five inches.

The bill in both meaſured half an inch, which is longer in proportion than in moſt of this genus. The *upper* mandible is of a dark horn colour, ſlightly incurved near the extremity, with a minute indenture on either ſide near the point; the *lower* is pale red or fleſh-coloured, with a ſhade of yellow; the inſide of the mouth deep orange coloured; the tip of the tongue cloven and ciliated; the noſtrils oval, and deſtitute of a briſtly covering; but at the baſe of the upper mandible, on either ſide, near the angle of the mouth, ariſe three ſhort *vibriſſæ* pointing downwards, black at their ſummits, white at their baſes; a circumſtance common to many others of this genus. The *iris* of the eye is olive-brown; the pupil black. The ſhort feathers of the orbits or eye-laſhes are of a dirty white colour. From the corner of each eye to the noſtril is a broad ſtroke or band of tawny-white feathers, lying over each other, and running narroweſt towards the bill; this affords an excellent mark to diſtinguiſh the ſpecies.

The feathers of the head, neck, back, coverts of the wings and rump, are of an olive-brown, with a ſlight tinge of green. The quill and tail feathers are all of a darker hue, or ſimply brown; their outward edges of a paler ſhade. The tail is two inches long, ſlightly cuneated, the middle feathers being a little longer than the reſt, the others gradually ſhorter; all of one uniform dun-brown colour edged with paler brown, and a little wedge-ſhaped at their ends.

The chin is white; the throat, breaſt, belly, and parts about the vent, are white with a ſlight ſhade of buff or tawny; but all theſe feathers (as in ſeveral others of this genus) when blown aſunder, or cloſely examined, are found to have their baſe or lower half black, except the ſhafts, which are white throughout.

The ridge and under coverts of the exterior angle of the wing are of a yelloviſh tawny colour, as are alſo the feathers of the thighs; but thoſe of the knees are a ſhade darker, or a pale yelloviſh brown.

The legs are a light olive; the ſoles of the feet bright yellow, with a tinge of green, which ſoon fades after the bird is dead. The inſtep is covered with ſeven large imbricated ſcales, and five ſmaller on the toes, as in others of the genus. The toes ſtand three before, and one behind; the claws are nearly of equal length and curvature; but the hindmoſt is thickeſt and ſtrongeſt.

From the foregoing remarks it is evident, that the bird mentioned is a ſpecies of *motacilla*,

cilla, which, as I can find no ſuch deſcribed by any ſyſtematic writer, I ſhall venture to name, after the Linnæan manner,

Motacilla *(arundinacea)* ſupra olivaceo-fuſca, ſubtus albida, loris et orbitis fuſco-albeſcentibus, angulo carpi ſubtus luteo-fulvo, cauda ſubcuneata fuſca, plantis luteo-virеſcentibus.

In regard to ſynonyms, the only author I can find who can be ſuſpected of having noticed this bird is Sepp, who, in a late ſplendid work, in the Dutch language, intituled, Nederlandſche Vogelen (fol. chart. max.) p. 101. has deſcribed and figured a bird, under the name of *turdus arundinaceus minimus*, called in Holland *karrakietje*, which in many reſpects agrees with our bird; but as the colour of the wings in that figure is made a reddiſh brown, inſtead of an olive brown, and the tawny-white *lora* (a moſt eſſential character to diſtinguiſh the ſpecies) are not at all expreſſed, and the eggs are made to be of a pale-bluiſh colour with dark ſpots, inſtead of a dirty white with olive ſpots, I cannot pronounce for certain, that the bird there intended by that writer is the ſame which we have now deſcribed; though, if ſome allowance be made for ill-colouring and other omiſſions, it may poſſibly have been deſigned for the ſame ſpecies.

As we have already a bird, called in Engliſh the *willow wren*; ours, being nearly of the ſame ſize and ſhape, as well as the ſame genus, may, from its haunts, not improperly be denominated the *reed-wren*.

It frequents the banks of the river Coln near Uxbridge, as far as from Harefield-Moor down to Iver, about the ſpace of five miles, and very probably moſt other parts of the ſame river, though not as yet obſerved.

It is alſo certainly found in the neighbourhood of Dartford in Kent, from whence a neſt and eggs were communicated by the ingenious Mr. Latham of that place, but without knowledge of the bird to which they belonged; ſo that there is little doubt but that it may be found in many parts of the kingdom.

Its food is inſects, at leaſt in part, for I obſerved it catching flies. It hops continually from ſpray to ſpray, or from one reed to another, putting itſelf into a ſtooping poſture before it moves. I heard it make no other than a ſingle note, not unlike the ſound of the word *peep*, uttered in a low plaintive tone; but this might probably be only a note of diſtreſs, and it may have, perhaps, more pleaſing and melodious ones at other times, with which I am unacquainted.

The neſt of this bird is a moſt curious ſtructure, unlike that of any other I am acquainted with, enough to point out the difference of the ſpecies, if every other character was wanting.

It may not be amiſs here to obſerve, that there is ſuch a manifeſt diverſity in the materials, locality, and formation of neſts, and ſuch variety of colours in the eggs of many birds (in other reſpects hard to be diſtinguiſhed), that it is pity this part of ornithology has not been more attended to. I am well convinced, that as many ſpecies of *inſects*, nearly allied to each other in colours and ſhape, and reputed to be only *varieties*, are frequently, from a due attention to their *larvæ* (which are often extremely different), diſcovered to be ſpecies totally diſtinct; ſo, amongſt *birds* of ſimilar genus and feather, their true differences may be often found by carefully obſerving their neſts and eggs, when other characters are ſo minute, in the birds themſelves, as to be diſtinguiſhed with difficulty. By experience I have found this to be remarkably verified in ſome of the lark kind.

But to return to the neſt I was going to deſcribe. It is compoſed externally of dry ſtalks of graſs, lined, for the moſt part, with the flowery tufts of the common reed, or *arundo vallatoria*, but ſometimes with ſmall dead graſſes, and a few black horſe hairs to cover them. This neſt is uſually found ſuſpended or faſtened on, like a hammock, between three or four ſtalks of reeds, below the panicles of flowers, in ſuch a manner that the ſtalks run through the ſides of the neſts at nearly equal diſtances; or, to ſpeak more properly, the neſt is tied on to the reeds with *dead graſs*, and ſometimes (as being more eligible when it can be had) even with *thread* and *pack-thread*, emulating the work of a ſempſtreſs, as was the caſe of the neſt exhibited in the drawing. The bird, however, though generally, does not always confine her building to the ſupport of reeds; ſometimes ſhe fixes it on to the branches of the *water-dock*; and, in one inſtance only (that here delineated), it was found faſtened to the trifurcated branch of a *ſyringa* buſh, or *Philadelphus*, growing in a garden hedge by the river ſide.

She lays commonly four eggs; the ground colour a dirty white, ſtained all over with dull olive-coloured ſpots, but chiefly at the greater end, where are generally ſeen two or three ſmall irregular black ſcratches; but theſe are ſometimes ſcarcely viſible.

I muſt not omit, that both the neſt and eggs which I have now deſcribed, whether deſigned for the ſame or not, are well expreſſed by Sepp, in the work above cited, under the article *Turdus Calamoxenus*, or *Rietvinck*, p. 97; but as the bird there repreſented is evidently the *motacilla ſylvia* of Linnæus, or common *white-throat*, which is known

known to make a very different neſt), I am inclined to believe, that the author, by miſtake, placed a bird and neſt in the ſame plate which do not belong to each other.

I have reaſon to think, that the bird I have been characteriſing is a bird of migration; for the inhabitants on the ſides of the Coln do not recollect ever to have ſeen it in the winter months; and its food being inſects, it is probable, it muſt be obliged to ſhift its quarters for a warmer climate at the approach of a ſevere ſeaſon; but this at preſent is only matter of conjecture, and not certainty.

An ACCOUNT of MORNE GAROU, a MOUNTAIN in the Iſland of ST. VINCENT, with a DESCRIPTION of the VOLCANO on its Summit. In a Letter from Mr. JAMES ANDERSON, Surgeon, to Mr. FORSYTH, his Majeſty's Gardener at Kenſington.

[From the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS, Vol. LXXV. Part I. juſt publiſhed.]

[Illuſtrated by an Engraving.]

THE many ridges of mountains which interſect this iſland in all directions, and riſe in gradations, one above the other, to a very great height, with the rivers tumbling from their ſides over very high precipices, render it exceeding difficult to explore its interior parts.

The moſt remarkable of theſe mountains is one that terminates the N. W. end of the iſland, and the higheſt in it, and has always been mentioned to have had volcanic eruptions from it. The traditions of the oldeſt inhabitants in the iſland, and the ravins at its bottom, ſeem to me to vindicate the aſſertion. As I was determined, during my ſtay in the iſland, to ſee as much of it as I could; and as I knew, from the altitude of this mountain, there was a probability of meeting with plants on it I could find in no other part of the iſland; I ſhould have attempted going up if I had heard nothing of a volcano being on it. But viewing the mountain at a diſtance, the ſtructure of it was different from any in the iſland, or any I had ſeen in the Weſt Indies. I could perceive it divided into many different ridges, ſeparated by very deep chaſms, and its ſummit appeared quite deſtitute of any vegetable production. On examining ſeveral ravins, that run from the bottom a great way up the mountain, I perceived they were quite deſtitute of water, and found pieces of pumice-ſtone, charcoal, ſeveral earths and minerals, that plainly indicated there muſt be ſome very ſingular place or other on ſome part of the mountain. I alſo recollected a ſtory told by ſome very old men in the iſland, that they had heard the captain of a ſhip ſay, that between this iſland and St. Lucia he ſaw, towards night, flames and ſmoke iſſuing from the top of this mountain, and next morning his decks were covered with aſhes and ſmall ſtones. This, you may readily imagine, was excitement enough to examine it, if I poſſibly could; but I was much diſcouraged upon being told, it was impoſſible to gain the ſummit of it; nor could I get either white men, Caribbee, or Negro, that would undertake to conduct me up for any reward I could offer; nor could I get any information relative to it. But as difficulty to attain inhances the value of the object, ſo the more I was told of the impoſſibility of going up, the more was I determined to attempt it.

After I had examined the baſis of it, as far as I could for the ſea and other mountains, to find the moſt probable place to commence my journey, I obſerved an opening of ſeveral large and dry ravins, that ſeemingly ran a great way up; but I was not ſure if they were not interſected by ſome rocks or precipices I could not get over. I came to Mr. Maloune's, about a mile diſtant from the mountain, but the higheſt houſe to it I could ſtay at all night. Here I met with a friendly reception and great hoſpitality. After communicating my intentions to him, he told me, he would give me every aſſiſtance he could, by ſending ſome truſty negroes with me, and wiſhed he was able to go with me himſelf. This was a kind offer to me in my then ſituation, as negroes were what I only wanted, having only one boy belonging to Dr. Young with me. I knew, if I had great difficulties in the woods, he and I both ſhould be inadequate to the taſk, as in a ſhort time we ſhould be ſo wearied as to be unable to proceed: from what I had ſeen of the mountain, I knew I muſt be under the neceſſity of carrying water with me; and from the great diſtance to the top, and obſtructions we might naturally expect, I ſhould at leaſt require two days to accompliſh it.

By examining the ſide of the mountain towards me with a good glaſs, I imagined I ſaw two ridges I might get up. I perceived they were covered great part of the way with thick wood; yet I hoped, with a little cutting, I ſhould be able to ſcramble through them. I appointed next morning to begin my route by one of theſe ridges.

February 26, 1784, I left Mr. Maloune's about ſun-riſe, with two ſtout negroes and Dr. Young's boy; each of us having a good cutlaſs,

cutlaſs, as well to clear our way through the woods, as to defend us in caſe we ſhould be attacked by Caribbees or run-away negroes. We arrived at the bottom of the mountain a little before ſeven in the morning. To get to either of the ridges, we found we had a rock to climb above forty feet high: it was with great difficulty we ſcrambled up, aſſiſting one another in the beſt manner we could; here we found it neceſſary to contract our baggage. After getting up this rock, I found myſelf in the bottom of a narrow and deep ravin. Having aſcended this ravin a little way, I ſaw ſome cleared ground on its ſides, with tobacco growing. This I conjectured was the habitation of ſome Caribbees; but I was much ſurpriſed when one of the negroes I had with me told me, it was the habitation of a Mr. Gasco, a Frenchman. What could induce a ſtout healthy man in the prime of life, and a good mechanic, with ſeveral negroes, to take up his reſidence among rocks and precipices, excluded from the whole world, is a myſtery to me. Beſides, by every torrent of rain that happens, he may expect himſelf and all his habitation to be waſhed over the rocks into the ocean. Notwithſtanding his ſingular ſituation, I found him an intelligent man, and I experienced every hoſpitality his poor cottage could afford.

The difficulty of going through woods in the Weſt Indies, where there are no roads or paths, is far beyond any thing an European can conceive. Beſides tall trees and thick underwood, there are hundreds of different climbing plants twiſted together like ropes, and running in all directions to a great extent, and even to the tops of the higheſt trees; by puſhing on they cannot be broke, and many of them with difficulty cut; beſides a ſpecies of graſs, the *Schœnus Lithoſpermos*, with ſerrated leaves, that cuts and tears the hands and face terribly. With ſuch obſtructions as theſe it was above two hours before we got on the ridge, where I was in hopes our paſſage would have been eaſier; but I ſoon found my miſtake, for I was ſurrounded with a thick foreſt, much more difficult to get through than before, on account of the large piles of trees broken down by the hurricanes, to paſs which in many parts we were obliged to creep on our hands and feet to get below them, and in other places to climb a great height above the ſurface of the ground, to get over large trunks lying on one another, and theſe being frequently rotten, occaſioned us to tumble headlong down to a great depth, among rotten wood and graſs, ſo that it was with great difficulty I and the negroes could extricate ourſelves. By conſtantly cutting to clear our way, I, as well as my companions, grew much fatigued, and they wiſhed much to return back. About four in the afternoon I could not prevail upon them to proceed farther; if they did, they could not return before dark, and they would not ſleep all night in the woods; but ſaid if I ſtayed they would return to me next morning. I ſaw it was impoſſible to gain the ſummit of the mountain with the boy only by that route: I likewiſe ſaw the woods growing more difficult, my water alſo totally expended: from theſe conſiderations I intended to go down to the Frenchman's, and remain there all night, and try another route with my boy next morning, hoping I might be fortunate enough to find an eaſier paſſage. I arrived at Mr. Gasco's a little after ſun ſet, being much fatigued and thirſty, and never experienced more hoſpitality and kindneſs than from this man in his miſerable cot; for we ought not to judge of the value of the things received, but of the diſpoſition of the heart with which they are given. He parted with his hammock to me, and ſlept on a board himſelf. This I at firſt refuſed; but he inſiſted on it, telling me, from my hardſhips of the day I was much more tired than he. I took the hammock, but I found it was impoſſible to cloſe my eyes during the night with cold. His hut was built of *roſeaux* or large reeds, between each of which a dog might creep through, and the top was covered with dry graſs. It is ſituated in the bottom of a deep gully, where the ſun does not ſhine till nine in the morning, nor after four in the afternoon. It is ſurrounded by thick wood, and during the night the whole of the mountain is covered with thick clouds, from which it frequently rains; this makes the night air exceedingly cold. I got ready to renew my journey next morning, having only Dr. Young's boy with me, who continued very faithful to me during this excurſion, being very active and hardy: I do not know if I could have gone through this fatigue had it not been for his aſſiſtance. I now determined to commence this day's route up the ravin, as it ſeemed to widen and apparently run a conſiderable way up in the direction I wiſhed for; and if I could get out of it upon the other ridge, it would at leaſt be two miles nearer than the way I had attempted yeſterday, and probably, after getting out of it, I might find wood eaſier of acceſs. In this ravin I got up about a mile and a half, without meeting with any conſiderable obſtruction. Encouraged by getting ſo far, although the ravin was narrowing faſt, with numbers of rocks and precipices to climb over, with vines and buſhes difficult to get through, I was reſolved to perſiſt in this route, and determined by every poſſible means to get to the object of my wiſhes, well knowing if I could not perform with

it this way, I might abandon it entirely. After climbing over a number of difficult paſſes, the ravin terminated at the bottom of a very high precipice; how far it was to the ſummit I did not know, being covered toward the top with thick wood; but from the bottom upwards it was looſe ſand as far as I could ſee, with ferns and tufts of graſs, which, as ſoon as I took hold of them, came out at the roots. The precipice being ſo very ſteep, with no trees or buſhes on it to aſſiſt me in getting up, I plainly ſaw the attempting to climb it was at the riſk of my life: however, I was reſolved to try it; and telling the boy to keep ſome diſtance behind me, in caſe I ſhould tumble and drive him down along with me, I began to aſcend, holding the tufts of graſs as lightly as poſſible, and digging holes with my cutlaſs to put my feet in; but I often loſt my hold, and frequently ſlipped down a conſiderable diſtance; however, as it was nothing but looſe ſand, I could eaſily puſh my cutlaſs into it to the handle, and by graſping it could recover myſelf again. Had I not taken the reſolution, before I began to aſcend, to diveſt myſelf of fear, I could not poſſibly have gone, for the terror of falling would have been the means of it every inſtant. I got up to ſome wild plantains, which I ſaw continued all the way to the place where the buſhes and trees began to grow. I here reſted myſelf, and waited for the boy's getting to me, which he did much eaſier than I, although he had the proviſions and water, owing to the track I had made, and becauſe, being much lighter, he could better truſt himſelf to the graſs and ferns. After ſome labour we arrived at the top of the precipice. I found myſelf on a very narrow ridge, thickly covered with wood, and bounded by two ravins, the bottoms of which I could not ſee; the deſcent to them ſeemed to be nearly perpendicular, yet all the way covered with thick wood. After refreſhing ourſelves, we began our fatigue, the boy and I cutting, and carrying our water and proviſions alternately. When we had got ſome way, I found I was on an exceeding narrow ridge, in many parts not ſix feet broad; on each ſide a tremendous gulf, into one or other of which I was often in danger of falling, ſo that with great caution I was obliged to lie down on my belly, to ſee through the buſhes how the ridge tended. Here I began to ſmell ſulphur, or rather a ſmell like gunpowder. As I knew this ſmell muſt come from the top of the mountain, being in the direction of the wind, I was in hopes we could not be far from it, as the ſmell grew ſtronger and ſtronger as I aſcended. I ſaw a riſing before me, and thought if I was once on it, if the top of the mountain was near I could have a view of it; but having got on this riſing I could only ſee a high peak on the N. W. end of the mountain, and by appearance I thought myſelf very little nearer than when I was at the bottom. The woods now became very difficult to get through; great quantities of fallen trees lying buried under long graſs and being rotten, when I thought myſelf walking on the ground, I was frequently buried a great depth among them. Being now about noon, and my turn to carry the baggage, and conſequently my turn of reſt, I was ſurpriſed to hear a ruſtling among the buſhes, and ſomething like a human voice behind me. As we were now in a place where I had little reaſon to ſuppoſe there had been a human foot before, and could not imagine there could be habitations of Caribbees or run-away negroes, ſince from the barrenneſs of the mountain they could not poſſibly find any proviſions to ſubſiſt on, I told the boy to ſtand ſtill, and let us wait their coming up; for if they were Caribbees advancing with an intention to hurt us, there was no alternative but to defend ourſelves. You may imagine my ſurpriſe when I ſaw one of the negroes who had been with me the day before, with three others, which Mr. Maloune had ſent to my aſſiſtance, with plenty of proviſions. After refreſhment, with this aſſiſtance, I renewed my labours with freſh ſpirits, and thought I was ſure of reaching the top before night. Having proceeded a little, I had a fair view of the ravin on my left, which was of prodigious depth, and ran from near the top of the mountain to the ſea; its bottom ſeemed to be a rock of a colour nearly reſembling lava, and appeared as if there had been vaſt torrents of ſulphureous matter running in it ſome time. I regretted much I knew not of this ravin before I commenced my excurſion, as by paſſing a head-land in a canoe, and getting into the ravin, I might have gained the ſummit of the mountain, without experiencing the delays and difficulties I here encountered. It was now about 4 P. M. and I had no proſpect of the mountain's top; but from the aſcent of the ravin below, I knew it was a great way off. I thought if I could get into the ravin before night, I could get eaſily up next morning. After cutting a great way through wild plantains, the ſun near ſetting, I found myſelf almoſt over the verge of a precipice; by catching hold of ſome ſhrubs I prevented myſelf from falling. We were now about half way down; but all the way below us, as far as we could ſee, was a perpendicular precipice of rock, ſeveral hundred feet high, to paſs which was impoſſible. I had a view of ſome part of the top of the mountain,

which I saw was yet far from me; nor could I attempt any other way than the ridge I had left. Being now fun-set, and the negroes very discontented, because they could not return that night, I found we must take up our night's residence in the place where we were. It was a very unfavourable one, there being nothing but plantains growing, which retaining the rain long in their leaves, and being frequently agitated by the wind, were constantly dropping, and kept the ground always moist. Being almost dark, we had time to make us no other habitation, than placing two or three sticks against an old stump of a tree, and slightly covering them with plantain leaves. After getting together some little wood to make a fire to keep us comfortable, it began to blow and rain violently, which continued all night. We soon found our building afforded us no shelter, and the wood would not burn, so that we could not get any fire; and the ground on which we were situated would not allow the least exercise to keep us warm. From such a miserable night I experienced no mitigation for the fatigues of the day. I wished for the rising sun, to renew my labours; which I at last beheld with inexpressible joy.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Letters of Literature. By Robert Heron, Esq. Robinson, Paternoster-Row. 8vo. 1785.

ON reading the contents of these Letters, in number LVII. which mostly consist of criticism, and on turning over the pages in a cursory manner, the good-natured reader will be apt to imagine he is entering upon a very learned and ingenious work; but to make him lay it down, after a careful perusal, with the same good opinion, some certain ingredients in his constitution will be found absolutely necessary. First, he must have a great aversion to what is called common sense; he must be greatly above or below it, no matter which; no absurdity, no falsehood in facts must make him reject a paradox if it hits his fancy; he must be disgusted with Virgil, and in raptures with Akenside; in short, he must be a very Mr. Heron in every circumstance but one: he must not possess that gentleman's high self-conceit and sovereign contempt of such writers as have the great misfortune not to please his caprice; lest, as madmen seldom agree in the same whim, they should not, as the proverb says, *put their horses together*; in which case, this same *alter & idem* reader would most certainly, with the smile of ineffable contempt, commit Mr. Heron's Letters to the devouring flames.

It has been often found that great parade and affectation of learning have been assumed by the very poverty of talents and perverseness of judgment. How far this character may fit the author before us, the reader, we trust, will soon be enabled to judge for himself. An affectation and parade of profound intimacy with the ancient writers of Greece and Rome, with the poets of Italy, France, and Spain, and the modern Latin writers of every country, are the characteristics of almost every page of these Letters; but all this shew is only like a fine suit of cloaths hung up on a wardrobe pin; there is no body under it. Where the author's criticism has originality, it is in absurdity and petulance; and where he happens to be right, his observations, on the whole, are of no depth of acumen, are trite and common; highly arrogant and dogmatic where he condemns, most poorly superficial where he praises, and very often most intolerably dull. To start new opinions on the merits of authors is most apparently his ambition, and he has gratified it largely; and the shew of his vast reading is in the great majority of instances, like that of an Italian or Frenchman who should make himself master of all the neglected writers of English verse, and then hold up to his countrymen the few happy thoughts he had picked out of their loads of rubbish, exulting in the penetration of his own judgment, and the immensity of his reading.

The

The above eſtimate of Mr. Heron's Letters we mean to ſupport by a cloſer examination of them; but as their ſubjects are moſtly critical, we ſhall begin with the laſt, which is on criticiſm, introducing it with our author's own character of his Letters, which happens to be perfectly juſt. "If, ſays he (Letter I.), "you wiſh for an opinion on any ſubject, "you will be much diſappointed if you apply "to me; but if you deſire to hear doubts inſtead of deciſions, I may perhaps furniſh "you with a ſufficiency." But how reconcile this modeſt diffidence with the dogmatic deciſions continually given by our author? Good reader, you miſtake him, if you ſuppoſe there is any *modeſty* in the above declaration; but there is a great deal of *honeſty* in it, for it amounts exactly to this: "If you "will have my opinion, you will be diſappointed; but you ſhall have doubts enough." What a pity it is our author did not adopt the above citation for the motto of his *ingenious* work!

Mr. Heron throughout his Letters gives his critical deciſions with an air of the moſt conſcious certainty, and ſeems to glory in the character of a critic. But to ſhew his humility, his laſt letter places that character low indeed. Criticiſm is only the lady's maid of ability; is at beſt only the pilot of genius, proud and ignorant; is like the fly on the coach-wheel; and his "inſtructions are always ti-"mid and analogous to his own littleneſs of "intellect!"

"Criticiſm (ſays he) may be defined to be that ſcience by which we are taught to form proper judgments of the merits and defects of the other arts and ſciences. I have called Criticiſm a ſcience, and not an art, becauſe it is theoretical and not practical; becauſe there can be no art where there is no room for invention; becauſe Criticiſm is merely a ſcience, and reſts ſolely upon knowledge in the points of which it treats; and that knowledge, if you will, is not even a ſcience *per ſe*, but ariſes from the mental exertion of others, yet does not aſcend to analogy like other human ſciences. For inſtance, were a critic to judge from analogy that becauſe the beginning of the Iliad is ſimple, that of every epic poem ought to be ſo, he would judge wrong; for this reaſon, that a man of genius, his maſter, would tell him, that there ought to be no analogy in poetry, and that the ſimplicity of Homer's beginning is a fault, not a beauty; for the great point of opening an epic poem is to raiſe the very utmoſt expectation; and, allowing it a beauty, it is a beauty to be avoided by other writers, becauſe any appearance of imitation never fails to diſguſt a ſuperior judge."

"The only thing Ariſtotle did in criticiſm was to give ſome names, almoſt as unintelligible as that *entelechia* which hath cracked the brains of all his commentators, to different articles. He ſeems only to have ſtrutted into the theatre of poetry to drop the curtain of obſcurity over the ſcene of nature; a demerit which the meaneſt menial belonging to the houſe could have had ſufficient ability to incur the blame of as well as himſelf. Perhaps you will think this cenſure of Ariſtotle ſevere, but do not imagine it ſingular: the awful ſhades of Vittorius, Caſtelvetro, Gravina, the two laſt names in criticiſm ſuperior to that of Ariſtotle, riſe around me in its defence."

He then damns the Greek critics, barely repeating their names. "Of Longinus (he ſays) I ſhall only repeat the juſt verdict of an Italian critic of the firſt repute, namely, that he wrote on the ſublime in a total ignorance of what it was. His work is in fact more applicable to the beautiful, than to the ſublime; a ſure proof that he knew not what he was writing about." Among the Latins, he ſays, *inſtar omnium*, "Quintilian is the only critic who ever deſerved the name." But next page confines this *only* to proſe; for, ſays he, "what Quintilian is in proſe, Horace is in poetry." And now that ſame critic, who at the beginning of the letter was a lady's maid, "aping her miſtreſs, and dreſſed in her caſt cloaths," was a cowardly ignorant pilot, a fly on a coach-wheel, of littleneſs of intellect, &c. muſt be poſſeſſed of twice the abilities of Homer, before he can "improve the art of which he treats;" and even then he will get no reputation. But take our author's own words:

"From the great rarity of good critics of antiquity, thoſe of modern days ought to judge of the extreme difficulty of writing with ſuch propriety as to ſecure the fame of future ages. Juſt criticiſm itſelf is a dangerous province, upon the very boundaries of the empire of ſcience; where, becauſe of its diſtance from the capital, the renown is by no means proportioned to the greatneſs of ability and enterprize abſolutely neceſſary to be exerted. To form a proper critical eſtimation of any work, the Iliad, for inſtance, in all its parts, would, I muſt aſſert, require talents double the ſize of the author's. For, if they are only equal, the mind of the critic will be homogeneous with that of the poet: he will conſequently be capable of conceiving nothing beyond the work; and his performance will conſiſt only of ſlight efforts of admiration and of blame, not of ſuch ſuperior critical diſquiſition as may improve the art of which he treats, and which alone forms the eſſence of juſt criticiſm. Suppoſe even that a critic ſhould ariſe with twice the mental powers of Homer, an event that will never happen; ſuppoſe that his work had every perfection of criticiſm,

wide views, profound research, boundless treasures of erudition: suppose it displayed a mind that, like a telescope, could magnify distant worlds of genius, and shew them to the common eye; and, at the same time, with microscopic powers, could examine the most minute particle of phrase: what, with all these supernatural attributes, would be the proportion of his fame? Very small. The man of genius, like the sun, would dazzle nations; while he, a little planet of borrowed light, would only glitter in obscurity.

"The only work that could prove of real advantage in criticism would be a selection of all the remarks made by illustrious writers relative to this study, accompanied with a modest explanation and commentary, supported by examples. Such a work would go further to be of genuine utility to the arts and sciences than any species of system, though digested by a critic of the most uncommon powers of mind."

But to how many hundred volumes more than the British Acts of Parliament would such a work amount, and what a confusion and jumble of different tastes would such ridiculous compilation exhibit! No fact is more certain, than that different readers and critics too have different tastes; and nothing so self-evident as that a native mental intuitive feeling, never to be acquired, though it may be cultivated by art, commonly called Taste, or the relish of fine writing in prose and verse, is the very first ingredient, the *sine qua non*, in the formation of a good critic: yet wonderful as it may seem, taste is not only entirely omitted by our author, in his estimate of critical talents, but is even excluded * in his definitions of criticism in the above passage first cited.

We shall now proceed to examine some of the criticisms of that man who calls criticism a science; "because there can be no art where there is no room for invention, and because criticism is merely a science, and rests solely upon knowledge in the points of which it treats, &c. &c." and soon will it appear that this pompous jargon is followed by no bastard offspring of criticism. But we shall begin first with some of the most innocent of our author's critical decisions.

In Letter XXVII. Mr. Heron execrates those authors who find sublimity or beauty in the Scriptures, and thus exults in the disgrace of his own taste: "Of the sublime or beautiful style, I can from that work (viz. the Scripture) produce no proofs. Writers who hold it up in that ludicrous view, do as great harm to religion as to good taste." Yet this same Mr. Heron is in raptures with a Spanish ballad, written three centuries ago, and still preserved in the Canary islands. It is on the unhappy fate of "Guillen Perez, an enterprising youth, who was Governor of the Canary islands; but attempting to seduce Palma, one of them, to the power of Spain, was there killed.—" Mr. Heron calls this "one of the most exquisite pieces of elegiac poetry which he had ever met with;" and says, every one who hears these verses "must wish to remember them; and the heart must be hard indeed that is not affected by their deep pathos." His translation of these verses is as follows:

"Let the ladies lament Guillen Peraza, as God shall help them *in their miseries*; for in Palma the flower left his cheek."

"Thou, *fatal isle*, art not Palma, *a name significant of victory and joy*; thou art a bramble; thou art a cypress of melancholy branch; thou art a misfortune, a dreadful evil.

"Let dismal volcanos burst thy fields. Let no pleasures be seen there; but sorrows. Let sands cover all thy flowers.

"Guillen Peraza! Guillen Peraza! Where is thy shield? Where is thy spear? A fatal rashness destroyed all!"

Our author, in his censures on Virgil, has again and again condemned imitation in the severest terms; yet what must the reader think when he finds that this Spanish ballad, with all the first-rate praise our author has lavished upon it, is not only no other, in the parts worth any thing, than a very near imitation of, but infinitely inferior in poetical merit to, an elegy in that book in which our author could find nothing sublime or beautiful. Lest the reader should not have the Bible at hand, we transcribe the passage:

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places! How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and

* This is the more to be wondered at, as Akenside is one of Mr. Heron's favourite authors; and one of the very best parts of the *Pleasures of Imagination* is the defcant beginning, "What then is taste—," into the spirit of which Mr. Heron seems never to have entered.

Jona-

Jonathan were lovely and pleaſant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were ſwifter than eagles; they were ſtronger than lions. Ye daughters of Iſrael, weep over Saul, who clothed you in ſcarlet, who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midſt of the battle! O Jonathan, thou waſt ſlain in thine high places. I am diſtreſſed for thee, my brother Jonathan! Very pleaſant haſt thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, paſſing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war periſhed!"

Wretched indeed muſt be the taſte of that mortal who cannot feel the ſuperiority of the original ode in pathos and glow of colouring; but that Mr. Heron is capable of condemning it, his criticiſms leave no doubt.—The world has long admired that noble caſtern metaphor deſcribing the battle-horſe: "Haſt thou clothed his neck with thunder?" This bold exordium, in the true abruptneſs of peculiar animation, is immediately illuſtrated by the ſacred writer: "He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his ſtrength; he goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear—the quiver rattleth againſt him, the glittering ſpear and the ſhield. He ſwalloweth the ground with fierceneſs and rage—He ſaith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and he ſmelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the Captains, and the ſhouting." Here the rage of the horſe ruſhing on to an armed hoſt is placed before us in the ſtrongeſt light, and frozen muſt that imagination be which cannot perceive the propriety and force of the metaphor, which deſcribes the ſwiftneſs and fury of his plunging into battle, by clothing his neck with thunder. But Mr. Heron (Letter XXVII.) pronounces it "the moſt conſummate nonſenſe that ever was clothed with the thunder of bombaſt;" and adds, "Had it been found in ſome Grub-ſtreet writer of heroic panegyric, we ſhould never have done laughing at it,—a horſe wearing a neckcloth in battle, a neckcloth of thunder."——Oh, Dullneſs! how didſt thou omit to laugh at the horſe's *ſpeaking*, and *ſwallowing* the ground, that noble metaphor, which deſcribes his ſpeed in ruſhing along?—Exactly in the ſame ſpirit is Mr. Heron's cenſure of Longinus, for being pleaſed with a bold deſcription in Homer. "His praiſe," ſays he, "of Neptune's horſes leaping like ſo many fleas in a blanket, is one inſtance of at leaſt twenty, of his falſe taſte." And this he proves by ſaying, "If it be ſublime to make the god's horſes go ſo far at two or three leaps, were it not far more ſo to deſcribe them as leaping the whole ſpace at once?" By no means: Homer, by deſcribing a few bounds, retains the idea of the motion of horſes, eſſential to the deſcription of them, which would be totally loſt, had he, as our wiſe critic recommends, made them take a flight like eagles. Nor would their leaping at once out of ſight be leſs like fleas; a circumſtance which, we dare ſay, Mr Heron has often ſeen, when he amuſed himſelf with the fleas leaping on his blanket. But though

"Gentle Dullneſs ever loves a joke,"—

it is not "neckcloths of thunder," and "fleas leaping on a blanket," that degrade any paſſage, but that which uſes the filly compariſon. Give a half-ideot that liberty, and what will become of Mr. Heron's moſt favourite writers?—Nor muſt we omit the concluſion of the above citation: "Can there be a ſublime," ſays Mr. Heron, "beyond which in its kind the moſt common mind may form conceptions? Surely not." Good heaven, what a ſtandard of the ſublime is here! Ariſtotle and common-ſenſe could have told him, that Poetry muſt preſerve an appearance of verſimilitude; that is, it muſt not turn horſes into eagles, by changing their properties, nor make Achilles throw the moon at Hector, though a common mind may form conceptions of both. No, nor muſt Poetry deſcribe Hector as taller than twenty men, or the ſhoulders of Ulyſſes as broader than an acre, though common minds may eaſily form ſuch conceptions of the human kind. The ſecret is, Poetry, though its nature is highly to exalt, becomes mere bombaſt the inſtant it paſſes certain lines of verſimilitude. Hence it follows, that to place the teſt of the ſublime in being able to conceive nothing beyond it in its kind, is one of the wildeſt fancies that ever diſgraced criticiſm. A common imagination delights in conceiving every thing in its kind beyond the limits of verſimilitude, or the truth of Nature; and if our Author's teſt of the ſublime be juſt, that praiſe can only be given to the vileſt nonſenſe and bombaſt. Nor does any one paſſage loſe its inherent ſublimity, though an after-bard may have adopted and improved it; another plain and full proof of the futility of Mr. Heron's teſt; a teſt worthy to follow the ridiculous cenſure of Homer, for not deſcribing Neptune's horſes as flying like birds. (Letter V.)

Dryden's wonderful Ode, ſays Mr. Heron, "is, of itſelf, worth all that Pindar has written."——Suppoſe we ſay, *Granted?* But God forbid we ſhould ſay ſo on Mr. Heron's reaſons, "becauſe that maſter-piece is a "dithyrambic poem, not a lyric one. And "that as well for its want of regularity, as "for its ſubject; which being perfectly con-"vivial, as its title ſpeaks, falls with much "propriety into that claſs which the antients

" called Dithyrambic, and which were moſt " commonly ſacred to Bacchus." And are theſe the *becauſes* why Dryden's Ode is worth all that Pindar has written? Away with ſuch *becauſes!* they are the very infanity of dullneſs. But what may we not expect from a Critic capable of giving the following on Dr. Beattie's Ode on the Birth-day of the Son of his Patron Lord; a production which he tells us, with regard to *tranſition*, ſo material in an Ode, is one of the beſt in any language. " Theſe lines (he ſays)

No gaudy wreath of flowers ſhe weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel leaves
Thy cradle to adorn—

are exquiſite; the civic crown being of oak, the victor's of laurel. The image is beautiful to a degree of lyric perfection. But obſerve the tranſition to the next ſtanza, and pronounce it truly lyric:

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine anceſtors reclined, &c.

This tranſition in proſe were ridiculous; for what connexion between not giving a child a wreath of flowers, and the reaſon aſſigned, namely, becauſe his anceſtors did not recline on them? Yet this want of connexion forms the beauty of this very lyric tranſition.

" The next, 'To hurl the dart,' &c. may be called a tranſition *from* a diſtance, as the laſt was *to* a diſtance. It is equally claſſic with the former."

What inanity, what nonſenſe, is this about diſtance! Twining the oak with the laurel, the emblems of peace and war, has been done by a thouſand ſchool-boy poets, and requires no poetical talents; but here it is " exquiſite," and an " image beautiful to a degree of lyric perfection." The tranſition to

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine anceſtors recln'd——

is indeed happy and beautiful; but not for Mr. Heron's wild reaſons, becaute the tranſition wants connection, and were ridiculous in proſe. Like all good poetry, it will ſtand the teſt of proſe, and its latent connection is in the true ſpirit of the lyric muſe. Let us try the above four lines in an obvious proſe paraphraſe: " No gaudy flowers, the emblems of effeminacy, but the wreaths of the heroes of peace and war, ſhall adorn thy cradle; theſe were the honours of thine anceſtors, who reclined not on beds of roſes." Such is the obvious ſenſe of the above lines, though Mr. Heron could not perceive it. Yet with that common expreſſion, " Yon caſtle's glittering towers," he is in raptures, and ſays, " it brings the very object before your eyes." What beauties may not a critic ſee in the friendly fit of good-humour?

After the above horrid ſpecimens of his criticiſm, no one will wonder when Mr. Heron avows (Letter XXXIII.) that " he never looks into Virgil but with utter diſguſt:" That " Virgil (Letter XVI.) has not the moſt diſtant pretence to any attribute of a poet, except that of a fine ſtyle!" And, in the ſame letter, " I believe," ſays he, " the moſt ſanguine admirer of Virgil will allow, that not one ray of invention appears through his whole works." He had better have ſaid, *I believe in Tom Thumb and the pudding-bowl.* Why, man, wake from your dream, rub your eyes, and ſend to your bookſeller to borrow Scaliger, not to mention thouſands of others, who expreſsly maintain the contrary of your confident aſſertion; and, hypercritic as he is, he has proved in many inſtances not only the real invention of Virgil, but his capacity to improve upon Homer. No criticiſm was ever more juſt than that of Dryden, in his preface to the beſt of his works, his Tales, that " none but a poet can tranſlate a poet; that to do juſtice to an excellent original, the tranſlator's mind muſt be congenial; that the ſpirit of poetry is ſo ſubtle, it will evaporate in tranſlation in any hands except thoſe of a poet" So thought Dryden, and common ſenſe confirms it. When Virgil himſelf was upbraided by a Mr. Heron of his own day for ſtealing from Homer, he replied, " I confeſs I do, but try if you can ſteal with my keys." Here lies the ſecret, of which Mr. Heron appears to have no conception; though it is a ſelf-evident truth, that to tranſuſe the ſpirit of poetry from one language into another, requires the real poet. The many, many paſſages where Virgil has improved upon his maſter, are known to every lad on the upper forms of our public ſchools. The *Herons* of forty years ago denied Mr. Pope the name of poet, becauſe he had no invention; and truth it is, that both he and Virgil were too diffident of their own ſtrength, and afraid to mount in a new track on their own opinions. But while the Rape of the Lock of the one, and the Invocation to Cæſar's Ghoſt of the other remain, not to mention a profuſion of other paſſages in each, all the Zoilus's and Herons that Folly and Envy may ſpawn, will never annul their title to the name of great and real poets.

*** *Though Mr. Heron's beſt abilities deſerve little attention, the pompous ſhew of his learning, and the dictatorial petulance of his abſurd deciſions require ſome antidote. We therefore have beſtowed theſe pages upon him, and ſhall again attend him in our next.*

Shooting:

Shooting; a Poem. Faulder, Bond-ſtreet; and Prince and Cooke, Oxford, Price 2s. 6d.

AFter the account given in our Review for Dec. 1784, of the "Progreſs of Refinement," it will be no light praiſe of the Poem now before us to ſay, that it is one of the moſt elegant productions of Mr. Pye's pen; for tho' the title-page contains no name of an author, yet the advertiſements gave the information. That chaſte and correct, yet eaſy and flowing poetical diction, which all the critics have remarked as a characteriſtic of Mr. Pye's works, is eminently conſpicuous in this poem. The ſubject is ſuch as none but a country gentleman could treat properly, and ſuch, at the ſame time, as would require a large ſhare of the favour of the Muſes to treat poetically. Mr. Pye has very judiciouſly dignified the homelineſs of his fundamental matter, by frequent references to the connexion between the ſports of the field and the warlike character; and he has relieved its dryneſs by well-choſen epiſodes. That of Atys and Adraſtus may perhaps be thought, by ſome ſeverer critics, diſproportionately long. All that we can ſay againſt ſuch a charge is, that having ourſelves concurred in it on the firſt reading, the propriety with which the ſtory is introduced, the importance of its purpoſe, and the elegance and ſpirit with which it is told, induced us, on the ſecond perual, to doubt our former opinions.

But we will proceed to enable our readers, as far as our limits will permit, to judge of the poem for themſelves.

An addreſs to the Muſes, forming the exordium, is ingeniouſly adapted to the ſubject, and what immediately follows is judiciouſly introduced to raiſe its importance.

"Yet here ſhall glory view, with generous aim,
The riſing elements of martial fame.
As from the chace Britannia's youth ſhall learn
The docile ſteed with ready hand to turn;
O'er the rude crag his bounding ſteps to guide,
Or preſs his ardor down the mountain's ſide,
Till ruſhing to the field with fierce delight,
She ſends forth other Lindſeys * to the fight;
So ſhall the ſteady train, of careful eye,
Who wound the aërial offspring as they fly,
Whoſe limbs unwearied keep their conſtant way,
From morn's firſt opening dawn till parting day,
Manly and firm, an unexhauſted race,
With hardy frames the ſhining phalanx grace;
With ſteps, by labour unſubdu'd, ſhall know
Inceſſant to purſue the fainting foe;
Shall, mid the rocks and woods, with active toil,
Hang o'er his march, and all his movements foil;
Their cloſe platoons, with cool and certain aim,
Shall ſend deſtruction forth in vollied flame;
Or, o'er the field diſpers'd, each ſhot they pour
Shall mark ſome hoſtile victim's fatal hour."

The attention of our anceſtors to encourage the uſe of the bow, and the Act of Parliament for that purpoſe, are then mentioned; and in the enumeration of advantages derived from ſporting, the following lines particularly deſerve notice:

"Nor ſhall Britannia's patriots blame the cauſe,
To woods and fields her wealthier chiefs that draws.
Let Gallia's ſons to rural ſcenes reſort
Only when exil'd from a partial court,
Whoſe dareſt hopes a monarch's favours crown,
Raiſ'd by his ſmile, or blaſted by his frown.
But Albion's freer lords muſt try to gain
Th' unbiaſs'd ſuffrage of her ruſtic train;
And every tie that binds her nobler band
With dearer love to their paternal land,
Her ye omen ſhall behold, with grateful eye,
A ſurer pledge of wealth and liberty."

Hence occaſion is taken to addreſs the Britiſh youth of the higher ranks, and invite their attention to the didactic parts of the poem which follow, and in which the poet ſhews no common ſkill in giving elegance, by manner, to the homeſieſt matter.

"When the laſt ſun of Auguſt's fiery reign
Now bathes his radiant forehead in the main,
The panoply by ſportive heroes worn
Is rang'd in order for th' enſuing morn.
Forth from the ſummer guard of bolt and lock
Comes the thick guître and the ſuſtian frock:
With curious ſkill the deathful tube is made
Clean as the firelock of the ſpruce parade.
Yet let no poliſh of the ſportſman's gun
Flaſh like the ſoldier's weapon to the ſun;
Or the bright ſteel's refulgent glare preſume
To penetrate the peaceful foreſt's gloom;
But let it take the brown's more ſober hue,
Or the dark luſtre of the enamel'd blue.
Let the cloſe pouch the wadded tow contain,
The leaden pellets and the nitrous grain;
And, wiſely cautious, with preventive care,
Be the ſpare flint and ready turnſcrew there;

* This gallant officer, who was killed in one of the ſeſcents on the coaſt of France, in the war before the laſt, was very inſtrumental in forming the light-horſe of this country.

What

While the flung net is open to receive
Each prize the labours of the day ſhall give."

Partridge-ſhooting with pointers is deſcribed minutely, in all its circumſtances; after which the epiſode of Atys and Adraſtus is introduced to impreſs upon young ſportſmen the neceſſity for unceaſing care, leſt

" The erring ſhots ſhould give a fatal wound,
And change the jocund ſportſman's verdant wreath
For funeral weeds, for mourning, tears, and death."

We have next an account of pheaſant-ſhooting, woodcock, hare, ſnipe, water-fowl, and finally, black and red game, all in pleaſing poetical langu ge; and though it appears evidently that the author's principal experience has been in partridge ſhooting with pointers, and that he is leſs intimately verſed in wood and moor ſhooting, yet he ſhews a good general knowledge of every part of his ſubject. Some didactic lines follow; and after renewing his caution againſt raſhneſs and heedleſſneſs in the ſports of the field, from which ſuch melancholy ills are liable to enſue, the author takes occaſion to mention the fate of Lord Taviſtock, as well as of Mr. Cotton, ſon of Sir John Hynde Cotton, and concludes the poem thus:

" Votaries of rural joy! with mine while flow
Your kindred ſtreams of ſympathetic woe,
By ſalutary care ah! learn to ſhun
The hidden danger of the unguarded gun!
And as in fields of pleaſure you acquire
The ſoldier's manly toil and ſteady fire,
His cautious uſe of arms attentive heed,
Careful by no inglorious wound to bleed;
Nor laviſh life but in the ſacred cauſe
Of Britain's injur'd rights or violated laws."

Aerophorion. Prince and Cooke, Oxford; and Dodſley, London. 1s.

WE are informed that this little poem is alſo Mr. Pye's. Mr. Sadler's late flight from Oxford gave occaſion to it. It bears the character of Mr. Pye's pen, and will amuſe thoſe who are fond of elegant verſification. We ſhall ſelect nothing from it for particular criticiſm but the title. What is Aerophorion, and how is it to be pronounced? Is it a compound of the Greek words Ἀὴρ and Φερῶ? And if ſo, is the ε omitted for fear it ſhould miſlead Engliſh voices in the pronunciation? or is it omitted becauſe the Latin writers ſometimes omitted it on ſimilar occaſions? If the latter, the Latin termination ſhould have been adopted, and the word ſhould have been written *aerophorium*. But the Latins often chuſe rather to omit the other letters of the diphthong: thus for Ἠπειρωτικὸν they wrote *Epiroticum*. This matter is ſcarcely an object worthy of critical notice; but there appears an abſurdity in the fancy, common with our writers, to give the Latin form to Greek names; the general conſequence of which is only to miſlead the Engliſh voice in the pronunciation. Probably the Latin writers had a different object. For the reſt, Mr. Pye's works ſufficiently ſhew that he is learned in the Greek language. Of himſelf we gave an account in our Review for December laſt. His works which have been publiſhed, as far as we are informed of them, are theſe:—Farringdon-hill, a poem; a tranſlation of the King of Pruſſia's Art of War; a tranſlation of the ſix Olympic Odes of Pindar not tranſlated by Mr. Weſt; a tranſlation of Xenophon's Account of Hare-hunting among the Greeks, in a preface to a work by ſome other author, intitled, Eſſays on Hunting; the Progreſs of Refinement; Shooting; Aerophorion.

Poems on ſeveral Occaſions. By Ann Yearſley, a Milk-woman at Briſtol. 8vo. Cadell.

THE Publick, ſince the time of Stephen Duck, have been entertained with ſo many of the efforts of uncultivated and uneducated genius, that theſe exertions have no longer the power of exciting admiration; and freely ſhould we acknowledge that, if better reaſons than thoſe which have been formerly held out to induce us to encourage "the warbling of native wood-notes wild" were not offered on the preſent occaſion, we ſhould, from the melancholy cataſtrophe of that unfortunate man, and our obſervation on the miſchief of entirely removing perſons from ſituations to which their habits were formed, and from which alteration is frequently fatal, heſitate to aſſent to the propriety of publications of this ſort. We are happy, however, that we can at this time applaud both the motives which have influenced the encouragers of this work, and the uſe to which their liberality is intended to be applied. No ſight can be more affecting than Genius ſtruggling with Poverty; no act more truly laudable, than to wipe the tear of diſtreſs from the eye of modeſt Merit.

Though

Though we are ſatisfied that thoſe who may purchaſe theſe poems will think themſelves amply recompenſed by the ſatisfaction they muſt feel, in contributing to remove the infelicities of a laborious courſe of life from a very worthy and ingenious female; yet to ſhew that they will receive entertainment from the preſent work, we ſhall ſelect, as a ſpecimen, the following lines from the concluding poem, called Clifton Hill.

YE ſilent, ſolemn, * ſtrong, ſtupendous heights,
Whoſe terror-ſtriking frown the ſchool-boy frights
From the young daw; whilſt in your rugged breaſt
The chattering brood, ſecured by Horror, reſt;
Say, Muſe, what arm the low'ring brothers cleft,
And the calm ſtream in this low cradle left?
Coëval with Creation they look down,
And, ſunder'd, ſtill retain their native frown.
Beneath thoſe heights, lo! balmy ſprings ariſe, †
To which pale Beauty's faded image flies;
Their kindly powers life's genial heat reſtore;
The tardy pulſe, whoſe throbs were almoſt o'er,
Here beats a livelier tune. The breezy air
To the wild hills invites the languid fair.
Fear not the weſtern gale, thou tim'rous maid,
Nor dread its blaſt ſhall thy ſoft form invade;
Tho' cool and ſtrong the quick'ning breezes blow,
And meet thy panting breath, 'twill quickly grow
More ſtrong; then drink the odoriferous draught,
With unſeen particles of health 'tis fraught.
Sit not within the threſhold of Deſpair,
Nor plead a weakneſs fatal to the fair;
Soft term for INDOLENCE, politely given,
By which we win no joy from earth or heaven.
Foul Fiend! thou bane of health, fair Virtue's bane,
Death of true pleaſure, ſource of real pain!
Keen exerciſe ſhall brace the fainting ſoul,
And bid her flacken'd powers more vigorous roll.
Blame not my ruſtic lay, nor think me rude,
If I avow Conceit's the grand prelude
To dire diſeaſe and death. Your high-born maid,
Whom faſhion guides, in youth's firſt bloom ſhall fade;
She ſeeks the cauſe; th' effect would fain elude:
By Death's o'erſtretching ſtride too cloſe purſu'd,
She faints within his icy graſp, yet ſtares,
And wonders why the Tyrant yet appears—
Abrupt—ſo ſoon—Thine, Faſhion, is the crime,
Fell Diſſipation does the work of time.
How thickly cloath'd yon rock of ſcanty ſoil, ‡
Its lovely verdure ſcorns the hand of Toil.
Here the deep green, and here the lively plays,
The ruſſet birch, and ever-blooming bays;
The vengeful black-thorn, of wild beauty proud,
Blooms beauteous in the gloomy-checquer'd crowd;
The barren elm, the uſeful ſeeding oak,
Whoſe Hamadryad ne'er ſhould feel the ſtroke
Of axe relentleſs, 'till twice fifty years
Have crown'd her woodland joys, and fruitful cares.
The pois'nous reptiles here their miſchiefs bring,
And thro' the helpleſs ſleeper dart the ſting;
The toad envenom'd, hating human eyes,
Here ſprings to light, lives long, and aged dies.
The harmleſs ſnail, ſlow journeying, creeps away,
Sucks the young dew, but ſhuns the bolder day.
(Alas! if tranſmigration ſhould prevail,
I fear LACTILLA's ſoul muſt houſe in ſnail.)
The long-nos'd mouſe, the woodland rat is here,
The ſightleſs mole with nicely-pointed ear;
The timid rabbit hails th' impervious gloom,
Eludes the dog's keen ſcent, and ſhuns her doom.
Various the tenants of this tangled wood,
Who ſkulk all day, all night review the flood,
Chew the waſh'd weed driven by the beating wave,
Or feaſt on dreadful food, which hop'd a milder grave.
Hail, uſeful channel! Commerce ſpreads her wings,
From either pole her various treaſure brings.
Wafted by thee, the mariner long ſtray'd
Claſps the fond parent and the ſighing maid;
Joy tunes the cry; the rocks rebound the roar,
The deep vibration quivers 'long the ſhore:
The merchant hears, and hails the peeping maſt,
The wave-drench'd ſailor ſcorns all peril paſt;

* St. Vincent's rocks, between which flows the river Avon.
† Hot Wells. ‡ Leigh Wood.

Now love and joy the noiſy crew invite,
And clumſy muſic crowns the rough delight.
Yours be the vulgar diſſonance, while I
Croſs the low ſtream, and ſtretch the ardent eye
O'er Nature's wilds; 'tis peace, 'tis joy ſerene,
The thought as pure as calm the vernal ſcene.
Ah, lovely meads! my boſom lighter grows,
Shakes off her huge oppreſſive weight of woes,
And ſwells in guiltleſs rapture: ever hail,
The tufted grove, and the low-winding vale!
Low not, ye herds, your lufty maſters bring
The crop of Summer; and the genial Spring
Feels for your wants, and ſoftens Winter's rage,
The hoarded hay-ſtack ſhall your woes aſſuage;
Woes ſumm'd in one alone, 'tis Nature's call,
That ſecret voice which fills creation all.
Beneath this ſtack * LOUISA's dwelling roſe,
Here the fair maniac bore three winters' ſnows.
Here long ſhe ſhiver'd, ſtiffening in the blaſt,
The lightnings round their livid horrors caſt;
The thunders roar, while ruſhing torrents pour,
And add new woes to bleak affliction's hour;
The heavens low'r diſmal while the ſtorm deſcends,
No mother's boſom the ſoft maid befriends;
But, frighten'd, o'er the wilds ſhe ſwiftly flies,
And, drench'd with rains, the roofleſs hay-ſtack tries.
The morn was fair, and gentle —— fought
Theſe lonely woodlands, friends to ſober Thought;
With Solitude the ſlow-pac'd maid is ſeen
Tread the dark grove, and unfrequented green:
Well — knew their lurkings; Phœbus ſhone,
White, muſing, ſhe purſu'd the track alone.
O, thou kind friend! whom here I dare not name,
Who to LOUISA's ſhed of miſery came,
Lur'd by the tale, ſigh'd o'er her beauteous form,
And gently drew her from the beating ſtorm,
Stand forth,—defend, for well thou canſt, the cauſe
Of Heaven, and juſtify its rigid laws;
Yet own that human laws are harſhly given,
When they extend beyond the will of heaven.
Say, can thy pen for that hard duty plead,
By which the meek and helpleſs maid's decreed
To dire ſeclusion? Snatch'd from guiltleſs joys,
To where corroding grief the frame deſtroys;
Monaſtic glooms, which active virtue cramp,
Where horrid ſilence chills the vital lamp:
Slowly and faint the languid pulſes beat,
And the chill'd heart forgets its genial heat;
The dim ſunk eye with hopeleſs glance explores
The ſolemn aiſles, and death-denouncing doors,
Ne'er to be paſs'd again—Now heaves the ſigh,
Now unavailing ſorrows fill the eye:
Fancy once more brings back the long loſt youth
To the fond ſoul in all the charms of Truth;
She welcomes the lov'd image; buſy Thought
Pourtrays the paſt, with guiltleſs pleaſures fraught;
'Tis momentary bliſs, 'tis rapture high,
The heart o'erflows, and all is extacy
MEMORY! I charge thee yet preſerve the ſhade,
Ah! let not yet the glittering colours fade!
Forbear the cruel future yet to view,
When the ſad ſoul muſt bid a long adieu,
E'en to its fancied bliſs—Ah! turn not yet,
Thou wretched bankrupt, that muſt ſoon forget
This farewel draught of joy: lo! Fancy dies,
E'en the thin phantom of paſt pleaſure flies.
Thought ſinks in real woe; too poor to give
Her preſent bliſs, ſhe bids the future live;
The ſpirit ſoon quits that fond claſp, for ſee,
The future offers finiſh'd miſery.
Hope quite extinct, lo! frantic thro' the aiſles
She raves, while SUPERSTITION grimly ſmiles.
Th' exhauſted mourner mopes, then wildly ſtalks
Round the drear dome, and ſeeks the darkeſt walks.
The glance diſtracted each ſad ſiſter meets,
The ſorrow-ſpeaking eye in ſilence greets
Each death devoted maid: LOUISA here
Runs thro' each various ſhape of ſad deſpair;
Now ſwells with guſts of hope, now ſick'ning dies;
Alternate thoughts of death and life ariſe
Within her panting ſoul; the firm reſolve,
The new deſire, in ſtronger fears diſſolve.
She ſtarts—then ſeiz'd the moment of her fate,
Quits the lone cloyſter and the horrid grate,
Whilſt wilder horrors to receive her wait;
Muffled, on Freedom's happy plains they ſtand,
And eager ſeize her not reluctant hand;

* The unfortunate LOUISA, a fugitive Foreigner, lived three years in a ſtate of diſtraction under this hay-ſtack, without going into a houſe. She once confeſſed, in a lucid interval, that ſhe had eſcaped from a Convent, in which ſhe had been confined by her father, on refuſing a marriage of his propoſing, her affections being engaged to another man.

Too

Too late to theſe mild ſhores the mourner came,
For now the guilt of flight o'erwhelms her frame:
Her broken vows in wild diſorder roll,
And ſtick like ſerpents in her trembling ſoul.
THOUGHT, what art thou? Of thee ſhe boaſts no more;
O'erwhelm'd, thou dy'ſt amid the wilder roar
Of lawleſs anarchy, which ſweeps the ſoul,
Whilſt her drown'd faculties like pebbles roll,
Unloos'd, uptorn, by whirlwinds of deſpair.
Each well-taught moral now diſſolves in air;
Diſhevel'd lo! her beauteous treſſes fly,
And the wild glance now fills the ſtaring eye;
The balls fierce glaring in their orbits move,
Bright ſpheres, where beam'd the ſparkling fires of Love,
Now roam for objects which once fill'd her mind,
Ah! long-loſt objects they muſt never find.
Ill-ſtarr'd LOUISA! * Memory, 'tis a ſtrain,
Which fills my ſoul with ſympathetic pain.
Remembrance, hence, give thy vain ſtruggles o'er,
Nor ſwell the line with forms that live no more.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mrs. Yearſley in many circumſtances of her life, as well as her genius, reſembles Mrs. Anna Louiſa Durbach, of whom an account is given in the Annual Regiſter of the year 1765. To that narrative we ſhall refer our readers, and add the following extract of a letter from Miſs More to Mrs. Montague, which will afford ample ſatisfaction concerning the Author of the Collection of Poems now under our conſideration.

Briſtol, Oct. 20, 1784.

'DEAR MADAM,

'THERE is nothing more inconvenient than a high reputation, as it ſubjects the poſſeſſor to continual applications, which thoſe of a contrary character entirely eſcape. The delight which you are known to feel in protecting real genius, and in cheriſhing depreſſed virtue, expoſes you to the preſent intruſion, from which a cold heart, and an illiberal ſpirit, would have effectually ſecured you.

'On my return from Sandleford, a copy of verſes was ſhewn me, ſaid to be written by a poor illiterate woman in this neighbourhood, who ſells milk from door to door. The ſtory did not engage my faith, but the verſes excited my attention; for, though incorrect, they breathed the genuine ſpirit of Poetry, and were rendered ſtill more intereſting, by a certain natural and ſtrong expreſſion of miſery, which ſeemed to fill the heart and mind of the Author. On making diligent enquiry into her hiſtory and character, I found that ſhe had been born and bred in her preſent humble ſtation, and had never received the leaſt education, except that her brother had taught her to write. Her mother, who was alſo a milk-woman, appears to have had ſenſe and piety, and to have given an early tincture of religion to this poor woman's mind. She is about eight-and-twenty, was married very young to a man who is ſaid to be honeſt and ſober, but of a turn of mind very different from her own. Repeated loſſes, and a numerous family, for they had ſix children in ſeven years, reduced them very low; and the rigours of the laſt ſevere winter ſunk them to the extremity of diſtreſs. For your ſake, dear Madam, and for my own, I wiſh I could entirely paſs over this part of her ſtory; but ſome of her moſt affecting verſes would be unintelligible without it. Her aged mother, her ſix little infants, and herſelf (expecting every hour to lie-in) were actually on the point of periſhing, and had given up every hope of human aſſiſtance, when the Gentleman, ſo gratefully mentioned in her Poem to STELLA, providentially heard

* Since the publication of this Poem a Narrative has been tranſlated from the French, which is ſuppoſed to unravel the ſtory of this unhappy lady. It affords a ſtrong preſumption, that *La Freulen*, the female character in the French tract, is this identical young woman, and ſhe is ſuppoſed to be an illegitimate daughter of the late Emperor of Germany.—This Narrative is ſingularly curious and intereſting in itſelf. Its relation to *Louiſa* (the name given to the poor lunatic) is at leaſt very probable. There is nothing which contradicts or oppoſes the poſſibility of the identity of *La Freulen* and *Louiſa*. She has a particular paſſion for bracelets and *miniature pictures*, with the moſt ſovereign contempt for every other ornament. Of a Queen Anne's half-crown ſhe is vaſtly fond; has ſometimes deſired to have one ſewed on a black ribbon; ſaid it much reſembled her Mamma; would wear it on her arm, and kiſs it with great delight; but ſhe has now no pleaſure in any thing.—She has a Daniſh attendant, to whom ſhe often ſpeaks ſhort ſentences in German, particularly if ſhe wants tea, or has any other favour to aſk.

One ſtriking thing which concurs with the Narrative is, that ſhe could never be prevailed on to look in a book. Being once preſſed to it, ſhe cried out, *No; reading is ſtudy, and ſtudy makes me mad.* Books have been left in the room; but though ſhe has been narrowly watched, ſhe has never been obſerved to read any of them.

of their diſtreſs, which I am afraid ſhe had too carefully concealed, and haſtened to their relief. The poor woman and her children were preſerved; but—(imagine, dear Madam, a ſcene which will not bear a detail) for the unhappy mother all aſſiſtance came too late; ſhe had the joy to ſee it arrive, but it was a joy ſhe was no longer able to bear, and it was more fatal to her than famine had been. You will find our Poeteſs frequently alluding to this terrible circumſtance, which has left a ſettled impreſſion of ſorrow on her mind.

'When I went to ſee her, I obſerved a perfect ſimplicity in her manners, without the leaſt affectation or pretenſion of any kind: ſhe neither attempted to raiſe my compaſſion by her diſtreſs, nor my admiration by her parts. But, on a more familiar acquaintance, I have had reaſon to be ſurpriſed at the juſtneſs of her taſte, the faculty I leaſt expected to find in her. In truth, her remarks on the books ſhe has read are ſo accurate, and ſo conſonant to the opinions of the beſt critics, that, from that very circumſtance, they would appear trite and common-place, in any one who had been in habits of ſociety; for, without having ever converſed with any body above her own level, ſhe ſeems to poſſeſs the general principles of ſound taſte and juſt thinking.

'I was curious to know what poetry ſhe had read. With the Night Thoughts and Paradiſe Loſt, I found her well acquainted; but ſhe was aſtoniſhed to learn that Young and Milton had written any thing elſe. Of Pope, ſhe had only ſeen the Eloiſa; and Dryden, Spenſer, Thomſon, and Prior, were quite unknown to her, even by name. She has read a few of Shakeſpeare's Plays, and ſpeaks of a tranſlation of the Georgics, which ſhe has ſomewhere ſeen, with the warmeſt poetic rapture.

'But though it has been denied to her to drink at the *pure well-head* of Pagan Poeſy, yet from the true fountain of divine inſpiration, her mind ſeems to have been wonderfully nouriſhed and enriched. The ſtudy of the Sacred Scriptures has enlarged her imagination, and ennobled her language, to a degree only credible to thoſe, who, receiving them as the voice of everlaſting truth, are at the pains to appreciate the various and exquiſite beauties of compoſition which they exhibit. For there is, as I have heard you remark, in the Prophets, in Job, and in the Pſalms, a character of thought, and a ſtyle of expreſſion, between Eloquence and Poetry, by which a great mind, diſpoſed to either, may be ſo elevated and warmed, as, with little other aſſiſtance, to become a Poet or an Orator.

'By the next poſt, I will ſend you ſome of her wild wood-notes. You will find her, like all unlettered Poets, abounding in imagery, metaphor, and perſonification; her faults, in this reſpect, being rather thoſe of ſuperfluity than of want. If her epithets are now and then bold and vehement, they are ſtriking and original; and I ſhould be ſorry to ſee the wild vigour of her ruſtic muſe poliſhed into elegance, or laboured into correctneſs. Her ear is perfect; there is ſometimes great felicity in the ſtructure of her blank verſe, and ſhe often varies the pauſe with a happineſs which looks like ſkill. She abounds in falſe concords, and inaccuracies of various kinds; the groſſeſt of which have been corrected. You will find her often diffuſe from redundancy, and oftener obſcure from brevity; but you will ſeldom find in her thoſe inexpiable poetic ſins, the falſe thought, the puerile conceit, the diſtorted image, and the incongruous metaphor, the common reſources of bad poets, and the not uncommon blemiſhes of good ones.

'If this commendation be thought exaggerated, qualify it, dear Madam, with the reflection that it belongs to one who writes under every complicated diſadvantage: who is deſtitute of all the elegancies of literature, the accommodations of leiſure, and I will not barely ſay the conveniencies, but the neceſſaries of life; to one who does not know a ſingle rule of Grammar, and who has never even *ſeen* a Dictionary.

'Chill penury repreſs'd her noble rage,
'And froze the genial current of her ſoul.'

'When I expreſſed to her my ſurpriſe at two or three claſſical alluſions in one of her Poems, and enquired how ſhe came by them, ſhe ſaid ſhe had taken them from little ordinary prints which hung in a ſhop-window. This hint may, perhaps, help to account for the manner in which a late untutored and unhappy, but very ſublime genius of this town * caught ſome of thoſe ideas which diffuſe through his writings a certain air of learning, the reality of which he did not poſſeſs. A great mind at once ſeizes and appropriates to itſelf whatever is new and ſtriking; and I am perſuaded that a truly poetic ſpirit has often the art of appearing to be deeply informed on ſubjects of which he only knows the general principle; by ſkilfully ſeizing the maſter feature, he is thought artfully to reject the detail, with which, in fact, he is unacquainted; and obtains that credit for his knowledge, which is better due to his judgment.

'I have the ſatisfaction to tell you, dear Madam, that our poor Enthuſiaſt is active and induſtrious in no common degree. The Muſes have not cheated her into an opinion

* Chatterton.

that

that the retailing a few fine maxims of virtue, may exempt her from the moſt exact probity in her conduct. I have had ſome unequivocal proofs that her morality has not evaporated in ſentiment, but is, I verily believe, fixed in a ſettled principle. Without this, with all her ingenuity, as ſhe would not have obtained my friendſhip, ſo I ſhould not have had the courage to ſolicit for her your protection.

'I already anticipate your generous concurrence in a little project I have in view for her relief. It is not intended to place her in ſuch a ſtate of independence as might ſeduce her to devote her time to the idleneſs of poetry. I hope ſhe is convinced that the making of verſes is not the great buſineſs of human life; and that, as a wife and a mother, ſhe has duties to fill, the ſmalleſt of which is of more value than the fineſt verſes ſhe can write; but as it has pleaſed God to give her theſe talents, may they not be made an inſtrument to mend her ſituation, if we publiſh a ſmall volume of her poems by ſubſcription? The liberality of my friends leaves me no room to doubt of ſucceſs.—Preſſing as her diſtreſſes are, if I did not think her heart was rightly turned, I ſhould be afraid of propoſing ſuch a meaſure, leſt it ſhould unſettle the ſobriety of her mind, and, by exciting her vanity, indiſpoſe her for the laborious employments of her humble condition; but it would be cruel to imagine that we cannot mend her fortune without impairing her virtue.

'For my own part, I do not feel myſelf actuated by the idle vanity of a *diſcoverer*; for I confeſs, that the ambition of bringing to light a genius buried in obſcurity, operates much leſs powerfully on my mind, than the wiſh to reſcue a meritorious woman from miſery; for it is not fame, but bread, which I am anxious to ſecure to her.

'I ſhould aſk your pardon for this dull and tedious letter, if I were not aſſured that you are always ready to ſacrifice your moſt elegant purſuits to the humbleſt claims of humanity, &c. &c.

HANNAH MORE.'

A Treatiſe on the Adminiſtration of the Finances of France, in 3 Vols. by Mr. Necker, tranſlated from the genuine French Edition, by Thomas Mortimer, Eſq. London, J. Sewell, &c. 1785.

MR. Mortimer has dedicated this tranſlation to the Marquis of Lanſdown; and as the language of dedication has ever profeſſedly been panegyric, we ſhall only remark, that our author hath ſhewn himſelf an adept in the art: he has decorated his altar with the choiceſt flowers of adulation, and burnt abundantly ſweet incenſe before the object of his idolatry.

In an advertiſement prefixed to this work, we are informed, that the tranſlator thought it incumbent on him "to convey ſome *material heads* of information to his Engliſh readers, which may ſerve to point out the very great utility of this excellent work to the Britiſh nation; and to explain and illuſtrate ſome parts of the treatiſe, as well as ſome circumſtances attending it, which not being known, might caſt a veil of obſcurity over a performance which ought to be as *intelligent* [*intelligible*] as it is eminent." He obſerves, that the general principles of finance laid down by Mr. Necker, are not confined to France, but are equally applicable to every other country, whoſe reſources depend on public credit, manufactures, and commerce: that to lighten the burden of thoſe claſſes of the people whoſe ingenuity and induſtry chiefly promote the latter, and to introduce œconomy in the expenditure of the money ſo copiouſly taken from them in various taxes, are objects peculiarly meriting the attention of the Britiſh legiſlature. He wiſhes that ſome of our former Miniſters may ſee their own *littleneſs*, and that the preſent adminiſtration may adopt the hints thrown out by this able French financier for putting the national debt of France into a regular courſe of diminution.

A ſerious and cool attention to this treatiſe, he apprehends, might ſerve to wipe away thoſe *vulgar* prejudices which have conſtantly kept alive the embers of war, and promote a permanent peace between Great-Britain and France, founded on a ſenſe of the bad policy of ſuch a profuſion of blood and wealth wrung from the hard labours of the peaſant and induſtrious manufacturer, which have diſhonoured both nations during the preſent century; and in conſequence of which "that gnawing vulture *Perpetual Taxation*, whoſe appetite ſeems to increaſe daily *on* [*for*] what it feeds upon, has faſtened on the vitals of both."

Mr. Mortimer, we learn, as far back as 1772, gave a general *hint* to *Miniſters* to form a plan of permanent peace and friendſhip with France, "on the broad baſis of a *commercial* and political treaty, *totally* unlike thoſe treaties of perpetual peace and amity drawn up in the *name* of the holy and ever-bleſſed Trinity, and broke thro' in the *name* of the firſt ambitious Miniſter who diſcovers a *foul* opportunity to attempt to aggrandize his maſter, at the expence of the happineſs of mankind, and of torrents of innocent blood." But the fatal American war, the *temper* of the adminiſtration

adminiſtration during that *infatuated* æra, and our author's *own inſignificance*, all combined to render his *honeſt efforts* uſeleſs—*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* He has, however, the conſolation of having lived to ſee the true friend of the human race, Mr. Necker, offer the ſame ſyſtem to both nations; and declares, it ſhall be his fervent daily prayer, "that he may cloſe his eyes in an Auguſtan age of univerſal peace." However devoutly "this conſummation be to be wiſhed," we fear, even though Mr. M—'s *ſtamina* were as ſtrong as thoſe of Methuſelah, and his prayers as efficacious as any other of the Patriarchs or Apoſtles, he will never live to ſee his Utopian ſcheme realized.

Mr. Mortimer next obſerves, that it is a ſelf-evident propoſition, that another war of any duration, ſuppoſing it to commence within the ſpace of twenty years, which way ſoever victory incline, will go near to ruin both nations: a ſufficient warning this to the Sovereigns, to the Miniſters, and to the people of each!"

In anſwer to what has been urged, that ſome parts of this treatiſe being local, it might have been abridged, the tranſlator exclaims, "Impoſſible! every page offers ſome great political commercial or financial truth, or throws ſome new light on the adminiſtration of affairs in France, which it is eſſential for every Engliſh gentleman, merchant, and manufacturer to know." However ready we may be to coincide in opinion with Mr. Mortimer, as to the general utility of Mr. Necker's treatiſe, in which we are at a loſs which moſt to admire, the univerſal benevolence and philanthropy of the man, or the unbounded knowledge and penetration of the Miniſter; yet we cannot altogether agree with him in thinking that every page of it is of ſuch importance to an Engliſh reader. In many inſtances the taxes, as well as the mode of collecting them, are ſo totally diſſimilar, as not to admit of compariſon. Such, for inſtance, are the Salt Tax, and that on Tobacco. It may be important to the Britiſh Statеſman or Member of Parliament to be thoroughly acquainted with the population, the ſtate of commerce, the amount of the taxes in France, but we cannot think it equally intereſting *even to them* (though extremely ſo to a Frenchman) to enter into the minutiæ of the arrangements adopted by the *provincial adminiſtrations*, or the mode of electing the members of thoſe *aſſemblies*, to determine whether the clergy were to be introduced into them or not? or whether it were the intereſt of the parliaments to oppoſe their eſtabliſhment? Although the mode in which each of theſe ſubjects is treated, ſerves to place Mr. Necker's talents and humanity in the ſtrongeſt and fareſt light; though the adoption of his plan would undoubtedly have been of the higheſt utility to that kingdom; yet, as the nature of our conſtitution neither requires nor admits of the eſtabliſhment of ſuch aſſemblies in this country, the inveſtigation ſurely ceaſes to be *eſſentially intereſting*, however inſtructive and entertaining.

We differ alſo in opinion from this gentleman, as to the conſolation it may afford to the people of England, "to find almoſt all the taxes impoſed upon them (the oppreſſive commutation window-tax excepted) *enumerated* and levied upon the ſubjects of France." This is a poor conſolation, indeed, not unlike that of thoſe

"Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame,
That many have and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endured the like."

Some part of the ſpirit of every work has generally been ſuppoſed to evaporate even in the beſt tranſlations; in the preſent inſtance, Mr. Mortimer ventures to recommend the tranſlation in preference to the original. We, without any comment, ſubmit his reaſons for this opinion to our readers.

"To thoſe gentlemen, who, relying on their knowledge of the French language, have thought proper to purchaſe the original, let me obſerve, that upon ſome ſubjects it may be right to depend upon that knowledge; but with reſpect to ſo very important a work, in which their own and the national intereſt is ſo deeply concerned, *we* may venture to recommend the tranſlation in preference, which *I* will aſſure them, notwithſtanding *my perfect* acquaintance with the French language, *I* found ſo difficult a taſk, that without the unremitting attention and aſſiſtance of M. Sibille d'Arragon, private Secretary to Count de Rochambeau, during the late war, and now in the ſame ſituation with his Excellency the Count d'Adhemar, Ambaſſador of France to the Court of London, my worthy coadjutor, whoſe talents for buſineſs, joined to indefatigable application, merit the regard and recompence of the government of France, it would have been impoſſible for me to have accompliſhed it in any reaſonable time, or with that degree of accuracy which *I* am certain at preſent runs through the whole. Accuſtomed as *I* have been to commercial and finance tranſlations and writings, there were terms, proceedings, and details in the operations of the revenue and adminiſtrations in France, which *no* Engliſhman could have underſtood or clearly explained."

We hope that this *hint* to the *French Miniſtry* will, for M. Sibille d'Arragon's ſake, meet with more attention than our author's

author's to our own did in 1772, and that his *beaſt efforts* in favour of his worthy coadjutor will not prove uſeleſs; and ſincerely congratulate the public on ſuch an union of *perfect acquaintance with the French language, talents for buſineſs, and indefatigable application* having taken place, in order to procure them this ſuperior tranſlation of Mr. Necker's treatiſe; though we cannot help lamenting that an equally perfect acquaintance with the Engliſh language ſeems not to have fallen to the ſhare of both the gentlemen jointly concerned in this work. Of this ſeveral inſtances have already occurred, and frequently will in the courſe of it; nor can we admit of the plea of *typographical* errors, as Mr. Mortimer has aſſured us, that the new method of printing "by *words, logographically*," has greatly facilitated his undertaking, not only by the great diſpatch, but likewiſe by the degree of *correctneſs* in the proof ſheets.

It is now time to take our leave of the tranſlators, and direct our attention to the work itſelf. Mr. Necker, in his elegant and ample Introduction, which fills no leſs than 150 pages, has preſented his readers with ſome preliminary reflections on finances in general, and has pointed out the qualifications neceſſary for thoſe who are appointed to adminiſter them. It is in fact a narrative and juſtification of his own conduct, while at the head of the finance department; and if in it he has ſometimes indulged himſelf in that vanity which is incident even to the greateſt of minds (and in them only it is pardonable), his ſuperior abilities will more than ſufficiently plead his excuſe. "The man," to uſe his own words, "who during the ſpace of five very expenſive years did not impoſe one new tax; who, nevertheleſs, applied to uſeful public undertakings thoſe ſums that were appropriated to them in more peaceable times; the man who gave his ſovereign the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction, by enabling him to diſtribute the ſame royal bounties in his provinces, *or greater*, than in times of peace; who at the ſame time ſacrificing to the reſpectable ardour of the King the neceſſary reſources, to commence in the midſt of war the rebuilding of decayed priſons and hoſpitals; the man who cheriſhed his generous inclination, by inſpiring him with the deſire of aboliſhing the remains of vaſſalage; who by a due homage rendered to the character of the monarch, ſeconded his diſpoſitions in favour of order and œconomy; who above all earneſtly ſolicited the eſtabliſhment of thoſe beneficent and paternal provincial adminiſtrations of the finances, in which the ſimpleſt peaſant may have ſome ſhare; in ſhort, the man who, by attending to a multitude of *minute* cares, ſometimes cauſed bleſſings to be poured out on the name of the ſovereign, from [by] the very loweſt of the poor, may perhaps have ſome right, in his retreat, to point out, without bluſhing, the love and protection of the people, as one principal rule of adminiſtration, and to be vain without meriting cenſure."

To attempt to give a regular account of the variety of matter contained in this Introduction, would be a taſk not only of conſiderable difficulty, but inconſiſtent with our plan; we can only ſelect ſuch paſſages as are moſt ſtriking, though by ſo doing they will appear to great diſadvantage.

"The adminiſtration of the finances in France," ſays our author, and the obſervation holds good in every abſolute monarchy, "is mixed and combined with every thing elſe; it affects mankind by means of the moſt active and moſt unalterable ſpring, namely, the motives of intereſt and attachment to one's fortune. Theſe perſonal ſentiments are formidable enemies to the beſt public inſtitutions; but it is more eſpecially in the adminiſtration of the finances that this truth becomes ſenſible. Through the innumerable difficulties ariſing from this ſource, muſt the adminiſtration of the finances make its way; it muſt at once enlighten, pacify, and lead the minds of men; it muſt by a line of conduct conſtantly wiſe, juſt, and beneficial, moderate the action of ſeparate intereſts, by imperceptibly bringing them back to the focal principles, and to the ideas of public order. It muſt above all, by active and continual anxiety, excite confidence, that precious ſentiment which unites the future to the preſent, which gives an inſight into the *permanency* of the good they enjoy, and the *termination* of the burthens they endure, and lays the ſureſt foundation of the happineſs of the people. Then every one will look on the contributions which are demanded of him, as a juſt aſſiſtance afforded to the exigencies of the ſtate, and as the price of the good order which ſurrounds him, and the ſecurity which he enjoys. Then the people will liſten to the word of Kings, and rely upon it. If relief *is* promiſed to them, they enjoy it beforehand; and if the term of a tax is announced, they believe it, and bear it as a tranſitory evil.

"But if the adminiſtration of the finances *become* embroiled, and *goes* aſtray in the choice of its expedients; if it is unfeeling, improvident, and eaſily borne away by the exigencies of the preſent moment, exchequer calculations and fees will engroſs its attention; the people, indeed, will be preſent to its remembrance; but it will always be a remembrance that they are liable to be taxed: and will weigh their ſtrength, but it will be on purpoſe to demand the ſacrifice of it; it might have *received*

revived the love of the people, but their obedience will ſuffice. Then the people in their turn will reſume their diffidence; they will *believe* themſelves forgotten, and all their perſonal feelings will be revived; their intereſts being no longer combined with the political ſyſtem of government, they will ſeparate themſelves from it more than ever; and that adminiſtration which they would have *eſteemed* as their ſafeguard, they will habituate themſelves to conſider as a cunning enemy to their tranquility, and private intereſt will every where be oppoſed to the public welfare."

This ſpecimen, we apprehend, will not prejudice our readers in favour of the ſtyle of this tranſlation, however unanimouſly they may approve of the ſentiments it is intended to convey. The language is neither clear nor perſpicuous; it wants that preciſion which prevents the hazard of miſtaking the ſenſe of the author; and the attending to the exact import of words, which is eſſentially neceſſary, is evidently neglected.

[*To be continued.*]

Letters from Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Germany, in the Years 1759, 1760, and 1761, by Chriſtopher Hervey, Eſq. 3 vols. London, R. Faulder, 1785.

THESE Letters, admitting they ever could afford any entertainment, are now totally out of date. So many travellers have, ſince Mr. Hervey, been over the ſame ground, and have indulged the public with accounts of their peregrinations, that the ſubject is literally worn thread-bare: but were that not the caſe, this work is ſuch a motley farrago of extracts from old books, Spaniſh Gazettes, &c. as promiſes to afford little amuſement and leſs improvement to the reader. No leſs than forty pages are dedicated to a tranſlation of the ſentence of the comparators againſt the King of Portugal. A tame proſe tranſlation of part of the Luſiad of Camoens, and an *endleſs* note, giving an account of the loſs of the Litchfield, Capt. Burton, on the coaſt of Barbary, take up as many more. The author's firſt letter will enable the reader to judge of what he may be entitled to expect in the ſubſequent ones. It is as follows:

"Dear Sir,

"You are to conſider this as my firſt and introductory letter to the ſtrict correſpondence you have deſired. The writing ſo much is no trouble—for as I ſhall do it without conſidering what I write, I do it without much difficulty.

"You know already that the papers I am to ſend you are to be on any ſubject, as it is the liberty you allow in writing that makes them no trouble. You are to conſider theſe productions as a ſtrange mixture of incoherencies; among which, however, you may *chance* to find ſome little matter that ſuits your taſte. All I engage for is, to daub a ſheet of paper over with a black fluid called ink, reducing it into certain hieroglyphical characters called letters; which letters ſhall be put together into little packets called words, and this is all I promiſe; reſerving to myſelf the full and abſolute power of writing in what language or ſtyle I pleaſe, *intelligible* or not, good, bad, or indifferent. In conſequence of this agreement, you may expect to hear from me next week, and ſo on, if I am well, till my return to England."

The promiſe here made, Mr. Hervey has moſt religiouſly adhered to. We remember to have heard of a mill ſo contrived as to *grind hexameters*, and ſhould ſuppoſe Mr. Hervey has gotten a ſimilar machine: thus much we are ſure of, that if a ſufficient quantity of his "*little packets of letters*" were promiſcuouſly drawn out of a bag and formed into ſentences, they could not be more innocent of meaning, or leſs "*intelligible*" than many of his are. We are ready enough to believe that the writing theſe volumes "did not coſt *him* much trouble," though they have *cauſed* us an infinite deal. We may ſay with the frogs in the fable, "It may be ſport to you, but 'tis death to us."

Arctic Zoology, by Thomas Pennant, Eſq. 2 Vols. 4to. White.

(Concluded from page 44)

HAVING accompanied our author through his *ideal* voyage, and laid before our readers an account of ſuch deſcriptions as occurred in it, moſt worthy, as we thought, of their attention, we ſhall next preſent them with ſome of his opinions relative to America having been peopled from the eaſtern coaſt of Aſia. On this ſubject philoſophers diſagree. Much may be ſaid on both ſides.—"*Non noſtri tantas componere lites*;" we ſhall therefore leave it to our *author* to ſpeak for himſelf, and to our *readers* to embrace that opinion which to them ſhall appear moſt reaſonable. "The ſea," ſays Mr. Pennant, "from the ſouth of *Bering's Streights* to the creſcent of iſles between *Aſia* and *America*, is very ſhallow. It deepens from theſe ſtreights (as the Britiſh ſeas do from thoſe of Dover) till ſounding

foundings are loſt in the Pacific Ocean. From the *Volcanic* diſpoſition I am led to believe, not only that there was a ſeparation of the continents at the Streights of Bering, but that the whole ſpace from the iſles to that ſmall opening had once been occupied by Land; and that the fury of the watery element, actuated by that of fire, had in moſt remote times ſubverted and overwhelmed the tract, and left the iſlands monumental fragments.

"Whether that great event took place before or after the population of America, is as impoſſible as it is of little moment for us to know. We are indebted to our navigators for ſettling the long diſpute about the point from which it was effected. They by their diſcoveries prove, that in one place the diſtance between continent and continent is only thirty-nine miles. This narrow ſtreight has alſo in the middle two iſlands, which would greatly facilitate the migration of the *Aſiatics* into the new world, ſuppoſing it took place in canoes, after the convulſion which rent the two continents aſunder. Beſides, it may be added, that theſe ſtreights are, even in ſummer, often filled with ice; in winter, often frozen: in either caſe mankind might find an eaſy paſſage; in the laſt, the way was extremely ready for quadrupeds to croſs and ſtock the continent of America."

Having thus aſſigned his reaſons for eſtabliſhing a poſſibility of men and cattle paſſing from Aſia to America, our author next candidly confeſſes, that it is a matter which baffles human reaſon to fix on the firſt tribes who, from the vaſt expanſe of the north-eaſtern world, contributed to people the new continent. He thinks, however, that the Aſiatic North might have been an *officina virorum*, as well as the European; and is of opinion, that the overteeming country to the eaſt of the Riphean mountains, muſt have found it neceſſary to diſcharge its inhabitants. The firſt great wave of people was forced forward by each ſucceeding one, more tumid and more powerful than the former; ſhort reſt was given to any; they were diſturbed again and again, till the firſt, driven to the fartheſt limits of the old world, "found a new one, ſufficiently ample to occupy unmoleſted for ages, till Columbus curſed them by a diſcovery, which brought again new ſins and new deaths to both worlds:" and he concludes, that it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe that America could receive the bulk of its inhabitants from any other place than Eaſtern Aſia.

He endeavours to corroborate this opinion by proofs adduced from the ſame cuſtoms prevailing in America and the north of Aſia, and from the ſimilitude both in features and the form of the human body found in almoſt every tribe along the weſtern coaſt and the Tartars. To this opinion it has been objected, That though the diſtance between the continents might not be ſufficient to prevent the emigration of men, it was an inſuperable obſtruction to the paſſage of many animals: but even admitting the poſſibility of their paſſing, it was not probable that brutes ſhould undertake ſuch a journey. They might have found convenient abodes in the vaſt *Alps* of *Aſia*, without wandering to the *Cordilleras* of Chili; or have reſted contented with the boundleſs plains of *Tartary*, inſtead of travelling thouſands of miles to the extenſive flats of *Pampa*.

To this our Author replies, —— "To endeavour to elucidate common difficulties, is certainly a trouble worthy of the philoſopher and the divine; not to attempt it would be a criminal indolence, a neglect to

Vindicate the ways of God to man

But there are multitudes of points beyond the human ability to explain, and yet are truths undeniable: The facts are indiſputable, notwithſtanding the cauſes are concealed. In ſuch caſes, faith muſt be called in to our relief. It would certainly be the height of folly to deny to that Being, who broke open the great fountains of the deep to effect the deluge; — and who afterwards, to compel the diſperſion of mankind, to people the globe, directed the confuſion of languages — powers inferior in their nature to theſe. After theſe wonderous proofs of Omnipotence, it would be abſurd to deny the poſſibility of infuſing inſtinct into the brute creation. *Deus eſt anima brutorum*; his pleaſure muſt have determined their will, and directed them, by impulſe irreſiſtible, to move by ſlow progreſſion to their deſtined regions. But for that, the *old* world would have been overſtocked with animals; the *new* have remained an unanimated waſte; or both have contained an equal portion of every beaſt of the earth." He thinks the objection, that animals bred in a ſouthern climate would be unable to bear the froſt and ſnow of the rigorous north, of little weight; their migration muſt have been the work of ages, and in the courſe of their progreſs each generation grew hardened to the climate it had reached, and again, as they moved ſouthward, became gradually accuſtomed to warmer and warmer climates, as they had the reverſe, on their former removal from ſouth to north."

Having thus ſtated the arguments againſt our author's ſyſtem, in which he, however, is not ſingular, and his defence, we proceed to lay before our Readers his very curious account of the manner in which adventitious fruits, ſuch as nuts, and ſome ſpecies of vegetables, are brought by the waves to the Feroe and Orkney Iſlands, from Jamaica, and

other neighbouring parts. To account for this, ſays Mr. Pennant, "we muſt have recourſe to a cauſe very remote from this place. Their vehicle is the Gulph-ſtream from the Gulph of Mexico. The trade-winds force the great body of the ocean from the weſtward thro' the Antilles into that gulph, when it is forced backward along the ſhore, from the mouth of the *Miſſiſſippi* to Cape *Florida*, doubles that cape in the narrow ſea between it and *Cuba*, and from Cape *Florida* to Cape *Cannaveral* runs nearly north at the diſtance of from 5 to 7 leagues from ſhore, and extends in breadth from 15 to 18 leagues. There are regular ſoundings from the land to the edge of the ſtream, where the depth is generally ſeven fathoms: after that no bottom can be found. The ſoundings off Cape *Cannaveral* are very ſteep and uncertain, as the water ſhallows ſo quick, that from forty fathoms it will immediately leſſen to fifteen, and from that to four, or leſs; ſo that, without great care, a ſhip may in a few minutes be on ſhore.

"It muſt be obſerved, that, notwithſtanding the Gulph-ſtream in general is ſaid to begin where ſoundings end, yet its influence extends ſeveral leagues within the ſoundings; and veſſels often find a conſiderable current ſetting to the northward all along the coaſt, till they get into eight or ten fathom water, even where the ſoundings ſtretch to twenty leagues along the ſhore; but their current is generally augmented or leſſened by the prevailing winds, the force of which, however, can but little affect the grand unfathomable ſtream. From Cape *Cannaveral* to Cape *Hatteras*, the ſoundings begin to widen in the extent of their run from the ſhore to the inner edge of the ſtream, where no bottom can be afterwards found. Abreaſt of *Savannah* River, the current ſets nearly north; after which, as if from a bay, it ſtretches north-eaſt to Cape *Hatteras*, and from thence it ſets eaſt-north-eaſt, till it has loſt its force. As Cape *Hatteras* runs a great way into the ſea, the edge of the ſtream is only from five to ſeven leagues diſtant from the Cape; and the force and rapidity of the main ſtream has ſuch influence, within that diſtance, over ſhips bound to the ſouthward, that in very high foul winds, or in calms, they have frequently been hurried back to the northward, which has often occaſioned great diſappointment both to merchant-ſhips and to men of war, as was often experienced in the late war.

"In December 1745, an exceeding good ſailing ſhip, bound from *Philadelphia* to *Charles-town*, got abreaſt of Cape *Hatteras* every day during thirteen days, ſometimes even with the tide, and in a middle diſtance between the Cape and the inner edge of the ſtream; yet this ſhip was forced back regularly, and could only recover its loſt way with the morning breeze, till the fourteenth day, when a briſk gale helped it to ſtem the current, and get to the ſouthward of the Cape. This ſhews the impoſſibility of any thing which has fallen into the ſtream returning, or ſtopping its courſe.

"On the outſide of the ſtream is a ſtrong eddy, or contrary current towards the ocean; and on the inſide, next to America, a ſtrong tide ſets againſt it. When it ſets off from Cape *Hatteras*, it takes a current nearly north-eaſt, but, in its courſe, meets a great current that ſets from the north, and probably comes from *Hudſon's Bay*, along the coaſt of *Labrador*, till the Iſland of *Newfoundland* divides it. Part ſetting along the coaſt through the Streights of *Belleiſle*, and ſweeping paſt *Cape Breton*, runs obliquely againſt the Gulph-ſtream, and gives it a more eaſtern direction. The other part of the northern current is thought to join it on the eaſtern ſide of *Newfoundland*. The influence of theſe joint currents muſt be far felt; yet, poſſibly, its force is not ſo great, nor contracted in ſuch a pointed and circumſcribed direction, as before they encountered. The prevailing winds all over this part of the ocean are the weſt and north-weſt, and conſequently the whole body of the Weſtern Ocean ſeems, from their influence, to have what the mariners call a *ſet* to the eaſtward, or to the north-eaſt by-eaſt. Thus the productions of *Jamaica*, and other places bordering on the coaſt of *Mexico*, may be firſt brought by the ſtream out of the Gulph, inveloped in the *Sargaſſo* or Alga of the Gulph round Cape *Florida*, and hurried by the current either along the American ſhore, or ſent into the ocean in the courſe along the ſtream, and then by the *ſet* of the ſtream and the prevailing winds, which generally blow two-thirds of the year, wafted to the ſhores of *Europe*, where they are found.

"The maſt of the Tilbury man of war, burnt at *Jamaica*, was thus conveyed to the weſtern ſide of *Scotland*; and among the amazing quantity of drift-wood, or timber, annually flung on the coaſts of *Iceland*, are ſome ſpecies which grow in *Virginia* and *Carolina*. All the great rivers of theſe countries contribute their ſhare; the *Alatahama*, *Santee*, and *Roanok*, and all the Rivers which flow into the *Cheſapeak*, ſend down in floods numberleſs trees."

Theſe extracts from our author's Introduction, ſo well deſerving notice, have unavoidably taken up ſo much of our room, that we muſt unwillingly contract our ſubſequent remarks on the zoological part of this

this work. Where the animals are the ſame with thoſe he has treated of in his Britiſh Zoology, Mr. Pennant refers to that work; he, however, occaſionally adds new ſpecies, and corrects any miſtakes in thoſe volumes. The zoology of a country which has had few obſervers, and even thoſe who have viſited it not having extended their obſervations to the very high latitudes, muſt unavoidably be leſs complete than might have been wiſhed. Our author has evidently procured every aſſiſtance to render it as much ſo as the nature of the caſe would admit of; and we have infinitely more reaſon to be ſatisfied that his catalogue is ſo various and extenſive as it is, than to repine at any deficiency that may occur in it. As a ſpecimen we have, among the Quadrupeds, ſelected his account of the Bear, which almoſt entirely ſurrounds the neighbourhood of the polar circles. Theſe he diſtinguiſhes into three ſpecies.

"The *Polar*, with a long narrow head and neck; tip of the noſe black; teeth of a tremendous magnitude; hair of a great length, ſoft and white, and in part tinged with yellow; limbs very thick and ſtrong; ears ſhort and rounded. This ſpecies is very fierce and intrepid, and become dangerous enemies when attacked and provoked, and have been known to ſeize a man in their mouths, run away with the utmoſt eaſe, tear him to pieces, and devour him even in the ſight of his ſurviving comrades.

"This ſpecies are ſometimes brought alive into England. It became part of the Royal Menagerie as early as the reign of king Henry III. There are two writs extant of that monarch's, directing the ſheriffs to furniſh ſixpence a-day to ſupport *our* white bear in our Tower of *London*; and to provide a muzzle and iron chain to hold him when out of the water; and a long and ſtrong rope to hold him when he was fiſhing in the *Thames*."

The next ſpecies cited by our author is the black bear, "with a long pointed noſe, and narrow forehead; the cheeks and throat of a yelloviſh brown colour; hair over the whole body and limbs of a glotſy black, ſmoother and ſhorter than that of the European kind. This ſpecies of bears feed on vegetables, and even when ready to periſh with hunger, reject animal food; they have been known to break into the courts of houſes, yet never touched the butchers meat which lay in their way, but fed voraciouſly on the corn and roots they met with. Theſe American bears do not lodge in caves or clifts of rocks, like thoſe of Europe, but form their dens beneath the ſnow, and ſuffer ſome to drop at the mouth, to conceal their retreat.

"The naturaliſt's poet with great truth and beauty deſcribes the retreat of this animal in the frozen climate of the north:

There through the piny foreſt half abſorpt,
Rough tenant of thoſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs BEAR,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.

"The long time which theſe animals ſubſiſt without food is amazing: they will remain in their retreats for ſix weeks without the *leaſt* proviſion, remaining either aſleep or totally inactive." The received opinion that they live by ſucking their paws, our author treats as a vulgar error. "The fact is, they retire immediately after autumn, when they have fattened themſelves to an exceſſive degree by the abundance of the fruits which they find at that ſeaſon. This enables animals which perſpire very little in a ſtate of reſt, to endure an abſtinence of uncommon length. But when this internal ſupport is exhauſted, and they begin to feel the call of Hunger, on the approach of the ſevere ſeaſon, they quit their dens in ſearch of food. Lawſon and Cateſby relate a very ſurpriſing thing in reſpect to this animal, viz. that neither European or Indian ever killed a bear with young, owing to an unnatural diſlike in the male to its offſpring, which it will kill and devour; on this account the females retire before the time of parturition into the depths of woods and rocks, to elude the ſearch of their ſavage mates."

The remaining ſpecies noticed by Mr. Pennant is the brown bear, "with long ſhaggy hair, uſually duſky or black, with brown points, liable to vary, perhaps according to their age, or ſome accident, which does not create a ſpecific difference.

α. "A variety of a pale brown colour, whoſe ſkins are imported from *Hudſon's Bay*. The cubs are of a jetty black, and their necks often encircled with white.

β. "Bears ſpotted with white.

γ. "Land-bears entirely white. Such ſometimes ſally from the lofty mountains which border on Siberia, and are of a very great ſize.

δ. "Grizzly bears, called by the Germans *Silber-bar*, or the Silver-bear, from the mixture of white hairs.

"All theſe varieties form but one ſpecies; they are granivorous and carnivorous both in Europe and America.

"In all ſavage nations," continues our author, "the bear has been an object of veneration. Among the Americans a feaſt is made in honour of each that is killed. The head of the beaſt is painted with all colours, and placed on an elevated ſpot, where it re-

ceives the reſpects of all the gueſts. The body is cut in pieces, they regale on it, and conclude the ceremony.

"The chace of theſe animals is a matter of the firſt importance, and never undertaken without abundance of ceremonies. A principal warrior firſt invites all the hunters. This is followed by a total abſtinence from all kinds of food during eight days; notwithſtanding which they paſs the day in continual ſong. This they do to invoke the Spirits of the woods to direct them to the place where there is abundance of bears. They alſo addreſs themſelves to the *manes* of the beaſts ſlain in preceding chaces, to direct them in their dreams to plenty of game. One dreamer cannot alone determine the place, numbers muſt concur; but as they tell each other their dreams, they generally agree.

"The chief of the hunt now gives a great feaſt, at which no one dares to appear without firſt bathing. At this entertainment, they, contrary to their uſual cuſtom, eat with great moderation. The maſter of the feaſt alone touches nothing; freſh invocations to the deceaſed bears conclude the whole. They then ſally forth amidſt the acclamations of the village, equipped as if for war, and painted black.

"They now proceed on their way in a direct line; neither rivers, or any other impediments ſtop their courſe, driving before them all the beaſts they find in their way. When they arrive on the hunting-ground, they ſurround as large a ſpace as their company will admit, and contracting the circle ſearch every hollow tree, and every fit place for the retreat of the bear, and continue this practice till the time of the chace is expired.

"As ſoon as the bear is killed, a hunter puts into its mouth a lighted pipe of tobacco, and blowing into it, fills the throat with ſmoke, conjuring the ſpirit of the animal not to reſent what they are going to do to its body, nor render their future chaces unſucceſsful. As the beaſt makes no reply, they cut out the ſtring of the tongue, and throw it into the fire; if it crackles and runs in (which it is almoſt ſure to do), they accept it as a good omen; if not, they think the next year's chace will be unfortunate.

"The Kamſchatkans, before their converſion to Chriſtianity, had almoſt ſimilar ſuperſtitions reſpecting bears; nor did theſe ſuperſtitions confine themſelves to *America* and *Aſia*, but ſpread equally over the north of *Europe*. The *Laplanders* held it in the greateſt veneration; they called it the *Dog* of God, becauſe they eſteemed it to have the *ſtrength* of *ten* men, and the *ſenſe* of *twelve*. They never call it by its proper name of *Guoudbja*, but ſtile it *Moedda-aigia*, or, *the old man in a furred cloak*.

"At the pulling off the ſkin, and cutting the body in pieces, they were uſed to ſing a ſong, but without meaning or rhyme. The ancient Fins, however, had a ſong, which, if not highly embelliſhed by the tranſlator, is far from inelegant.

"Beaſt! of all foreſt beaſts ſubdu'd and ſlain,
Health to our huts and prey an hundred-fold
Reſtore; and o'er us keep a conſtant guard!
I thank the gods who gave ſo noble prey!
When the great day-ſtar hides beyond the *Alps*,
I hie me home; and joy, all clad in flowers,
For three long nights ſhall reign throughout my hut.
With tranſport ſhall I climb the mountain's ſide.
Joy op'd this day, joy ſhall attend its cloſe.
Thee I revere, from thee expect my prey;
Nor e'er forget my carol to the *Bear*."

This ſpecimen, though conſiderably curtailed, has carried us ſo far beyond our uſual bounds, that we can only add, that Mr. Pennant has collected, with great pains and aſſiduity, a variety of uſeful and entertaining articles, from real and careful obſervation, and rendered his work a conſiderable acquiſition to the curious natural philoſopher. He is certainly intitled to much greater as well as more durable praiſe than he modeſtly claims in the concluſion of his work, when he ſays, "ſome future naturaliſt may perhaps ſmile on the labours of the Arctic Zoologiſt (if by that time they are not quite obſolete); and as the animate creation never changes her courſe, he may find much right; and if he is endowed with a good heart, will candidly attribute the errors to miſinformation, or the common infirmity of human nature."

rayers and Devotions compoſed by Samuel Johnſon, LL. D. and publiſhed from his Manuſcripts by George Strahan, A. M. London. Cadell. 1785.

WE cannot altogether agree in opinion with the reverend Editor of theſe *poſthumous* devotions of Dr. Johnſon, that "they will be welcomed by the public with a diſtinction ſimilar to that which has been already paid to his other works;" and our reaſons for being thus diſſentient, are, that theſe Prayers and Meditations are evidently void of that ſtrength and vigour of thought, that force of expreſſion, which ſo evidently appears in, and ſtrikingly diſtinguiſhes the other writings of this great man. In this work we find evident traces of ſuperſtition, and peculiarities which, though they indicate "a mind ardent-

ly

ly zealous to pleaſe God, and anxious to evince its alacrity in his ſervice by a ſcrupulous obſervance of more than enjoined duties," at the ſame time convince us, that perfection is not the lot of mortality, and that—*bonus aliquando dormitat Homerus.*—Some parts of the Doctor's prayers, where he recommends his departed friends to divine mercy, tho' he always prefaces them with *as far as it may be lawful for me*, ſeems rather to lean towards a belief in the ſtate of purgatory, which, however, his editor endeavours to controvert. Theſe Prayers and Meditations were chiefly, we find, compoſed on certain ſtated days, which, during many years of his life, the Doctor obſerved with a religious ſolemnity, viz. New Year's Day; March 28th, the day on which his wife died; Good Friday; Eaſter Day; and September 18th, his own birth-day. We ſhall only farther obſerve, that, in our opinion, tho' the preſent work may, and certainly does, ſtrongly prove the author's piety and devotion, it will not by any means tend to encreaſe his literary reputation: we meet with few new thoughts: he has liberally borrowed from the collects of the church of England, and has, by the repeated good reſolutions which he made, and as repeatedly broke, confirmed the pathetic lamentation of the Apoſtles: "the good which we would, we do not; the evil which we would, *that* we do." We ſhall offer our readers a ſpecimen for their judgment.

GOOD FRIDAY.

April 20, 1764.

"I have made no reformation; I have lived totally uſeleſs, more ſenſual in thought, and more addicted to wine and meat. Grant me, O God, to amend my life, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt. Amen."

"I hope

"To put my rooms in order *.

"I faſted all day."

April 21, 1764, *three in the morning.*

"My indolence, ſince my laſt *reception* of the ſacrament, has ſunk into groſſer ſluggiſhneſs, and my diſſipation ſpread into wider negligence. My thoughts have been clouded with ſenſuality; and except that from the beginning of this year, I have in ſome meaſure forborne exceſs of ſtrong drink, my appetites have predominated over my reaſon. A kind of ſtrange oblivion has overſpread me, ſo that I know not what has become of the laſt year; and perceive that *incidents* and *intelligence* paſs over me without leaving any impreſſion.

"This is not the life to which heaven is promiſed. I purpoſe to approach the altar again to-morrow. Grant, O Lord, that I may receive the ſacrament with ſuch *reſolutions* of a better life, as may by thy grace be effectual, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

"April 21, I read the whole Goſpel of St. [illegible], then ſat up till the 22d.

"My *purpoſe* is from this time

"To reject or expel ſenſual images and idle thoughts.

"To provide ſome uſeful amuſements for leiſure time.

"To avoid idleneſs.

"To riſe early.

"To ſtudy a proper portion of every day.

"To worſhip God diligently.

"To read the Scriptures.

"To let no week paſs without reading ſome part.

"To write down my obſervations.

"I will renew my reſolutions at *Tetty*'s death.

"I perceive an inſenſibility and heavineſs upon me. I am leſs than commonly oppreſſed with the ſenſe of ſin, and leſs affected with the ſhame of idleneſs; yet I will not deſpair. I will pray to God for reſolution, and will endeavour to ſtrengthen my faith in Chriſt by commemorating his death.

"I prayed for *Tett.*"

EASTER DAY.

April 22, 1764.

"Having, before I went to bed, compoſed a meditation, and a prayer, I tried to compoſe myſelf, but ſlept unquietly. I roſe, took tea, and prayed for reſolution and perſeverance; thought on *Tetty*, my dear poor Tetty, with my eyes full.

"I went to church; came in at the firſt of the pſalms, and endeavoured to attend to the ſervice, which I went through without perturbation. After ſermon, I recommended *Tetty* in a prayer by herſelf; and my father, mother, brother, and Bathurſt, in another: I did it only once, *ſo far as it might be lawful for me.*

"I then prayed for reſolution and perſeverance to amend my life. I received ſoon, the communicants were many. At the altar it occurred to me, that I ought to form ſome reſolutions. I reſolved, in the preſence of God, but without a vow, to repel ſinful thoughts, to ſtudy eight hours daily, and, I *think*, to go to church every Sunday, and read the Scriptures. I gave a ſhilling; and ſeeing a poor girl at the ſacrament in a bed-gown, gave her privately a crown, though I ſaw Hart's hymns in her hands. I prayed earneſtly for amendment, and repeated my prayer at home. Dined with Miſs W——, went to prayers at church; went to ——, ſpent the evening not pleaſantly. Avoided wine, and tempered a very few glaſſes with ſherbet. Came home and prayed."

We could wiſh to perſuade ourſelves that Dr. Johnſon had been incapable of penning the above, and ſincerely lament that his editor complied with his requeſt in publiſhing it; as it cannot tend to the benefit of the well-diſpoſed, but may afford food for the ſcoffer.

* Diſorder I have found one great cauſe of idleneſs.

The Louſiad: an Heroi-comic Poem, Canto I. by Peter Pindar, Eſq. London, J. Jarvis, 1s. 6d. 1785.

THIS humorous relation of the Poet of Thebes, after diverting himſelf and the public at the expence of the Royal Academicians, now takes an higher flight, and bids his

" ——— Muſe *exalt* her wings,
Love, and the *Sons of Canvaſs*, quit for *K—gs*."

To this poem is prefixed the following curious addreſs:

" Gentle Reader,

" It is neceſſary to inform thee, that his M——y actually diſcovered ſome time ago, as he ſat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occaſioned by the unexpected appearance of *ſuch* a *gueſt*, can be better *imagined* than *deſcribed*.

" An edict was in conſequence paſſed for ſhaving the cooks and ſcullions, and the unfortunate Louſe condemned to *die*.

" Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD—With what degree of merit the poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as *critical* reader will decide.

" The *ingenious author*, who ought to be allowed to know ſomething of the matter, hath been heard *privately* to declare, that in *his* opinion the *Batrachomyomachia of Homer*, the *Secchi rapita* of *Taſſoni*, the *Lutrin* of *Boileau*, the *Diſpenſary* of *Garth*, and the *Rape of the Lock* of *Pope*, are not to be *compared* to it; and to exclaim at the ſame time, with all the *modeſt aſſurance* of an *author*,

Cedite ſcriptores Romani, cedite Graii—
Nil ortum in terris *Louſiadâ* melius?

which for the ſake of the *mere* Engliſh reader is thus beautifully tranſlated:

Roman and Latin authors, great and ſmall,
The author of the *Louſiad* beats you *all*."

After thus producing the ingenious author's own character of his work, we will not preſume to give our critical opinion of it, but leave the reader to decide upon the following extracts:

" Paint, heavenly Muſe, the look, the very look,
That of the S———n's face poſſeſſion took,
When firſt he ſaw the *louſe* in ſolemn ſtate,
Grave as a Spaniard, march acroſs the plate!
Yet could a *louſe* a Britiſh King ſurpriſe,
And like a pair of ſaucers ſtretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a *mortal* head
Shake the great *Ruler* of three realms with *dread?*
Not with more horror did his eyes behold
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear Prerogative was juſt in chains;
Not more *aghaſt* he look'd, when 'midſt the courſe
He tumbled in a ſtag-chace from his horſe,
Where all his nobles deem'd the m—ch dead,
But luckily he pitch'd upon his head!
Not *veniſon-eaters* at the vaniſh'd *fat*,
With ſtomachs wider than a quaker's hat:
Not with more *horror* Mr. Serjeant Pliant
Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
Not with more *horror* ſtares the rural maid,
By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,
Who ſees her ticket a dire blank ariſe,
Too fondly thought the twenty thouſand prize:
Not with more horror ſtares each lengthen'd feature
Of ſome fine fluttering, mincing *petit-maitre*,
When of a wanton chimney-ſweeping wag,
The beau's white veſtment feels the ſooty bag:
Not with more *horror* did the Devil look
When *Dunſtan* by the noſe the dæmon took,
(As gravely ſay our legendary ſongs)
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs:
Not Lady Worſley, chaſte as *many* a nun,
Look'd with more *horror* at Sir Richard's fun,
When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
He held the peeping Captain in his arms;
Like David, that moſt amorous little dragon,
Ogling ſweet Bathſheba without a rag on:
Not with more *horror Billy Ramus* * ſtar'd,
When *Puff* †, the P—ce's hair-dreſſer, appear'd

* Billy Ramus, emphatically and conſtantly called by his M——y *Billy Ramus*, one of the Pages who ſhaves the S———n, airs his ſhirt, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his R-y-l H-gh—ſs's hair-dreſſer, who attending him at Windſor, the Prince, with his uſual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the *Pages*. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was diſpatched to the K—g and P—ce, to be relieved from the diſtreſsful circumſtance of dining with a *hair-dreſſer*. The petition was treated with the *proper* contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff in their meſs, or quit the table. With unſpeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *ſubmitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have loſt their *Caſt*, have never held up their heads ſince.

Amidſt

Amidſt their eating-room, with dread deſign
To ſit with *Pages* and with *Pages* dine:
Not more Aſturias' Princeſs *look'd* affright,
At breakfaſt, when her ſpouſe, the *unpolite*,
Hurl'd, *madly* heedleſs both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face,
Becauſe the fair-one eat a butter'd roll
On which the ſelfiſh Prince had fix'd his ſoul:
Not more *aſtoniſh'd* look'd that Prince to find
His royal father to his face unkind;
Who, to the cauſe of injur'd beauty won,
Seiz'd on the proud proboſcis of his ſon,
(Juſt like a *tyger* of the Lybian ſhade,
Whoſe furious claws the helpleſs deer invade)
And led him, till that *ſon* its durance freed
By aſking pardon for the brutal deed,
Led him thrice round the room (the ſtory goes),
Who follow'd with great gravity his noſe,
Reſolv'd at firſt (for Spaniards are *ſtiff* ſtuff)
To aſk *no* pardon, though the *ſnout* came off‡:
Not more *aſtoniſh'd* look'd *that* King of Spain,
To ſee his gun-boats blazing on the main:
Not Dr. Johnſon more to hear the tale
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale;
Nor Dr. Wilſon, child of am'rous Folly,
When young Mac Glyſter bore off Kitt Macaulay."

After thus deſcribing the royal look, his M——y thus addreſſes the Queen on the occaſion:

"O deareſt partner of my throne——
Thou brighteſt gem of G—ge's royal houſe,
Look there and tell me if that's not a *louſe!*"
The Q—— look'd down, and then exclaim'd,
"Good la!"
And with a ſmile the dappled ſtranger ſaw.
Each P—ceſs ſtrain'd her lovely neck to ſee,
And with another ſmile exclaim'd, "Good me!"
"O la! good me! Is that all you can ſay?
(Our gracious M——ch cry'd, with huge diſmay)
Heavens! can a ſilly vacant ſmile take place
Upon your M—y's and children's face,
Whilſt that vile louſe (ah! ſoon to be unjointed!)
Affronts the preſence of the Lord's anointed?"

The Degeneracy of the Times; or, a diſgraceful Tale of the Honourable Captain F—tz—y, related from the moſt uncontrovertible Authorities. 1 s. 6 d. Kearſley.

THIS title-page is a wilful miſnomer, the publication being the effuſions of a greatful mind in praiſe of an inſtance (too uncommon we are ſorry to ſay it) of generoſity diſplayed by Captain F—zr—y, in relieving a brother officer reduced to penury and want by a ſeries of misfortunes. To thoſe who are bleſſed with the means of relieving others in diſtreſs without injuring themſelves, we recommend the example, and ſay —— "Go, and do thou likewiſe."—

The Lawyers' Panic; or, Weſtminſter-hall in an Uproar. A Prelude acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. By John Dent, Author of "Too Civil by Half," &c. Bladon, 1785.

THIS bagatelle, which is founded on a well-known riſible circumſtance which occurred lately, does not afford ſo much entertainment as might have been expected, either from the Author's former productions, or the occaſion which gave riſe to it. He may, however, plead the proverb, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

Letters between an *Illuſtrious Perſonage* and a Lady of Honour at B*****. 2 s. Walter.

PROMPTED by that keen appetite which we are told "will break through ſtone-walls," ſome of the induſtrious retailers of literature, in order to procure themſelves a dinner, have taken the liberty of affixing, in conſequence of his being frequently ſeen on the Steine with ladies, the P. of W.'s name to theſe Letters. As they are perfectly *harmleſs*, and (whatever the *intent* might be) never can deceive or impoſe on any one, the Author will moſt probably not be proſecuted for the forgery.

The Art of Happineſs; or, an Attempt to prove, that a Degree of it is not difficult to attain. By a Lady. Bew.

THE preſcriptions of this *female phyſician*, though written *ſecundum artem*, and calculated to be of conſiderale ſervice, if properly adminiſtered, will, notwithſtanding, moſt likely fail of producing the deſired effect, in conſequence of the patient's unwillingneſs to obſerve the *regimen* propoſed.

‡ This quarrel between the Prince of Aſturias and his Princeſs, with the interference of the Monarch as here deſcribed, is not a poetic fiction, but an abſolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

Reports of the Humane Society, for the Year 1783, and 1784. 8vo. Dodſley.

NOTHING can poſſibly be more intereſting to mankind in general, or more deſerving of public attention, than a Society whoſe ſole aim and object is the preſervation of its fellow-creatures from the many dangers to which they are inevitably expoſed. To Dr. Hawes, the original inſtitutor, and the many liberal-minded contributors who have raiſed the Humane Society to its preſent ſtate, the greateſt thanks then are ſurely due.

Among the Romans, public honours were decreed to him who ſaved the life of a fellow-citizen. Let it not then be ſaid, that he by whoſe means hundreds have been reſtored to life, has remained among *Britons* unnoticed.

In the preſent publication, the Regiſter, after giving an hiſtorical account of this valuable Society for the laſt two years, obſerves, at the latter part of the preface, as follows:

"The deſign for which it was eſtabliſhed can hardly be oppoſed, when it is remarked, that it was formed to protect the induſtrious from the fatal effects of unavoidable accidents; the young and unexperienced from being ſacrificed to their recreations; and the unhappy victim of deſponding melancholy and deliberate ſuicide from the miſerable conſequences of a diſgraceful death."

The Compiler of theſe Reports concludes the Introduction with the following ſtriking paſſage:

"Having thus treated of thoſe topics which more particularly relate to this ſubject, we hope for the approbation and ſupport of that benevolent Public which we now addreſs; as it is the ſole object of the Directors of this inſtitution to preſerve and reſtore animation to the human race."

We would willingly lay before our Readers a few remarkable inſtances of reſuſcitation, as the relation muſt afford pleaſure to every feeling mind, and may be attended with conſiderable advantages to mankind; but our limits will not permit us. We are, however, extremely happy to find, that the Society is able to give ſuch a ſatisfactory as well as ample account of its ſucceſs; and ſincerely wiſh it that continuance of encouragement which it ſo richly deſerves.

RECHERCHES ſur L'ORIGINE, L'ESPRIT, et les PROGRES des ARTS de la GRECE; ſur leurs CONNEXIONS avec les ARTS et la RELIGION des ANCIENS PEUPLES Connus; ſur les MONUMENS ANTIQUES de L'INDIE, de la PERSE, du reſte de L'ASIE, de L'EUROPE, et de L'EGYPTE. Se vend chez B. Appleyard, Wimpole-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare.

ENQUIRIES into the ORIGIN, SPIRIT, and PROGRESS of the ARTS of GREECE; their CONNEXION with the ARTS and RELIGION of the moſt ANTIENT Known NATIONS:—And on the ANTIENT MONUMENTS of INDIA, PERSIA, the Reſt of ASIA, EUROPE, and EGYPT. 2 Vols. 4to. with 74 Plates. Price 3l. 3s.

(Continued from Vol. VII. *Page* 241. *)*

[Illuſtrated by an ENGRAVING.]

OWING to a variety of circumſtances having prevented the gentleman who furniſhed us with the extracts which have been given of this work in ſome former Numbers, from beſtowing that attention ſo abſolutely neceſſary to execute with propriety the arduous taſk he had undertaken, of giving a faithful analyſis of ſo important and extenſive a performance, we have been obliged to diſcontinue them for ſome months. Happy in being able now to comply with the wiſhes of many of our readers, who have expreſſed their deſire to ſee them compleated, we proceed to lay before them an account of ſome very long, yet very intereſting, notes, which the Author, to avoid confuſion, ſeems to have been under the neceſſity of detaching from the body of the work; they are, however, equally intereſting with the work itſelf, as they tend to throw conſiderable and new light on the origin of many nations, on the eſtabliſhment of the Scythians in Aſia, and on their migration into Greece, and even into Sicily.

In the late Dr. Hunter's ſuperb Collection were ſome very ſingular medals; ſingular, as bearing the names of nations whom no antient Hiſtorians, Geographers, or Poets, either Greek or Latin, have taken any notice of. From their inſcriptions in Greek characters it appears that they were ſtruck by a people called MAI'AO, an abbreviation of MAIAOI, or MARLES. As theſe people could not poſſibly miſtake their own name, ſo it is natural to ſuppoſe that they wrote it as they pronounced it. On the other hand, they could not have been unknown to the Greeks, as they made uſe of the ſame characters that were uſed in Greece, and in all probability employed Greek artiſts in ſtriking thoſe medals which are ſtill in being. The ſeeming ſilence of the Greek authors with re-

gard to theſe people, does not then ariſe from their not knowing that ſuch a people exiſted, but from their having treated of them by a different name from that by which theſe antient nations diſtinguiſhed themſelves.

We have a thouſand inſtances of ſimilar changes among ourſelves, occaſioned by the difficulty of the pronunciation, when names are tranſlated out of one language into another. Thus, the capital of Bavaria is called by the inhabitants *Munchen*, by the *French* it is termed *Munic*, and by the *Italians Monaco*. Theſe names are ſo totally different from each other, that they might eaſily be taken for thoſe of three different towns. The Greeks, who frequently changed names that even were analogous to their own language, ſcarcely ever failed to diſfigure thoſe whoſe orthography being diſſimilar, rendered them therefore more difficult to pronounce.

There is not a word to be found in the Greek language in which the letters *rho* and *lambda* immediately follow each other, as they do in the word *Marloi*. Though theſe letters are called liquids, becauſe each of them ſeparately taken is eaſily pronounced; yet when they follow each other, their pronunciation becomes very difficult; it even produces a *cacophony*, and their union ſeems evidently repugnant to the genius of the Greek language. "In the Northern languages they frequently occur together; as in the word *karl*, which ſignifies a brave man; in the Saxon word *ceorl*; in the title of *earl*; and in the word *erlik*; which among the Tartars, as well as the Engliſh, ſerves to denote an honourable diſtinction. The *Mardes* and *Amardes* came originally from that quarter (the North), where theſe letters are ſtill placed together. This renders it probable that they made uſe of them in their names. But when theſe letters were to be pronounced by the Greeks, the difficulty that occurred induced them to change them: we know that they made uſe of the word Λίσκος inſtead of Δίσκος, to ſignify a diſk; and that the Romans, as Quintilian obſerves, affecting to imitate the Æolic and Doric dialects, changed the D into an L: thus the Greek name Ὀδυσσεὺς was by them changed to *Ulyſſes*. Had the Greeks borrowed the name from the Romans, they would have changed the L to a D; and they therefore, with greater reaſon, in the preſent inſtance altered the names of the *Marles* and *Amarles* to *Mardes* and *Amardes*, in compliance with the genius of their language. The *Dai*, and thoſe who were called *Aparnes*, were, according to Strabo *, the ſame people: they lived in the neighbourhood of the *Saches*, from whom they, with all the Scythians, were deſcended. Herodotus places them near the *Amardes* †. They, then, and the Saches were the only Scythians whoſe tribes were diſtinguiſhed by the privative particle being put before their name; for they were called the *Parnes* and the *Aparnes*, like the *Mardes* and *Amardes*. Since, then, theſe were the only nations thus diſtinguiſhed, the medals which point out one of them, as they could not belong to the *Parnes*, muſt neceſſarily belong to the *Mardes*, whoſe name, as pronounced by themſelves, they bear. And as *Groucaſus* and *Caucaſus* were names given to the ſame mountain; ſo the *Mardes* and the *Marles*, the *Amardes* and the *Amarles*, were not different nations, although their names, like that of the mountain, were written and pronounced by foreigners in a different manner from what they were by the natives of *Groucaſus*, and the country of the *Marles* and *Amarles*.

"If what has been ſaid were not ſufficient, the impreſſions on the money coined by the *Marles* would confirm the fact, that they lived near Perſia, and were deſcended from the Saches, whoſe coſmogony, repreſented, as we ſhall ſee, on their coins, they preſerved; and, finally, that they inhabited that country which antient authors deſcribe as the reſidence of the *Mardes* and *Amardes*."

The *Mardes* and *Amardes* inhabit the north of Perſia, as appears from a paſſage of *Nearchus* quoted by Strabo, *lib.* xi. and from what Herodotus, Pliny, and other antient authors ſay of them. The *Mardes* are by many conſidered as Perſians; their religion and emblems muſt of courſe have been nearly ſimilar; and on comparing the emblems which are yet to be ſeen on the Perſian monuments with thoſe on the medals of the *Marles* and *Amarles*, the fact is fully proved; for we find on the coins of the latter, figures exactly reſembling thoſe which have eſcaped among the ruins of Perſepolis. Such, among others, is that of the *Ox* with a *human face*, and that of the *diſk*, ſo frequently repreſented on the frieze of the temples of that city, and on the monuments of *Tſchil-Minar*.

This reſemblance of things, and the ſimilitude of the emblems, added to the obſervations already made on the reaſons which induced the Greeks to change the names of *Marles* and *Amarles* into *Mardes* and *Amardes*, leaves no room to doubt who thoſe firſt were, and plainly ſhews that they and the latter were one and the ſame people.

We muſt refer the reader to the 174, 175, and 176th pages of the work itſelf for the explanation the author has given of the peculiar emblems repreſented on the coins of the Marles; of which he has given copies; to-

* Strab. lib. xi. 511.

† Herod. lib. i. p. 30. 54.

gether with his proofs of the analogy exiſting between them and the religious emblems ſtill in uſe in India, Japan, and Tartary; as alſo of the ſimilitude between the religious ceremonies of theſe countries and thoſe of antient Scythia.

The *Mardes* and *Amardes* were the neighbours of the *Geloni*, or *Geleani*. Theſe latter were the deſcendants of Gelon, one of the brothers of that *Scythes*, from whom the Scythians took their name. The name of *Geleani*, as alſo that of their founder, was found again in the ſouthern part of Sicily, where a city and the river on whoſe banks it ſtood were called *Gela*, the inhabitants *Geleani*; and the name of *Gelon*, which was common among them, was borne by that Prince, who governed Syracuſe with great moderation, and delivered Sicily from the yoke of the Carthaginians.

If it be ſomething remarkable to find the ſame proper and national names in an iſland ſituated in the Mediterranean, as belonged to the inhabitants of the ſouthern coaſts of the Caſpian Sea; it is ſtill more ſo, to diſcover on the medals of the *Geleans* of Sicily, and on thoſe of the inhabitants of *Camarina*, their neareſt neighbours, impreſſions exactly reſembling thoſe which are to be ſeen on the medals of nations in Aſia who formerly dwelt in the neighbourhood of the *Aſiatic Geleans*. But our ſurpriſe is increaſed, on comparing theſe medals: thoſe of the *Mardes* have not merely the *ox* with an *human face*, ſuch as is ſeen on the medals of the *Geleans* of Sicily, but even the contour of the face of that emblematical figure; its expreſſion, features, and even the cut of its beard are exactly ſimilar in every point to thoſe of the figure found on the coins of the *Mardes* of *Aſia*.

As ſuch a minute reſemblance in abſolutely the ſame ſubject, and found among people bearing the ſame name, though at ſo conſiderable a diſtance from each other, could never be the effect of chance, it neceſſarily follows, that their artiſts were obliged to copy exactly the original model of the *ox with an human face*, and made it a point never to deviate from it. And as we are well aſſured that the iſlands of the Mediterranean were originally peopled from the Continent, it is evident of courſe that the religious ceremonies which the inhabitants of Gela always obſerved were introduced from the Continent, and were borrowed from thoſe of the *Geleans* of Aſia, whoſe name they adopted, together with that form of religion which ſeems to have been common to the *Mardes*, the *Perſians*, and other nations, and received from them by thoſe nations who in the moſt remote times eſtabliſhed themſelves in Europe.

It is farther to be obſerved, that the features of this human face beſtowed on the Ox in the medals of the Mardes and the Geleans of Sicily, exactly reſemble thoſe of ſome entire human figures found among the pieces of ſculpture of the antient Perſians. Every thing, in ſhort, confirms the opinion, that all theſe figures ſo faithfully copied by the Greeks were originally brought from Aſia; and we ſhall hereafter find, that the monuments ſtill exiſting among the ruins of Perſepolis confirm all that has been ſaid in the work, of which we are now giving an analyſis, on the ſubject it principally aimed at, in conſidering theſe emblems of the Ox, whether they repreſented the animal in its natural form, or when an human face was given to it, or, finally, when it entirely aſſumed the human figure, though ſtill preſerving the features uſually given to this *Androcephalic* Quadruped.

It is in this ſeries of circumſtances, this ſingular correſpondence between them, and that connection which unites them, and points out their ſucceſſion, that the principal merit of theſe *Enquiries* conſiſts; for by means of this they explain to us the monuments of antiquity, by making them ſerve to develope each other, and filling up the breaks one might otherwiſe expect to find in the information they afford us. The more this work is peruſed, the more this concatenation will be perceived, and its utility, in explaining every thing relative to the ſtudy of antiquities, become evident.

Mr. Combe, F. R. S. was the firſt who remarked the difference between the inſcriptions engraved on the medals of *Camarina* and thoſe of the *Marles*, or *Mardes*. He has ranked theſe among the Uncertain. Several able antiquaries had been deceived in them; they thought they might add a *kappa*, which never exiſted on the medals of the Marles, without paying any attention to the *lambda*, which never could find a place in the word *Kamarina*. Their miſtake took its riſe from the reſemblance of the reverſe of theſe medals, on each of which a gooſe was repreſented, as well as the ſimilitude of the winged figures repreſented on the face of both theſe coins [ſee the Plate prefixed to this article, Fig. I. and II.]. Theſe figures, though different, hold each of them a diſk, in the which is repreſented another body, of a round or oval form. Our author elſewhere obſerves, that the gooſe erected in the temples of Priapus, was, as Petronius ſays, *the favourite bird of that deity*. It is the *Anon* of the Indians; it determines the nature of the figures it accompanies; and as it is an attribute of the ſymbol of generation, ſo is it likewiſe of the *Ens generans*, or *Creating Being*; for which reaſon it is to be ſeen in

ſeveral

ſeveral repreſentations of the *Trimurti*, or three-headed divinity of the Indians, in their Pagoda at Elephanta. The winged figures which are placed on the face of the coins whoſe reverſe bear the impreſſion of this gooſe, muſt therefore be thoſe of the *Creative Being*; which is the reaſon that on the medals of the *Marſes*, as alſo on thoſe of the inhabitants of *Camarina*, theſe figures hold a diſk, the ſymbol of the ſun, in which diſk is a globe, or other ſpherical body; by which is typified the world, and the egg out of which it was ſuppoſed to have proceeded by the action of the *Creative Being*, and by the means of the ſpirit called by the Perſians *Mibir*, and by the Greeks *Love*. This ſpirit, which, co-operating with the *Creative Being*, produced the world, and every animate being, was repreſented among the Indians by a *dove*, and the wings of that bird are given to the *Ens generans* on the medals of *Camarina*, and thoſe of the *Marſes*. Theſe wings, in a religious monument preſerved among the ruins of Perſepolis, ſupport the diſk ſeen upon the medals we are ſpeaking of, and point out the *incubation* which preceded the creation of the world, expreſſed by the egg of *Cabes* contained in the diſk. The Creative Being is repreſented on the Coins of *Camarina* by a ſingle figure; on thoſe of the *Marſes* by a figure with two heads, which explains the title which was given it of *Dyphies* or biform. In theſe latter may be traced the features of the face of the Ox with an human head, on which this double figure is placed. This ſame Ox is repreſented in a Coloſſal marble figure, which ſtands at the entrance of the ruins of Perſepolis, with wings, being thoſe of *Mibir* or Love.

The analogy between theſe monuments of antiquity, whoſe reſpective parts thus mutually develope and explain each other, evidently ſhews that which exiſted between the religion of the Indians, the Perſians, and the inhabitants of Sicily and Greece.

On a Perſian emblem (Fig. III.) is expreſſed the connection between the *Creative Being* and *Mibir* or *Love*. The wings of the latter ſupport the figure of the *Ens generans*, whoſe face exactly reſembles that of the winged Ox on the coins of the *Marſes*, and thoſe of the inhabitants of *Gela* in Sicily. The *Creative Being* on the Perſian monument is upheld by the diſk, which repreſents the world; and round this diſk twines a ſerpent, the ſymbol of life, given by the *Creative Power* to every animated being. The ſame emblem is ſeen in Fig. IV. mentioned by Kempfer. In this emblem the wings and tail of *Mibir* aſſume the ſhape of a *croſs*, of which the upper part is formed by the figure of the *Creative Being*; and in order to ſimplify this emblem, it was frequently repreſented by a plain croſs. This croſs is to be ſeen in the centre of many figures of the ruins of the temples of Perſepolis ſpecified by Sir John Chardin. It repreſents the *myſtery of generation*, by the intercourſe of the Being which was ſuppoſed to be the author of it with Love, which was conſidered as the means. This ſhews the reaſon of the *croſs* being uſed by the ancients as a religious ſymbol many ages antecedent to our æra, and accounts for its being found on many Pagan monuments, ſuch as thoſe of Perſepolis, which were deſtroyed many centuries before the birth of Chriſt.

This Croſs became the *Tau*, or *anſated Croſs* of the Egyptians, and is the figure of the *Phallus* diſguiſed. The Greeks uſed the letter *Tau* to expreſs it. There are gems to be ſeen on which this letter is engraved, which from thence was denominated *obſcene*: and in Greece its figure was expreſſed by thoſe obſcene repreſentations of a *Priapus* with a hand and arm, whoſe action marked the act of generation. There are ſtill to be ſeen a prodigious number of theſe ſort of *Priapi* in bronze, and our author has given a repreſentation of one in the Plate which contains this ſeries of ſingular emblems, the progreſſion of which will readily ſtrike the eye.

There are *Phalli* or *Priapi* which terminate in the legs of a lion and have wings. The Phallus repreſents the *Creative Being*, whoſe figure terminates the *croſs* on the Perſian monuments: the union of this being with Love, is expreſſed by the wings of that Phallus; and as the *Ens generans* was the ſame with that whereof the ſuns were the ſymbols; the Lion, by which was repreſented the diurnal ſun, whoſe heat contributes to the propagation and generation of all beings, ſerves to repreſent, in this Phallus, the action of the Creative Being. This accounts for the attitude in which theſe *Phalli* with lion's legs are almoſt always exhibited.

On one of the medals of Cyzicus there is a *croſs*, on which is repreſented a kind of human figure, (ſee Fig. V.) the explanation of which has juſt been given. And if on the medals of *Sidon* the *croſs* is ſeen in the hands of Minerva, and thoſe of a figure repreſenting a Priapus (ſee Fig. VI. and VII.), it is, becauſe Minerva repreſented the *Divine Wiſdom*, which preſided at the generation of things, expreſſed by that croſs ſeen in the hand of the *Priapus*, who holds a crown, and here repreſents the *Creative Power*. Theſe two emblems are each placed on a ſhip, to ſignify the waters out of which the Creative Being drew the world, which ſwam in the egg containing it, as has been mentioned before.

This emblem of the *croſs*, which we here ſee on the coins of Cyzicus, a city ſituated on the Helleſpont; and on the medals of Sidon, belonging to Phœnicia; is likewiſe found on the ancient Perſian coins; ſuch as Fig. VIII. on the face of which we obſerve the lion, whoſe inferior parts, as we have remarked, are frequently made uſe of in the figure of the *Phallus*; and this Phallus repreſented by the *croſs*, which points out the union of the *Creative Power* with *Love*, is ſeen on the reverſe of theſe coins. This *croſs* is faſtened to a chaplet or roſary of the ſame form as thoſe ſtill uſed in many parts of Europe.

An account of the meaning of theſe roſaries, the uſe they were put to by the ancients, whence they came to us, and the relation between the purpoſes they are applied to among the moderns, and to which they were appropriated among the Perſians and other Aſiatics, may be ſeen, together with much more uncommonly curious matter, in the 43d note of the third chapter of this work; of which, tho' for reaſons before aſſigned, we cannot give extracts, yet we are perſuaded the reader will be much pleaſed with the explanation there given, of a very ſingular monument found at *Nakſchi-Ruſtam*, every part of which is elucidated in a manner that cannot fail of being moſt intereſting to thoſe literati who wiſh for information on the ſubject of the ancient theology of Aſia.

[*To be continued.*]

An ACCOUNT of Mr. CROSBIE's ATTEMPT to CROSS the CHANNEL in a BALLOON from DUBLIN, July 19, 1785.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

AT about five o'clock, the morning appeared ſo very unfavourable, that it was determined by the Gentlemen of the Committee, after due conſideration, not to hazard the experiment; the wind was almoſt due ſouth, and heavy ſqualls blew every moment. About eight o'clock it began to ſhift more to the weſtward, and at length to ſettle in one of the points mentioned in the adverti ſements; it was, notwithſtanding, ſtill thought imprudent to attempt filling the balloon, as the ſqualls, which were likely to continue, might do it ſome material injury, and be productive of a diſappointment. The populace that were gathered outſide of the lawn in great numbers ſeemed to grow impatient, and the balloon was brought out in order to hoiſt between the maſts, to try how far it was poſſible to begin the inflation with ſafety, and make an experiment on my apparatus, to convince myſelf that all was right before I gave the appointed ſignals: about this time, near ten o'clock, ſome officious perſon in town fired a gun, which was immediately anſwered by others, and at length the ſignals became general. I had promiſed two hours notice, to which I was determined to be punctual, had it not been for the circumſtance I have mentioned, which, I fear, rendered the ſpectators impatient. This I think neceſſary to mention, in order to plead my excuſe, and claim their forgiveneſs. I judged the balloon would be ready to aſcend by two; but from ſome little delay, the barometer I intended to have taken with me being broken, and the difficulty at that time of procuring another, it was twenty minutes paſt two before her Grace the Ducheſs of Rutland did me the honour of committing me to the air by cutting the cord.

At firſt my aſcent was ſlow and rather difficult, from having been miſinformed as to the aſcending power of the balloon, ſome of my friends thro' their eagerneſs puſhing it up, while others, according to my prior directions, kept it down when trying it. As I wiſhed to have reſerved all the ballaſt I could for ſo intereſting a voyage, I threw it out ſo ſlow that it did not prevent the returning impetus, and my carriage ſtruck with conſiderable violence againſt the Ha Ha wall which incloſes the lawn on the ſide of Merrion-ſtreet: here, with the aſſiſtance of the people, and diſcharging more ballaſt, I again aſcended; but the balloon not yet being in ſufficient equilibrio with the circumambient air, I ſtruck againſt the ground in one of the fields oppoſite Merrion-ſquare, then gradually aſcended, ſlowly throwing out ſand until I thought I had acquired ſufficient power of aſcent to gain a proper altitude.

I now took a view of the aſtoniſhing ſcene I was quitting, and after returning the ſalutations of the innumerable ſpectators along the fields, ſtrand, &c. to the ſea-ſhore, I was highly entertained with a race compoſed of hundreds of horſemen, ſtretching with full ſpeed along the Pigeon-houſe wall, as if their courſe could not be terminated. I was now over the bay, and as I imagined from the diminution of objects that I was ſtill aſcending, I caſt my eye on the barometer, which, to my mortification, I found had loſt a conſiderable quantity of mercury, from the two concuſſions I had received againſt the wall and ground on my aſcent. I however examined it, and as I found it fluctuate to the top of the tube, and of conſequence proved the vacuum, I conſidered that it would anſwer for what at that time I was

moſt

moſt intereſted in, merely to inform myſelf whether I was aſcending or deſcending, that when I found a favourable current of air, I might be able to keep myſelf at the ſame elevation, I marked the height of the mercury with my pencil; and ſome time after one of the bladders that was in the carriage with me burſting with a conſiderable exploſion, I looked to the barometer and found it had fallen ſome inches. I marked the fall, and for a conſiderable period ſeemed to move in a favourable direction. I took up my pen, ink, and paper, to write down ſuch obſervations as I could make, and to entruſt to a more faithful record the thoughts which the glorious and unbounded ſcene around me inſpired me with.

I had written about a page when I felt myſelf grow very chilly, and put on an oiled-ſilk wrapper, which ſoon brought on a glow of heat. I had two thermometers, one with mercury, and the other with ſpirits of wine; both had at this time fallen ſo low, that the mercury and ſpirits had entirely deſcended into their reſpective bulbs *. My ink was ſo frozen that I could not uſe it, until holding the bottle ſome time in my hand, its contents again became fluid. I at this time found the great advantage of my lower valve; for perceiving the ſmell of the gaz, I was for a moment rouſed from the ſubject I was then committing to paper, and, looking up to the balloon, obſerved the valve open at ſhort intervals with a ſort of pulſation, and at each diſcharging the inflammable air in conſiderable quantities. The balloon was expanded to its fulleſt extent, and a number of bladders that were attached to my carriage exploded one after another, in ſome meaſure reſembling hedge-firing.

Though the height was now ſo conſiderable that every cloud in the atmoſphere was far below me, and nothing above but a blue expanſe, I felt no ſort of inconvenience or difficulty in breathing; but taking an obſervation from the line which the light-houſe wall formed, though indiſtinct, and the Wicklow ſhore, which had appeared to my view beyond Bray-head, I found I was ſtationary, or nearly ſo, what little way I was making being to the ſouthward: I was nevertheleſs ſo charmed with the enchanting ſcene below me, that for a while I forgot my enterprize; but the appearance of the Britiſh ſhore ſoon recalled me to myſelf, and obſerving the rack flying to eaſtward, as it ſeemed over the ſurface of the water, I opened my lower valve only, both to aſſiſt the efforts of the ſuper-abundant or compreſſed air to releaſe itſelf, and to deſcend into the favourable current: in this I ſucceeded, and as yet had not parted with any ballaſt from the time of my aſcent, tho' nearly half channel over. I attentively watched the riſe of the mercury, and obſerving it to arrive at the mark I had before made, when in the ſame ſtratum of clouds, I was in hopes it would ſtop there; but riſing ſtill higher, and the balloon conſequently deſcending, I threw out four pounds of ſand, when the mercury became ſettled, and afterwards gradually roſe to about the mark I mention. I now moved forward with conſiderable velocity, as I could perceive from paſſing ſome veſſels that were holding the ſame courſe. I encountered a light ſhower of hail, and flying in all directions, which, however, ſoon paſſed off. Some humid vapour that had aſcended with the gaz into the balloon in the inflation, fell in large drops from the bottom, which wetted my paper and blotted my notes while I marked them down. I attentively watched my time-keeper, that I had laid on a bag of ballaſt in the bottom of my carriage †. My courſe now bid ſo fair for ſucceſs, that I experienced more happineſs and tranſport in the idea than I believe ever before fell to the lot of man. My mind, that was hitherto voluptuouſly fed, made me inattentive to the cravings of my appetite, which at length grew rather preſſing, and, with my pen in one hand, and part of a fowl in the other, I wrote as I enjoyed my delicious repaſt. A ſhower of hail darkening the ſurrounding air now attracted my notice, as after ſome ſhort period it ſeemed to aſcend like a ſhower on earth reverſed: from this I judged I was again deſcending, and examining my barometer, the mercury had riſen but a few tenths, which, after the ſhower had blown over, gradually reſumed its former ſtation, and I continued to move as before. I now had a diſtinct view of the two ſhores, and was drawing a rude ſketch of the grandeſt and moſt awful ſcene that human eye ever beheld before, when the report of a gun juſt under me induced me to look over, and I obſerved a veſſel plowing through the ſurge with all her ſails crowded: ſhe appeared to me (only from the foam before her bow) to make little or no way; but looking exactly in the ſame direction with myſelf, I waved my flag and ſhouted, but was much ſurprized to find that

* N. B. The mercurial thermometer had a temporary ſcale conſtructed in a hurry, and the freezing point appears to be about twenty degrees above the bulb.

† My deſcent was ſo unexpected and ſudden, that I never thought of ſecuring my time-keeper and my notes, the latter of which were waſhed away, and the former (my own conſtruction and work) effectually ſpoiled.

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my voice ſounded to me as if my ears had been ſtopped. I afterwards felt ſome pain in each, which continued as long as I remained at the elevation I then was, tho' not conſiderable, and tho' I did not feel any at a much greater.

I paſſed this veſſel, which proved afterwards to be the Dunleary barge, commanded by captain Walnutt, which had been kindly and obligingly ſent out by the right hon. and hon. the Board of Commiſſioners to attend me; and for about two leagues I continued to move nearly horizontally; but another ſhower of hail coming on, and hearing the noiſe of the ſea again, I caſt my eyes off my paper on the barometer and found the hail was again depreſſing me: but not willing to waſte any ballaſt, as I could not perceive that the balloon had loſt any of its power unleſs when affected by theſe ſhowers, and fearing the loſs of weight might raiſe me to the ſame altitude wherein I had before miſſed my courſe, I reſerved it until the increaſing hail, or ſome influence unaccountable to me at preſent in any other manner, had brought me ſo near the water that I took up a bag of 1clb, gradually ſpilling it out until the balloon again aſcended a little, its motion appearing like a veſſel on ſea in a heavy ſwell; but at every *fend*, notwithſtanding my inceſſant diſcharge of more ballaſt, it appeared nearer to the ſurface of the ſea, until juſt as I ſeemed to overcome its deſcent, the increaſing hail ſhower and a violent ſquall of wind in a moment precipitated me into the water. I was convinced I could aſcend again, from the peculiar conſtruction of my carriage, when the ſhower was over; therefore was but little alarmed, as my legs only were wet; but unfortunately the cord that was attached to the lower valve was pulled out, which being of conſiderable dimention, and the repeated and violent ſqualls acting on the balloon like a hurricane, ſo much of the inflammable air was forced out, and of the atmoſpheric air got in, that after heaving out every bag I could get at, I found my efforts to riſe ineffectual. In groping for ballaſt I found my cork jacket, which, from my reliance in my ſafety, I had not before thought of: I, however, now put it on.

My only hopes of riſing were in heaving out my chain. As I knew the balloon would not ſuffer the ſame agitation, if I could once aſcend; I was reſolved to try how far the loſs of the chain's weight would effect it, at the ſame time not to loſe it, unleſs neceſſary: to this end I took the chain in one hand, (the other being engaged in holding the rope by which I was towed, that paſſed through a block oppoſite my rudder) and flung it out, letting the cord to which it was faſtened run out with it at the ſame time. This, even before it could have deſcended to the extent of the cord, had no other effect than lightening the machine a few inches out of the water, but not ſufficient to raiſe her completely. I therefore, though with undeſcribable mortification at not being able to *fly*, reconciled myſelf to the idea of being ignominiouſly *towed* to the other ſide, as I was drifting through the water with aſtoniſhing celerity. However, looking behind me, I obſerved a veſſel crowding ſail after me; but as I watched her a good while, I perceived ſhe was loſing way. The wind before this ſeeming to have ſpent all its fury, and being now become very moderate, it would have been ridiculous to have perſiſted in the idea at that hour of getting acroſs the channel, eſpecially as I was not entirely in the direction for Holyhead. I therefore, in order to lie-to, paid out a conſiderable length of cord with my chain; which flayed me ſo much, that at 47 minutes paſt three o'clock, the barge (the ſame I had paſſed ſome time before and had fired the gun) came up with me, after being at perfect eaſe (but from wet) upwards of 26 minutes in the water, and about ten leagues from Howth. Having ſecured my balloon and carriage to one of their hawſers, I got on board, and diſcharging the remaining gaz from the balloon, we got it upon deck, and ſteered our courſe for Dunleary, where, as we were becalmed ſome hours, we did not arrive until four o'clock on Wedneſday morning. The mortification I felt at not accompliſhing my intended voyage, was greatly mitigated by the almoſt undoubted certainty and ſafety which I have every reaſon to conceive there is in croſſing the channel, on any particular occaſion, with a proper wind and in good weather, and by the flattering hopes of again being able to attempt and ſucceed in my undertaking on a future day.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

AS your MAGAZINE has been one of the channels through which I have communicated to the Public my Commentaries upon the inimitable Poem of THE ROLLIAD, I ſeize the earlieſt opportunity of acquainting you, that I have lately had the good fortune to diſcover another work of the ſame incomparable Author, which has hitherto, I know not from what reaſon, been carefully concealed from the public eye.—Whatever may be

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the inclinations or wiſhes of the Author in this reſpect, I hold myſelf indiſpenſibly bound, by a duty paramount to all moral obligations, to gratify the Literary World with the communication of this ineſtimable treaſure; perfectly coinciding in opinion with my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. *Wyndham* of *Saliſbury*, who has, in his publication of *Lord Melcombe's Diary*, given an example highly deſerving of imitation by all perſons poſſeſſed (no matter by what means) of curious and valuable manuſcripts. As the conduct of that gentleman has met with univerſal approbation, in having publiſhed papers reflecting no great credit upon the character of their noble Author, upon the ground of their appearing to have been written with a view to future publication, it may ſurely be permitted to me to lay before the Public a work, which unqueſtionably does the greateſt honour to its Author, although he himſelf may have been peculiarly ſolicitous to conceal it. And here give me leave to ſuggeſt a diſtinction in my favour, viz. that by the mode of communication I adopt, in tranſmitting this work to your MAGAZINE, my only motive is evidently a deſire of enriching the Republic of Letters; whereas it has been inſidiouſly inſinuated, that Mr. Wyndham's inattention to the laſt will and teſtament of a deceaſed relation, might poſſibly have ariſen from a deſire to enrich himſelf. Far be it from me, however, to give the ſmalleſt ſanction to a calumny ſo injurious to the character of my reſpectable friend; being myſelf fully perſuaded that his principal inducement to become an Editor, was the opportunity afforded by it, of preſenting to the Public a moſt ingenious, witty, ſarcaſtic, and novel ſpecies of dedication; reflecting equal luſtre upon the pure patriotiſm and literary abilities of the Writer. —— But to the point.——My Commentaries upon the Epic Poem of THE ROLLIAD were certainly not wanting to point out to the judicious Reader, that *Virgil* has been the model of the Author, throughout the whole of that ſtupendous performance. But, it ſeems, he has not confined his imitations of his favourite Poet to the Epic only, having extended them likewiſe to the Paſtoral, in which his illuſtrious Prototype has equally excelled; in ſhort, he has in a collection of what he entitles POLITICAL ECLOGUES, made an admirable improvement in that ſpecies of poetry, by a moſt judicious and well-conceived variation of the characters. It muſt indeed be admitted by the warmeſt admirers, whether of *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, or *Mr. Ambroſe Phillips*, that the converſation of ſhepherds, goatherds, neatherds, ſwineherds, and the loves of reapers, plough-boys, hay-makers, and milk-maids, afford but a low and ignoble ſcope for the effuſions of poetical fancy. Our Author has, therefore, happily contrived to ennoble his ſubject by the introducing Statemen, Miniſters, Politicians, Courtiers, and Members of Parliament; in which he has not only given an additional proof of the excellence of his taſte, but has ſurely deſerved well of his country, in making the beauties of poetry ſubſervient to what, in a free government, ought ever to be the principal ſtudy of the community, political and conſtitutional information. Nor can it be doubted but the patriotic and laudable Society for promoting the latter, will publiſh and diſtribute, *gratis*, a ſufficient number of copies of our Author's Eclogues, with a recommendatory Preface, in the ſame manner that they have ſo judiciouſly printed Mr. Wyvill's Expoſition of Mr. Pitt's *ſubſtantial* plan of Parliamentary Reform. It is not material, nor perhaps might be prudent, to mention the means by which theſe beautiful compoſitions have fallen into my hands; I truſt the Public will commend the zeal with which I endeavour to contribute to their entertainment.

I am, &c. THE COMMENTATOR ON THE ROLLIAD.

P. S. I think it neceſſary to inform the Public, that this communication is by no means intended to interfere with the occaſional progreſs of my Criticiſms on the Author's great and immortal work, THE ROLLIAD.

POLITICAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

The LYARS.

IN Downing-ſtreet, the breakfaſt duly ſet,
As B—ks and P——n one morn were met,
A ſtriſe ariſing who could beſt ſupply,
In urgent caſes, a convenient lie;
His ſkill ſuperior each eſſay'd to prove
In verſe alternate—which the Muſes love!
While *Billy*, liſt'ning to their tuneful plea,
In ſilence ſipp'd his *Commutation* Tea,

The Lyars.] This eclogue is evidently an imitation of the third Bucolic of Virgil, which, as is obſerved by Dr. Joſeph Warton, brother of our incomparable Laureat, is of that ſpecies called Amœbœa, where the characters introduced, contend in alternate verſe; the ſecond always endeavouring to ſurpaſs the firſt ſpeaker in an equal number of lines.

V. 6. Amant alterna Camenæ——*Virg.*

And

And heard them boaſt how boldly both had ly'd,
The Prieſt began, the Layman thus reply'd.

P———n.

Why wilt thou, *Banks*, with me diſpute the prize?
Who is not cheated when a Parſon lies?
Since pious Chriſtians, ev'ry Sabbath-day,
Muſt needs believe whate'er the *Clergy* ſay!
In ſpite of all you Laity can do,
One lie from us is more than ten from you!

B——s.

O witleſs lout! in lies that touch the ſtate,
We *Country Gentlemen* have far more weight;
Fiction from us the public ſtill muſt gull,—
They think we're honeſt, as they know we're dull!
To our aſſertions yield at once aſſent,
And truſt to Nature that we don't invent!

P———n.

In yon Cathedral I a Prebend boaſt,
The maiden bounty of our gracious hoſt!
Its yearly profits I to thee reſign,
If *Pitt* pronounce not that the palm is mine!

B——s.

A Borough mine, a pledge far dearer ſure,
Which in St. Stephen's gives a ſeat ſecure!
If *Pitt* to *Prettyman* the prize decree,
Henceforth *Corſe-Caſtle* ſhall belong to thee!

P—t.

Begin the ſtrain—while in our eaſy chairs,
We loll, forgetful of all public cares!
Begin the ſtrain—nor ſhall I deem my time
Miſ-ſpent, in hearing a debate in rhyme!

P———s.

Father of lies! by whom in *Eden*'s ſhade
Mankind's firſt parents were to ſin betray'd;
Lo! on this altar, which to thee I raiſe,
Twelve *bibles*, bound in red Morocco, blaze.

B——s.

Bleſt pow'rs of falſhood, at whoſe ſhrine I bend,
Still may ſucceſs your vot'ry's lies attend!
What prouder victims can your altars boaſt,
Than honor ſtain'd, and fame for ever loſt?

P———n.

How ſmooth, perſuaſive, plauſible, and glib,
From holy lips is dropp'd the ſpecious fib!
Which whiſper'd ſlyly in its dark career,
Aſſails with art the unſuſpecting ear.

B——s.

How clear, convincing, eloquent, and bold,
The bare-fac'd lie, with manly courage told!
Which, ſpoke in public, falls with greater force,
And heard by hundreds, is believ'd of courſe.

P———n.

Search through each office for the baſeſt tool
Rear'd in *Jack Robinſon*'s abandon'd ſchool;
Roſe, beyond all the tons of dulneſs, dull,
Whoſe legs are ſcarcely thicker than his ſcull;
Not *Roſe*, from all reſtraints of conſcience free,
In double-dealing is a match for me.

B——s.

Step from St. Stephen's up to Leadenhall,
Where Europe's crimes appear no crimes at all;
Not *Major S—t*, with bright pagodas paid;
That wholeſale dealer in the lying trade;
Not he, howe'er important his deſign,
Can lie with impudence ſurpaſſing mine.

P———n.

Sooner the aſs in fields of air ſhall graze,
Or *Warton*'s Odes with juſtice claim the bays;
Sooner ſhall mackrel on the plains diſport,
Or *Mulgrave*'s hearers think his ſpeech too ſhort;
Sooner ſhall ſenſe eſcape the prattling lips
Of Captain *Charles* or *Col'nel Henry Phipps*;
Sooner ſhall *Campbell* mend his phraſe uncouth,
Than Doctor *P—y—n* ſhall ſpeak the truth!

B——s.

When *Fox* and *Sheridan* for fools ſhall paſs,
And *Jemmy Luttrell* not be thought an aſs;
When all their audience ſhall enraptur'd ſit
With *Mawbey*'s eloquence, and *Martin*'s wit;
When fiery *Kenyon* ſhall with temper ſpeak,
When modeſt bluſhes dye *Dundas*'s cheek;
Then, only then, in *Pitt*'s behalf will I
Refuſe to pledge my honour to a lie.

P———n.

While in ſuſpence our Iriſh project hung,
A well-framed fiction from this fruitful tongue
Sooth'd Britain's cares, bad all her terrors ceaſe,
And lull'd her Manufacturers to peace:
The tale was told with ſo demure an air,
Not wary Commerce could eſcape the ſnare.

O witleſs lout.] Our poet here ſeems to deviate from his general rule, by the introduction of a phraſe which appears rather adapted to the lower and leſs elevated ſtrain of paſtoral, than to the dialogue of perſons of ſuch diſtinguiſhed rank. It is, however, to be conſidered, that it is far from exceeding the bounds of poſſibility to ſuppoſe, that, in certain inſtances, the epithet of "Witleſs," and the coarſe deſignation of "Lout," may be as applicable to a dignitary of the church, as to the moſt ignorant and illiterate ruſtic.

V. 10. Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrſis.——*Virg.*

V. 31. Dicite; quandoquidem in molli conſedimus herbâ.——*Virg.*

V. 63. Ante leves ergo paſcentur in æthere cervi
Et freta deſtituent nudos in littore piſces.——*Virg.*

B——s.

B——s.

When Secret Influence expiring lay,
And Whigs triumphant hail'd th' auſpicious day,
I bore that faithleſs meſſage to the Houſe,
By *Pitt* contriv'd the gaping 'ſquires to chouſe;
That deed, I ween, demands ſuperior thanks:
The Britiſh Commons were the dupes of *B—s*.

P———N.

Say in what regions are thoſe fathers found,
For deep-diſſembling policy renown'd;
Whoſe ſubtle precepts for perverting truth,
To quick perfection train'd our patron's youth,
And taught him all the myſtery of lies?
Reſolve me this, and I reſign the prize.

B——s.

Say what that mineral, brought from diſtant climes,
Which ſcreens delinquents, and abſolves their crimes;
Whoſe dazzling rays confound the ſpace between
A tainted ſtrumpet and a ſpotleſs Queen;
Which Aſia's Princes give, which Europe's take;
Tell this, dear Doctor, and I yield the ſtake.—

P—T.

Enough, my friends—break off your tuneful ſport,
'Tis levee-day, and I muſt dreſs for Court;
Which hath more boldly or expertly lied,
Not mine th' important conteſt to decide.
Take thou this *mitre*, Doctor, which before
A greater hypocrite ſure never wore;
And if to ſervices rewards be due,
Dear *B—s*, this *coronet* belongs to you:
Each from that Government deſerves a prize,
Which thrives by ſhuffling, and ſubſiſts by lies.

[*To be continued.*]

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

INSTEAD of purſuing my remarks on the traits of modern imitation, by a compariſon of ſimilar paſſages, I ſhall confine my attention, at preſent, to a few ſtriking images in our modern poetry, which, if they be not abſolutely original in themſelves, diſcover certain features of originality, perhaps from the peculiarity of their attitudes, or the more diſtinctive colouring of their minuter parts. In my next communication, 'tis my purpoſe to revert to my former plan.

The image of the ROSE, as delineated in the following ſonnet, will come, perhaps, within this deſcription:

"Survey, my Laura, yonder *Roſe*,
Its *central folds* ſo ſickly-pale;
While round its *outward leaves* diſcloſe
A lively crimſon to the gale!
Yet as the ſecret canker-worm
Preys only on its fainting heart;
From the cold floweret's fallen form
Shall all that glow of colour part!
Ah! on thy lover turn thine eyes——
The blooming cheek may Laura ſee,
Yet know this pining boſom dies,
And read the Roſe's Fate in me!"

See "Pictures from Nature."

Gaping 'Squires.] The ingenious and ſagacious gentlemen, who, at the period of the glorious revolution of 1784, held frequent meetings at the St. Alban's Tavern, for the purpoſe of bringing about an union, that might have prevented the diſſolution of parliament; which meetings afforded time to one of the members of the propoſed union to concert meaſures throughout every part of the kingdom, for enſuring the ſucceſs of that ſalutary and conſtitutional meaſure, which, through his friend Mr. B—ks, he had ſolemnly pledged himſelf not to adopt.

Whoſe dazzling rays.] It muſt be acknowledged that there is ſome obſcurity in this paſſage, as well as in the following line,

"Which Aſia's princes give, which Europe's take:"

of which certain ſeditious, malevolent, diſaffected critics have taken advantage, and have endeavoured, by a forced conſtruction, to diſcover in them an unwarrantable inſinuation againſt the higheſt and moſt ſacred characters; from which infamous imputation, however, we truſt, the well-known and acknowledged loyalty of our author's principles will ſufficiently protect him.

V. 91. Dic quibus in terris, &c.——*Virg.*

V. 106. Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites——*Virg.*

V. 111. Et virtute tua dignus & hic.——*Virg.*

Were the leaves or foldings of the *Roſe* ever before particularized in this manner? In the eleventh ſonnet, the ſeeming innocence and yet quarrelſome diſpoſition of the Red-breaſt are contraſted. The latter circumſtance is ſtriking enough in the nature of the Red-breaſt, yet was it ever before introduced into poetry? If I am not miſtaken in my ideas of theſe two paſſages, it muſt naturally be concluded, that there are ſtill even *obvious images* or *properties* in nature, very well calculated for poetic imitation, which (admitting that they have been *generally* repreſented) have never been *clearly* painted in all their *little* forms of beauty. Such a concluſion ſhould induce the poet to look accurately into Nature herſelf; for even the imagery of ſtill-life, the theme of every poet in almoſt every age, is not yet exhauſted. I cannot diſmiſs the "*Pictures from Nature*" without quoting one paſſage more, as containing the marks of originality. Deſcribing *ſimplicity*, the poet ſays,

"From thence no ſpicy clouds involve the ſkies,
Her humbler offering are yon vernal wreaths;
And all the *incenſe* of her *ſacrifice*
Is but the *incenſe* that a *field-flower breathes*."

Yet, in another place, I have detected what almoſt amounts to a plagiariſm:

"For ah, more ſweetly eloquent we feel
The language of the *never-ſilent eye!*"

Both the ſentiment and expreſſion are taken from *Almine* and *Elvira*—(I forget the ſentence)

"Flow'd *from the never-ſilent eye!*"

Mr. Pope beautifully ſings of his *poor Indian*——

"Yet ſimple Nature to his hopes has giv'n
Beyond the *cloud-capt hill an humbler heav'n*."

But may not the following attitude of the *hoary father* of his tribe be almoſt pronounced original?

"———Or points, while Nature glows
Thro' all his artleſs geſtures, to the *hills*
Whoſe horizontal azure fixeth his heav'n."
"Art of Eloquence."

The laſt line contains a *clear picture* of an image before indiſtinctly expreſſed.

As I have ſeven or eight poetical pamphlets lying before me, I ſhall now take up another, the more ſtriking paſſages of which (according to my uſual cuſtom) I have marked with my pencil. The following very pleaſing deſcription from Mr. *Crabbe's Village* may (I can pronounce almoſt with confidence) lay claim to the praiſe of being original:

"For yonder ſee that hoary ſwain, whoſe age
Can with no cares, except its own, engage;
Who, propt on that rude ſtaff, looks up to ſee
The bare arms broken from the withering tree;
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftieſt bough,
Then his firſt joy, but his ſad emblem now."

As to the production in general I muſt obſerve, that the impreſſions left on the mind by that moſt beautiful poem *The Deſerted Village*, will not ſuffer us to applaud what muſt appear, on compariſon, a feeble imitation.

Poſſibly a part of my quotation may have rather a queſtionable claim to originality; I will not detain you, therefore, much longer, on ſo equivocal a ſubject. I ſhall only preſent you then with two additional inſtances of original ſentiment, from the *Follies of Oxford*, (a pretty ſevere ſatire on that Univerſity). In the deſcription of the academic precluded by college-diſcipline from his amuſements on the water, it is obſerved,

"While many a ſun with checquer'd dyes
At eve illumes the ſummer-ſkies,
In memory's eye he views the day
Light as his ſkiff that danc'd away,
When bent to *Medley's* lov'd retreat,
Or *Binzey's* ſhade-ſurrounded ſeat;
Or antique *Godſtowe's* mouldering walls,
Where oft the hoary fragment falls;
Where wild o'er buried Beauty's grave
The hollow trees their branches wave,—
And all in gloomy dirges hail
The paſſing Genius of the gale!"

The lines marked *in Italics* ſeem to contain original images; for me, at leaſt, they have novelty.

Whether theſe obſervations will be acceptable or not, I will not preſume to ſay; I think the propriety of them is leſs queſtionable than that of my laſt, which had the *honour* (of which I am not inſenſible) of obtaining a place in your very excellent Magazine

I am, Gentlemen, with great reſpect,
Your humble admirer,
IMITATOR.

N. B. In my laſt I ſhould have written *Miſs* for *Mrs.* Williams.

JOURNAL

JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the SECOND SESSION of the SIXTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

JULY 1.

AFFIRMED the judgment of the Court of King's-Bench, in the caſe of Mr. Atkinſon. The Lord Chief Baron Skynner ſpoke at ſome length, declaring the opinion of the Judges.

JULY 4.

The royal aſſent was given by commiſſion to the following bills, viz. the Servants Tax, Coach-makers Licence, Pawnbrokers Licence, Public Accounts, Poſt-horſe Duty, Glove Duty, Transfer Duty, Duke of Glouceſter's Stipend, Coal and Culm Duty, Game Duty, Indemnity, Briſtol Church, and other private Bills.

JULY 9.

Several petitions were preſented againſt the Iriſh reſolutions, praying for further time, after which the order of the day for going into a Committee for the further conſideration of the ſaid reſolutions was read, and the Houſe having reſolved itſelf into a Committee, Lord Scarſdale in the chair,

Lord Sydney opened the buſineſs, by ſtating that the ſubject had for ſome time been the object of much diſcuſſion with their Lordſhips, and the public in general. In the courſe of the long examination that had taken place in conſequence of the ſeveral petitions which had been preſented, much apprehenſion had been entertained of the injurioufneſs of their tendency to the commercial intereſts of this country. His Lordſhip ſaid, ſuch fears were merely viſionary, and not founded upon ſolid grounds; for, from the amendments that had been made in the other Houſe, he was convinced the reſolutions went no farther than more firmly to cement that unanimity which ought to ſubſiſt between the countries, ſo nearly allied to each other; and he truſted, that in accompliſhing this great purpoſe (which he doubted not was the wiſh of every noble Lord preſent) their Lordſhips would that day be unanimous. After a few other prefatory remarks, Lord Sydney ſtated the neceſſity there was of loſing no time in carrying into execution a plan of ſo important a nature. In order to deſtroy the general prejudices entertained againſt the propoſitions, it would be neceſſary, he ſaid, for him to mention the ſituation in which Ireland ſtood in point of commerce, and which his Lordſhip did in pretty nearly the ſame language as on former occaſions. With reſpect to what had been urged on behalf of the Weſt-India merchants and planters againſt the reſolutions, he would only ſay, that Ireland was at preſent in poſſeſſion of the liberty of importing into this country, in Iriſh bottoms, the produce of thoſe iſlands. It was, therefore, only by a circuitous trade from the colonies, that any danger was to be apprehended to this country. The particular reſolutions which appeared to militate againſt the intereſt of that claſs of men, were, by the amendments made, totally done away, and that without injury to the Iriſh intereſts. His Lordſhip further obſerved, that Ireland was precluded from trading to the Eaſt-Indies; which he thought a moſt juſt and equitable meaſure. The Iriſh ought not, he ſaid, to deem it a hardſhip to be thus reſtrained from trading to Aſia, as it was well known that the natives of Great Britain who acted not under the authority of the Eaſt-India Company's charter, laboured under a ſimilar reſtraint: however, proviſions were made, by which the produce and manufactures of Ireland were to be exported to the Eaſt-Indies. In reſpect to the manufacturers of both countries, much had been ſaid about them in the evidence given at their Lordſhips' bar, and great difference of opinion had appeared during the examination. Great apprehenſions were entertained of the dangers to which this country was expoſed, on account of the low price of labour in Ireland; but he ſaw very little reaſon for ſuch fears. If a poor country, from the cheapneſs of labour, can ſurpaſs a great and opulent one, Ireland ought to be the richeſt and moſt flouriſhing part of the empire: but ſhe is not rich, though the price of labour is ſmall; and though ſhe did not pay a proportionable ſhare of taxes, yet ſhe was far, very far from rivalling England in point of commerce, though the latter was loaded with heavy burdens and impoſts. This ſerved to ſhew their Lordſhips, that great capitals have greater advantages to the people in carrying on manufactures, than the cheapneſs of labour. After dwelling on this part of the ſubject for ſome time, his Lordſhip proceeded to make ſome obſervations on the fourth propoſition, which appeared to have given riſe to much noiſe and tumult in Ireland. He ſaid, that the confuſion was chiefly occaſioned by a very erroneous judgment formed of this propoſition, as tending to ſubvert the right of Ireland to legiſlate for itſelf. His Lordſhip here adverted to the act of parliament paſſed in 1782, recognizing that right in Ireland, as introduced in the Iriſh parliament by Mr. Grattan. He dwelt ſome time on this, aſſerting that the fourth propoſition did not go ſo far

as the fears of the people made them think. The noble Lord then obſerved, that the reſolutions, if they paſſed into a law in the ſhape in which they now ſtood, would not be ſo injurious to the intereſts of this country as the people ſeemed to think they would, at the ſame time that they would be productive of ſome good to the people of Ireland. The noble Lord then ſtated the compenſation which Ireland was to give in return for the extenſion of commerce now granted her. This compenſation was the ſurplus of the hereditary revenue of that country, which would increaſe with the growing proſperity of that kingdom. He ſtated this increaſe at different periods, from the year 1687 to the year 1784. After dwelling a ſhort time upon this head, he obſerved, that any further comment from him on the ſubject was unneceſſary, as their Lordſhips were already in poſſeſſion of every circumſtance relative to it.—He concluded with moving, as the opinion of the Committee, "That it is conſiſtent with the eſſential intereſts of the manufactures, revenue, commerce, and navigation of Great-Britain, that a full participation of commercial advantages be permanently ſecured to Ireland, whenever a proviſion equally permanent and ſecure ſhall be made by the parliament of that kingdom towards defraying, in proportion to its growing proſperity, the neceſſary expences in time of peace, of protecting the trade and general intereſts of the empire."

Lord Carliſle roſe next, and, in a ſpeech of ſome length, endeavoured to prove the futility of the noble Lord's arguments: he began by obſerving, that he expected to hear from the noble Lord who had juſt ſat down, ſomething in ſupport of the reſolutions, and againſt the evidence given at their Lordſhips' bar, in order to prove the neceſſity of adopting the preſent propoſed meaſure; but he had been diſappointed, and could not help thinking that the noble Lord was wanting in his duty, particularly from the high ſituation which he held in this government, to omit the ſtating in his ſpeech ſo eſſential a part as the evidence. It ſpoke the ſenſe of the people, and was delivered in a language bold, nervous, and energetic; a language which merited their Lordſhips' attention. The manufacturers who appeared at their Lordſhips' bar only wanted time, and for that they called with a voice that ought to be heard and attended to. Their Lordſhips ſhould conſider, that this meaſure was to be final, concluſive, and irrevocable; that in ſuch caſe too much time could not be given to conſider of the reſolutions which were to be the baſis of ſuch a meaſure; a meaſure of ſo much conſequence and importance, and which involved in it the intereſts of the greateſt part of the people of this country. When a buſineſs of this nature was ſubmitted to their Lordſhips, it ought not to be hurried through with precipitation, but time ſhould be given for the due conſideration of it. His Lordſhip here entered into the body of the evidence which had been given, and with great ability applied it to the reſolutions, contending, that much time ought yet to be given for making an adjuſtment that would be more acceptable to both countries, the preſent propoſitions being execrated in Ireland as much as here. His Lordſhip wiſhed, therefore, for time to ſtrike out, if poſſible, ſome line for forming an adjuſtment that might be more acceptable to the wiſhes of both countries. His Lordſhip then animadverted on the fourth propoſition, which he deemed highly injurious to Ireland, in reſpect to her right of legiſlation, as by that propoſition this country could enact ſuch laws as ſhe choſe for Ireland, and bind her to the ſame regulations as England, however prejudicial or injurious they might be to Ireland. Such a propoſition, he ſaid, would again revive the act of the ſixth of George the Firſt, which was repealed in 1782, by the bill of Mr. Grattan. Lord Carliſle next entered very fully into the evidence delivered at the bar, and pleaded with great ability the cauſe of the different manufacturers that were heard. He took particular notice of the iron manufactory, as a branch of commerce that deſerved the moſt ſerious attention, and ſtated the hardſhips they muſt ſuffer, ſhould the preſent propoſitions paſs into a law, from the inequality there was between the duties upon the importation of iron into both countries. In England they paid a duty of 2l. 16s. while the manufacturers of that article paid for the importation of it into that kingdom, a duty of only 5s. and a fraction. This he thought an object of very great importance to that branch of commerce, eſpecially when taken with the great capital employed in it, to the amount of at leaſt ten millions ſterling, and four millions in the different works for carrying on the trade. Beſides which, there were many other circumſtances to be conſidered, ſuch as the number of hands employed in that article, amounting to near three hundred thouſand, with the very conſiderable ſums of money paid by it to the revenue. Theſe things his Lordſhip preſſed upon the Committee, as objects deſerving the moſt ſerious attention; for ſhould the reſolutions paſs into a law, ruin and deſtruction muſt follow to that branch. It could not, he obſerved, be ſaid that the cauſe of party or faction actuated thoſe who had appeared at their Lordſhips' bar to oppoſe the reſolutions; nothing but the intereſt of themſelves and their families, and many thouſand others to whom they gave an opportunity of gaining livelihoods, could have induced them

them to come forward. It was the cauſe of thoſe perſons, as well as of the people of England in general, that he wiſhed to ſupport from impending ruin, which, in his opinion, was coming on faſt, if not prevented. His Lordſhip combated with great ſucceſs the arguments of the noble Lord (Sydney) on the neceſſity of puſhing forward the meaſure, and concluded with moving, "That the Chairman leave the Chair, report progreſs, and have leave to ſit again."

Lord Coventry ſpoke in favour of the motion made by the laſt noble ſpeaker, contending for further time to conſider of the propoſitions before they paſſed into a law.

Lord Dudley alſo declared himſelf for Lord Carliſle's motion.

Lord Walſingham roſe next, and in a ſpeech of conſiderable length, went over the ſame ground with Lord Sydney, but in a more extenſive point of view. His Lordſhip confined his arguments to the principle of the reſolutions, and concluded with giving Lord Carliſle's motion his negative.

Lord Dudley replied, recapitulating the evidence given at the bar, which he thought alone ſufficient to induce their Lordſhips to poſtpone the buſineſs to a future day.

Lord Camden followed. — If the preſent reſolutions were ſo injurious to the intereſts of Great Britain, he thought they ought to be poſtponed *ad Calendas Græcas*; or if any noble Lord had any other plan that would better anſwer the end propoſed, let it be brought forward; he might depend upon having his ſupport. If any further information could be procured on the ſubject, he ſhould be very happy to receive it; but in the courſe of five or ſix months, which the reſolutions had taken up in diſcuſſing, ſuch information had been obtained, as, in his opinion, was ſufficient to enable their Lordſhips to give a decided vote that day.

Lord Stormont very ably ſupported Lord Carliſle's motion. He was on his legs two hours, and was followed by the Marquis of Lanſdown, who ſpoke largely in favour of the reſolutions.

Lord Loughborough ſpoke in anſwer to Lord Lanſdown, obſerving on ſomething that had fallen from his Lordſhip, which cauſed the noble Lord to riſe again in reply.

The Lord Chancellor, Lord King, Lord Derby, and Lord Stormont ſpoke; after which the queſtion was put on Lord Carliſle's motion, when there appeared,

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The original queſtion was then put, and carried without a diviſion.

July 11.

Their Lordſhips proceeded to examine the various clauſes of the Iriſh bill, in a committee of the whole Houſe.

Lord Loughborough objected to the wording of the firſt and ſecond propoſition, as defective not only in point of principle, but alſo of ſtyle and grammar. He could not allow, "That it was highly important to the general intereſts of the Britiſh Empire that" all the conceſſions intended to be made in theſe two reſolutions ſhould be granted. Neither did he approve of the *indicative* and *ſubjunctive* modes being coupled in the ſame ſentence: to do ſo, he ſaid, was to commit an error which any ſchool-boy would deſpiſe. He was of opinion, therefore, that the two firſt propoſitions ought to be reſtored to the form they had in the Houſe of Commons; that is, that the words above quoted ought to be left out, and made a motion to that purpoſe.

Lord Sydney argued, the general aſſertion, which ſtood in the beginning of the firſt propoſition, was an eligible one; and proper to run through all the propoſitions. He inſiſted alſo upon the neceſſity of mutual advantage to the ſiſter kingdom; and defended the ſteps which had been taken by the Miniſtry to ſupport the two firſt reſolutions as they then appeared.

Lord Stormont gave the hiſtory of the two reſolutions. He ſhewed the form in which they firſt appeared; the ſhapes they afterwards aſſumed; and how very defective they were at that moment, to thoſe who viewed them impartially. He had not a ſhadow of doubt, that ſeveral of the advantages propoſed to be granted to the Iriſh would be prejudicial to England. As an inſtance, he adduced their ſuperiority to the Britiſh in the linen manufacture. He proved alſo, a poor country may, in ſome articles, not only rival, but even excel a richer; and on the whole, felt no ſort of heſitation in approving of the motion of his noble and learned friend.

Lord Thurlow adverted to every circumſtance taken notice of by the noble and learned Lord, and by the Viſcount. The grammatical part of the reſolutions did not appear ſo faulty to him as it had been repreſented. At all events, the ſentiments they contained were juſt and highly commendable; and that, in his idea, was no unimportant feature.

Lord Loughborough obſerved, that the propoſition was ſtill objectionable on various grounds. The participation was ſtated as a full one. This, however, was by no means the caſe. Ireland could not be ſaid to enjoy a full participation of commercial advantages, ſo long as Great Britain claimed a monopoly in any ſingle article, yet this was the caſe at preſent. Great Britain claimed an excluſive right to the commerce of the Eaſt Indies. It might indeed be ſaid, that great part of the Eaſt-Indies was her's by conqueſt. But did this general obſervation apply to China?

The

The trade there was alſo excluſive; and he had never heard that China was in any reſpect dependant on this country. Why not admit Ireland then to a participation of that trade, provided the commercial participation was to be a full one? The propoſition, without ſome reſtriction, was contradictory and abſurd. He moved therefore, That inſtead of *full* the word *fair* be inſerted.

The Lord Chancellor hoped their Lordſhips would not be miſled by the noble Lord's animadverſions. It was neither fair nor juſt to reaſon from particular circumſtances. The trade of both countries was to be taken together; they were to be put in oppoſite ſcales, and a judgment was to be formed from thence of the general advantages and mutual compenſations of each. This was the fair way of deciding the queſtion; and he was convinced that, in this view, it would be found that Ireland was admitted to a *full* participation of commercial advantage.

Lord Fitzwilliam ſpoke in favour of the amendment.

Lord Stormont alſo contended for it.

The motion was then put by the chairman, that the word "*full*" continue part of the propoſition, which was carried without a diviſion.

Lord Loughborough expreſſed his regret at being once more under the neceſſity of ſoliciting the attention of the committee. There were ſtill ſeveral circumſtances, which ſtruck him as connected with the propoſition in its preſent ſhape. The contribution of Ireland, as fettled by it, and the equivalent this country was to receive from her on account of the *full* participation of her commerce, were by no means accurately aſcertained as at all adequate to the value of the object given away. In the firſt place, Ireland, purſuant to the tenure of the propoſition, was under obligation to contribute to the relief and ſupply of this nation only in time of peace. The reſt was left to her own ſpontaneous deciſion in time of war. If therefore the war was not pleaſing to her—if it was not conducted agreeable to her own ideas of propriety, ſhe might refuſe contributing at all. In ſuch event, this country would have no reſource. And as to the hereditary revenue, the boaſted equivalent for the trade of this country, what was it? Would any perſon in that Houſe preſume to ſet a value upon it? Would they eſtimate its ſurplus at a thouſand pounds? or would any one adventure to farm it even at five hundred? It had been aſſerted, that the hereditary revenue had encreaſed in proportion to the growing proſperity of Ireland. This, however, was not the caſe; a compariſon of it with the ſtate of Ireland for thirty years paſt ſhewed the contrary. Lord Loughborough then entered into a minute detail of the ſubject, and ſhewed that the growing proſperity of Ireland bore no reſpect to the hereditary revenue, but was perfectly diſtinct from it. It was abſurd therefore to preſume on that ground, as it was entirely fallacious. His Lordſhip moved, therefore, that inſtead of the word *whenever*, in the propoſition under conſideration, the words *and that*, ſhould be inſerted.

The Lord Chancellor contended, that the contribution was ſufficient, and well ſecured. The hereditary revenue was a productive and growing fund; and he made no doubt, notwithſtanding all the cavils of the noble Lord, that it would prove a full compenſation to this country.

Lord Stormont was perſuaded, that their Lordſhips would not allow a propoſition to paſs, which in its nature was ſo hoſtile to the intereſts of this country in time of national war and diſaſter. The generoſity of any country was not to be relied on. It was not enough that the ſovereign of this country was alſo the ſovereign of Ireland, and that he poſſeſſed the prerogative of making war. Every perſon knew that prerogative was nothing, if parliament were to withhold the ſupplies. It was proper, therefore, that Ireland ſhould be bound in the event of a war, to contribute to the ſupport of the common cauſe. This was what might be exacted; and if it were not done, this country would be injured. It belonged to her to make war. This was her *imperial right*; and if ſhe was not ſupported in her exertion of this privilege, it would be of no avail. He was the more zealous in this point, as it was his firm opinion, that if ever this country went to war with any foreign and neighbouring ſtate, the hoſtility would commence by offering a neutrality to Ireland

The queſtion was then put, that the word *whenever* continue part of the propoſition, which was carried without a diviſion.

The converſation afterwards continuing irregular, it will be ſufficient to ſay, that the chief points in diſcuſſion were the exports and imports of Britain and Ireland; and that about ten o'clock their Lordſhips adjourned.

JULY 12.

The Houſe, in a committee on the Iriſh reſolutions, proceeded to debate the third reſolution, and ſome amendments which were propoſed by Lord Loughborough, were negatived without a diviſion.

The fourth reſolution was next read by the Chairman, and agreed to without any debate.

The fifth propoſition gave riſe to a converſation of no conſiderable length. Lord Loughborough and Lord Thurlow, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Stormont, and the Duke of Richmond, were the principal ſpeakers. The point on which they ſpoke was a motion of Lord Loughborough's, by which the articles

of "arrack, brandy, and all ſorts of ſtrong waters," were to be added to the liſt of articles to be charged with duty on being imported into Ireland. The motion was vigorouſly oppoſed; and on a diviſion there were contents 12, non-contents 27, majority 15.

Nothing worthy of particular notice occurred, till their Lordſhips had come to the 8th propoſition, when Lord Stormont made a very long and maſterly ſpeech in favour of the iron manufacturers. He moved, "That the Iriſh exports and imports to and from the United States of America, be the ſame as in Great Britain."

Lord Stormont, Lord Thurlow, Lord Hopetoun, and the Duke of Richmond, delivered their ſentiments. A diviſion at length took place on Lord Stormont's motion, and the numbers ſtood as follow: contents 15, non-contents 41, majority 26. Adjourned.

HOUSE of COMMONS.

JULY 1.

THE Houſe having reſolved itſelf into a committee on the bill for impoſing an additional duty on the licences of hawkers and pedlers,

Sir Adam Ferguſon ſtated the very obvious iniquity that would enſue of extending this bill to Scotland, contrary to the original intention. It would, he ſaid, be taking the pedlers and hawkers there unawares, without giving them the ſame opportunity of exerciſing their profeſſion as in England.

Mr. Dempſter was convinced, that the extenſion of this tax to Scotland would deſtroy the hawkers and pedlers there altogether, as few of their packs were worth the duty intended to be impoſed.

Mr. Grenville did not ſee how Scotland could plead an exemption.

Sir Adam Ferguſon remarked on the original progreſs of the tax. It had been originally impoſed by king William for a ſpecific purpoſe, and during a particular period. The act of Queen Anne, which continued the duty, was not poſterior to the union of the two kingdoms, and conſequently could not influence the leſſer kingdom. He read the act.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer owned, that the regulation of the 5th of Queen Anne did not extend the duty to Scotland. It was to be in force for ninety-ſix years from the year 1710, conſequently Scotland would not be ſubjected to that duty till the year 1806, when it would be included in conſequence of a poſterior act of Geo. I. which perpetuated all acts impoſing duties for particular periods. He could not, however, conceive any reaſon for exempting Scotland at the preſent period.

Mr. Dundas differed from his Right Hon. friend; he was ſatisfied that the duty extended to Scotland would ruin many people in trade. He did not mean the great ſhopkeepers in Edinburgh, but the little merchants in remote villages, who were commonly ſupplied by hawkers and pedlers. They would, by the propoſed regulation, be entirely deprived of reſource. He thought they ſhould have an opportunity of being heard, and doing themſelves juſtice. He declared his firm perſuaſion that the ſhopkeepers of Edinburgh would not complain of the tax, their ſhops being generally detached from their houſes.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer owned, he did not lay any conſiderable ſtreſs on the productiveneſs of the tax.

Mr. Grenville moved, that the chairman leave the chair.

Mr. Dempſter ſeconded the motion, as wiſhing the whole buſineſs might be poſtponed for the purpoſe of enquiry.

Col. Phipps ſpoke againſt the motion.

Sir James Erſkine ſaid, he was inſtructed to ſupport the bill for impoſing additional duties on hawkers and pedlers, by his conſtituents, and was happy that their ſentiments and his concurred on the ſubject.

The Hon. Edward Norton condemned the principle of the bill.

Mr. M. A. Taylor ſpoke in ſupport of the bill.

Sir James Johnſtone ſpoke againſt the bill; as the advocate of the unfortunate he could not, he ſaid, be ſilent on the preſent occaſion.

Sir Adam Ferguſon ſpoke againſt the bill. He had it from good authority, that in a diſtrict where 230 of theſe traders now exiſted, not above thirty would be able to continue their buſineſs, if the preſent bill paſſed.

The queſtion being then put, that the chairman leave the chair, a diviſion enſued, when there appeared Ayes 12, Noes 40, Majority 28.

After going through the remaining clauſes of the bill, the Houſe adjourned.

JULY 4.

The Houſe, in a Committee to conſider of the Britiſh Fiſheries, came to the following reſolutions:—

"That every buſs, or fiſhing veſſel, properly fitted out, and furniſhed as by law required, ſhall be allowed to clear out of any port in Great Britain between the firſt of June and the firſt of October, to proceed to their fiſhery ſtation, to caſt their nets, with-

on

out being obliged to rendezvous at any other port or place.

"That the maſters of buſſes or fiſhing veſſels, employed in the herring fiſhery, ſhall be at liberty to purchaſe freſh herrings of boat-fiſhers, and to land them on oath at any port in Great Britain.

"That for reviving and encouraging the cod fiſhery in the North Seas, and in Ireland, the owners of any veſſels employed there, ſhall be at liberty to uſe in the ſaid fiſhery, Britiſh-made ſalt, duty free, &c.

"That buſſes, and other fiſhing veſſels, ſhall in future be permitted to be entered for the bounty, without limitation of their burthen or tonnage; except that no veſſel of leſs than 30 tons ſhall be intitled to any bounty; and except that no buſs, or other veſſel, ſhall be intitled to the bounty for more than 80 tons, although of a larger burden.

"That all veſſels employed in the herring fiſhery ſhall be allowed, during their continuance at ſea, to catch and cure cod, ling, and hake, as well as herring, and be ſubject to the ſame regulations, and to have the ſame privileges of curing fiſh with ſalt, duty free, &c.

"That duties payable on fiſh caught and cured by Britiſh ſubjects, ſuch fiſh being entered and landed as by law required for freſh fiſh for home conſumption, ſhall ceaſe and diſcontinue. The ſaid reſolutions to be reported next day.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer obſerved, that much harm was likely to reſult from the practice of exporting the tools uſed in the iron manufactory. This improper practice had given great and juſt alarm, in his opinion, eſpecially to the parties more immediately concerned. He ſhould therefore move for leave to bring in a bill for preventing the exportation of tools made uſe of in the iron manufactory.

The motion paſſed unanimouſly, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and others, were accordingly named to prepare and bring in a bill to that purpoſe.

JULY 5.

On the order of the day being read for going into a Committee on the Bill for ſhortening the duration of Polls, and limiting the time for Scrutinies at future Elections,

Mr. Fox roſe to object to the Speaker leaving the chair, as the preamble ſtated that difficulties MIGHT ariſe for the want of the returns of writs in due time, &c. which, in his opinion, was meant chiefly to refer to and juſtify the proceedings of the late election for Weſtminſter.

The Attorney-General ſaid a few words in ſupport of the Bill; after which the queſtion was put for leaving the chair; when there appeared Ayes 72, Noes 32.

After much entreaty, the Solicitor-General was prevailed on to take the chair, and the blank for the time when the Bill ſhould take place was filled up with the FIRST DAY OF AUGUST, 1785, and the hours of polling to be not before eight in the morning, nor later than four in the afternoon. When they came to the blank to fix the number of days for an election to laſt,

The Attorney-General propoſed to make it ten days for counties, and eight days for cities and boroughs; but before he ſat down, altered his opinion to fifteen clear days for counties, and ten days for cities and boroughs.

Mr. Fox, Lord North, and ſeveral others, attacked the principle of the bill, and contended, that as there was no appearance of a general election, there was no neceſſity of altering the law of the land in ſo material a point, eſpecially at ſo late a period of the year; but might defer the bill until early in the next ſeſſions, and then bring it forward in a more perfect ſhape; for which purpoſe Mr. Fox moved, that the Chairman do leave the chair.

This brought on a converſation of conſiderable length, in which Mr. Pitt, the Attorney-General, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Eden, were ſeveral times up in reply, and in explanation.

About half paſt nine o'clock the queſtion was put, that the Chairman do leave the chair, and the Committee divided, ayes 44, noes 89.

JULY 6.

The order of the day being read for the Houſe to go into a Committee for reſuming the conſideration of the bill brought in by the Attorney-General for limiting the duration of polls and ſcrutinies,

Mr. Courtenay roſe, and expreſſed his averſion that a ſubject of ſuch magnitude and importance ſhould come under diſcuſſion in ſo thin a houſe; and as he did not believe there were forty members preſent, he would ſuggeſt the propriety of the Chairman's leaving the chair, though, by giving that intimation, he was not to be underſtood as pledging himſelf to move any queſtion on the ſubject.

Mr. Pitt expreſſed his ſurprize that the Honourable Gentleman ſhould ſignify a deſire that the Chairman ſhould quit the chair, and endeavour to protract the buſineſs on the plea of a thin houſe, after it had been agreed, in a preceding ſtage of this buſineſs, that the clauſe ſhould be gone through, in order that the bill might be printed; to allow of which gentlemen had agreed to poſtpone their objections.

The Houſe then reſolved itſelf into a Committee on the above bill; and after the blanks had been filled up, and ſeveral amendments introduced, the Houſe reſumed itſelf, and received

ceived the report, which was ordered to be printed, and appointed for conſideration on Friday next.

Mr. Roſe having moved for the Houſe to reſolve itſelf into a Committee for conſidering a clauſe to be added to the Hawkers and Pedlers bill, by way of rider, the Committee was accordingly formed, and Mr. Roſe brought up the clauſe; which being received, the Speaker reſumed the chair, when the report of the above clauſe being brought up,

Mr. Gilbert roſe to expreſs his diſapprobation of the bill for the better regulation of Hawkers and Pedlers, and mentioned, that it would, if paſſed into a law, tend to the ruin of a great number of honeſt and induſtrious people, reſident in a part of the country which he had the honour to repreſent, and therefore he would ſuggeſt to the Right Hon. Gentleman (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) the propriety of inſerting in the bill an exempting clauſe in behalf of the inhabitants of the particular place to which he had alluded. No anſwer was given.

JULY 7.

In a Committee to conſider of the Act relating to Medicines, came to the following reſolutions: That the duties impoſed by an Act of the 23d of his preſent Majeſty do ceaſe and determine.—That for every and upon all packets, box, bottle, phial, or other incloſure, containing drugs, oils, eſſence, tinctures, powders, or other preparations uſed for the relief of the human body, which ſhall be vended in Great Britain, there ſhall be charged a ſtamp duty as follows: Where the contents exceed not 1s. a ſtamp duty of 1½d. and of that value and not exceeding 2s. 6d. a ſtamp duty of 3d. and above 2s. 6d. and under 5s. a ſtamp duty of 6d. and of the value of 5s. a ſtamp duty of 1s.—That every perſon vending the above drugs, oils, &c. if reſident within the cities of London, Weſtminſter, and the borough of Southwark, or city of Edinburgh, ſhall take out a licence, chargeable with a ſtamp duty of 20s. and in other parts a ſtamp duty of 5s.

JULY 8.

The bill to prohibit the exportation of tools, &c. uſed in the iron manufacture, and for preventing artificers in thoſe branches from being ſeduced out of the kingdom, being then read a firſt time,

Mr. Sheridan wiſhed to be informed whether the Gentleman who had been nominated to bring in the bill, was appriſed that it was drawn in ſuch a manner as to comprehend Ireland.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer whiſpered acroſs the table, that he was not informed preciſely of the contents of the bill, as not having yet read it.

Mr. Sheridan expreſſed himſelf extremely ſurpriſed at receiving this anſwer from one of his Majeſty's Miniſters. He had peruſed the bill, and to his great aſtoniſhment had found that it did extend to Ireland. It particularized fifty-ſix kinds of implements uſed in the manufacture of iron and ſteel, none of which, nor the models of them, could, according to the preſent bill, be ſent to Ireland, without heavy penalties being incurred.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer ſaid, it was not intended that the bill ſhould extend to Ireland; its object was to protect a particular branch of trade, by enacting proviſions ſimilar to thoſe which the wiſdom of parliament had eſtabliſhed in favour of other manufactures. If it appeared that Ireland was put upon the ſame footing with foreign countries, he would only declare, that ſuch intention had never exiſted, or that the error in wording the bill muſt have been the reſult of inadvertency.

Mr. Roſe alſo avowed that he had not read the bill. If ſhame on this account was his due, he would take it to himſelf; but he muſt be permitted to add, that he had no deſign of including Ireland. He meant to have read and maturely conſidered the bill before it was brought into the Houſe, but from an unavoidable circumſtance he had been prevented from coming down ſo early as uſual, and by what means it was brought in in his abſence he knew not. He had given inſtructions to the Solicitor of the Cuſtoms for drawing up the bill, and had intimated that the caſe of Ireland was to be particularly adverted to; the defect pointed out by the Hon. Gentleman muſt therefore have been a miſtake.

Mr. J. H. Browne ſaid, the bill had its origin in the application of a number of reſpectable inhabitants of Birmingham, and other places, where iron and ſteel were manufactured, in conſequence of the apprehenſion of injury to their trade, from the tools and utenſils uſed therein being ſent to foreign countries, particularly into Germany, and their artizans ſeduced to ſettle abroad.

Mr. Sheridan moved that it be printed for the uſe of the Members.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer oppoſed Mr. Sheridan's motion. The Hon. Gentleman, he ſaid, who affected to tender a concern leſt the bill ſhould give riſe to diſcontent and alarm in Ireland, inſtead of giving the Houſe time to correct an error of inadvertency, which the bill was, on both ſides, admitted to contain, wanted to realize the diſcontents he had predicted.

Sir James Erſkine was perſuaded that his Hon. Friend (Mr. Sheridan) had been prompted to move for the bill to be printed, by no other motive than that of giving the

Houſe an opportunity of deliberately conſidering it, and of guarding againſt the miſchievous effects which his Majeſty's Miniſters ſeemed not inclined to avert.

Mr. Eden lamented that the matter had been agitated with ſo much warmth. The bill, however, as it now ſtood, did not include Ireland; yet he hoped his Hon. Friend would not perſiſt in his motion for having it printed, as it was clearly underſtood that the objections were to be done away.

Mr. Sheridan agreed to withdraw his motion, provided it was to be underſtood that the defects he had pointed out ſhould be rectified.

The motion being accordingly withdrawn, Mr. Sheridan ſaid it had occurred to him that the more eligible way of proceeding with the buſineſs would be to read the bill a ſecond time, and introduce the amendments in a committee.

The bill was then read a ſecond time, and referred to a Committee of the whole Houſe.

The Speaker having next put the queſtion, that the bill for laying an additional duty upon Hawkers and Pedlers be then read a third time,

Mr. Coke roſe, and after obſerving that the bill would be very oppreſſive to a numerous claſs of induſtrious and induſtrious people, ſaid he had a clauſe to propoſe in order to give them ſome relief. The Speaker told the Hon. Member, that when a clauſe was propoſed to be added to a bill by way of rider, the practice of the Houſe was, that the clauſe could not be received unleſs it was engroſſed.

The Attorney-General ſtated it as his opinion, that there would be no impropriety in poſtponing the third reading of the bill till Monday, by which time the clauſe might be engroſſed.

Mr. Coke then read the clauſe, which purported, that all perſons in poſſeſſion of Hawkers licences ſhould be permitted to follow their reſpective trades and occupations in all cities and towns, notwithſtanding any charters, privileges, or eſtabliſhed uſages to the contrary. He ſaid he had taken precifely the words of the act of parliament for granting to ſailors and ſoldiers the privilege he meant to extend to hawkers and pedlers; and concluded with an appeal to the humanity of the Houſe to adopt this clauſe.

Mr. Charles Robinſon oppoſed the clauſe, as calculated to defeat and render ineffectual the principal object of the bill.

Mr. M. A. Taylor declared himſelf averſe to hawkers and pedlers being permitted to travel about the country, to the injury of the reſident traders; but he did not ſee any inconvenience that could ariſe from the clauſe propoſed by the Hon. Member.

Mr. Popham oppoſed the clauſe, as tending to give the hawkers advantages over the eſtabliſhed ſhop-keeper.

Mr. Gilbert ſpoke in favour of the clauſe, obſerving, that ſuch hawkers and pedlers as might ſettle in cities or corporate towns would be ſubject to all the parochial and other burthens upon other houſeholders.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought it unneceſſary to protract a debate upon this buſineſs, as the only point the Houſe had to decide upon was, whether it was expedient to poſtpone the third reading of the bill till Monday, that time might be afforded to conſider the clauſe.

The Speaker obſerved, that the bill was not to create a new, but to make additions to an old tax, therefore could only affect thoſe who were objects of the tax before. In this he was joined by Mr. Robinſon.

The queſtion was then put and carried for deferring the third reading of the bill till Monday.

JULY 11.

The order of the day for the further conſideration of the bill relative to polls and ſcrutinies being then read, the ſeveral amendments were ſubmitted to the Houſe, and agreed to; during the courſe of which, a ſhort deſultory converſation took place between Mr. Popham, Mr. Sheridan, the Attorney-General, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir James Erſkine reprobated the principle of the bill, and ſtated many deficiencies as arguments for its recommitment; after which he moved, that it be recommitted.

Mr. Sawbridge ſeconded the motion.

The Attorney-General oppoſed it, pleading the urgency of the buſineſs for their immediate procedure.

Mr. Sheridan pointed out ſeveral impropriеties in the bill, and argued for its recommitment.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer ridiculed the Hon. Gentleman's inconſiſtency, adding ironically, that he would agree to the motion of the recommitment, provided he was certain of the aſſiſtance of ſuch abilities. But as he was doubtful of his opinion, and uncertain how long he might remain in the humour of impartiality, he would oppoſe the motion.

Mr. Sheridan retorted on the Right Hon. Gentleman, obſerving, that he had forgot how much he had, on ſeveral important occaſions, been obliged to him and his friends for the aſſiſtance given to his new ſyſtems in the different committees.

The queſtion being then put, Sir James Erſkine's motion was negatived.

Mr. Brickdale then moved for leave to bring in a clauſe, particularly ſpecifying thoſe who

who come under the denomination of paupers.

Lord Mahon objected to it.

Sir George Younge, Mr. Pitt, and the Solicitor General, oppoſed the motion.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge and Mr. Eden, &c. ſupported it.

The queſtion being then put, the Houſe divided, and there appeared Ayes 12, Noes 28, the motion was of courſe rejected. Sir James Erſkine next propoſed a clauſe for regulating the conduct of the returning officer, reſpecting the majority and minority of votes on the poll books.

On this clauſe the Houſe was about to divide, and ſtrangers were ordered to withdraw; but an agreement took place; after which ſeveral amendments were propoſed, ſome of which were agreed to, and others rejected.

JULY 12.

The Speaker having put the queſtion, that the bill for impoſing an additional duty upon hawkers and pedlers be now read a third time,

Mr. Eden contended that the bill was ſo worded, as to attach upon people whom it could not be in the intention of the Houſe to be affected by it; for it ſtated that no perſons whatſoever, except reſident houſholders, ſhould be permitted to ſell goods in market-towns, or within two miles thereof; ſo that the reſtriction would not only extend to hawkers and pedlers and petty chapmen, but to people of every other deſcription, and conſequently would include auctioneers, who were authoriſed by law to carry on trade, and paid an annual ſum to Government for that privilege.

Mr. Attorney-General agreed with the Hon. Gentleman, that there was an inaccuracy in wording the ſecond clauſe; however, he conceived it would be removed by the inſertion of the word *ſuch*, which would be relative to the hawkers and pedlers and petty chapmen, ſpecially named in the preceding clauſe, and the operation of the act would be confined to the perſons ſo deſcribed.

Mr. Coke brought up a clauſe to be added to the bill by way of rider, for extending to perſons poſſeſſing hawkers licences at the time of paſſing this bill, the privilege of following any trade or occupation in cities and corporate towns, and putting them in this reſpect upon a footing with perſons who have ſerved his Majeſty by ſea or land.

Mr. Popham oppoſed the clauſe, becauſe the object of the bill was to give ſome compenſation to the ſhop-keepers for the ſevere tax lately impoſed upon them; and therefore, if the clauſe was adopted, that object would be in a great meaſure defeated: beſides, he thought the Houſe ought not to countenance the clauſe in this ſtage of the buſineſs; for by its being offered on the third reading, the ſhop-keepers were precluded from the opportunity of being heard againſt it by counſel.

The Attorney-General wiſhed to relieve the hawkers and pedlers from the great ſeverity of this bill; and ſaid it was extremely hard, that after depriving men of one lawful occupation, they ſhould not be permitted to follow ſome other their talents might ſuit.

Mr. Gilbert ſupported the clauſe, and ſoon after he had began to ſpeak, ſtrangers were ordered to withdraw. Adjourned.

[*To be continued.*]

IRISH PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ON Thurſday the 11th of Auguſt the Iriſh Houſe of Commons having met purſuant to their laſt adjournment, after ſome debate it was agreed to adjourn till the next day, the 12th. On that day Mr. Orde moved for leave to bring in a bill, founded upon the Propoſitions, which, after a very long and vehement debate, was carried by a majority of nineteen. In this debate Mr. Flood, Mr. Monk Maſon, and all the great ſpeakers bore a part. Mr. Grattan was on his legs two hours and a half. —The gentlemen on the minority ſide having then expreſſed an intention of moving ſome reſolutions declaratory of the independence of Ireland, to prevent this, a motion was made to adjourn, and carried by a majority of ſixteen.

Mr. Grattan's ſpeech may be conſidered as the voice of the Antiminiſterial ſide of the Iriſh Parliament, and as the voice of the people of Ireland; we therefore preſent it to our readers:

"In 1779, (ſaid Mr. Grattan) you aſked for two things, a foreign trade and a plantation trade: by the ſettlement of the year 1779, you obtained a plantation trade, a right to trade to the colonies of Great Britain, and you got it upon conditions; but then you had an election, you were not confined; if you choſe to deal with the Britiſh Colonies, Britain had a right to tell you upon what conditions you ſhould deal with them. In the year 1782, you were declared by the virtue of the peo-

ple independent; you had a right as an independent nation to trade with every foreign ſtate; but, by the preſent ſyſtem, you are to reſtrain your plantation trade; you are to reſtrain your foreign trade; you are called upon to barter your free conſtitution for a reſtraint of commerce: you are to reſtrain your trade to the Eaſt; you are to reſtrain your trade to the Weſt; you are to give a preference to the Britiſh iſlands, where you purchaſe dear; and you are not to trade with other iſlands, where you might obtain the ſame articles cheaper, and where you might eſtabliſh in every one of them a market for your own manufactures. You are told you muſt not paſs the Cape of Good Hope; and for this you are to barter your conſtitution. You are to open the ſettlement of 1779; you are to open the ſettlement of 1782; and you are called upon to make a new ſettlement, which is to deſtroy your freedom as a nation: it is to barter the conſtitution—it is to barter the rights of the people, and deſtroy what God and Nature gave them!

"I aſk you, do you come prepared—have you authority to do ſo? Is the Addreſs of this Houſe an authority? Are the Eleven Propoſitions an authority? Have you the power, ſitting here in a delegated capacity, to guard the rights of the people? Have you the power to relinquiſh them? I ſay you have not, and I ſay it from authority; I ſay it from Mr. Locke. That great man declares, that whenever the legiſlature of a country gives up its legiſlative capacity to another, it is an abdication of their power, and the people have a right to form a new Government. The people may ſubmit, it is true, but they may alſo reſiſt. You are proſcribed from going further than the Cape of Good Hope—you are to give up Indoſtan, the borders of China, and even China itſelf. What power on earth can ſay to an independent nation, Thus far ſhall you go, and no farther? It has more the appearance of the reſentment of God, than of an act of Parliament, and bears in it no human trait, ſave its preſumption: but if you had the power, would you be wiſe in doing ſo?—Would you be wiſe, when you are aſking for trade, to put that trade into other hands to regulate—into the hands of a rival? Who can tell what benefits you might receive, if you have received ſome, though not as extenſive as perhaps you might have expected; and who can tell how many more you might receive in time? But the Engliſh laws are to be equally beneficial, and to contain equal reſtraints on both countries—Why, equal reſtraints would ruin us. Can a poor country contend with a rich one? If Great-Britain with all her heavy fund of debt and heavy taxes, but with all her excellence, large capitals, and experience, can vie with you, can ſurpaſs you—can Ireland expect, though not labouring under near ſo heavy a debt, but with all her poverty and inexperience, to vie with her, when loaded with equal taxation? But ſee what the Right Hon. Gentleman has ſaid relative to the Eaſt-Indies, when the Company's charter ſhall expire. If they remain the property of Great-Britain, or if they become the property of any other nation, you will have a right to trade with them on the ſame footing with Great-Britain; that is, while they are the monopoly of the Company, you muſt leave them that monopoly; but if Great-Britain ſhall at any time refuſe to renew the charter, then you are to trade with them under any reſtraints which Great-Britain ſhall think proper to propoſe. Should you at any time excel Great Britain in any article, ſhe has only to raiſe the duty upon that article, and ſhe for ever ſhuts her ports againſt it: you muſt ſee then how abſurd it is to think of poſſeſſing trade, if you give up the regulation of that trade. The folly, the evils are ſo evident, that it looks as if God, a friend to the conſtitution of Ireland, had annexed thoſe pains and penalties to deter you from deſtroying it. If you agree to the preſent bill, you will exhibit a phenomenon to the world; you will exhibit at one time the glorious atchievement of your conſtitution, by the greateſt magnanimity and virtue, and in three years afterwards the relinquiſhment of your liberty, and a decline into the moſt abject ſlavery. But what is it at beſt? It is the barter of conſtitution for commerce.

"I know it is ſaid, whenever you chuſe to have your conſtitution, you may have it; but then you muſt give up your commerce. Now, either it is to be beneficial, or it is not. If it is not, why make the ſettlement at all? and if it is, why leave us the only means to liberty, when the intereſt of individuals, and the increaſed power of the Crown, may render us unable to effect it? But, Sir, will the people, high-ſpirited and virtuous as they are, conſent to ſuch a relinquiſhment? Sir, this is not the means to eſtabliſh peace: to do that, you muſt inſpire the people with a confidence in your integrity. We have ſeen the people interfere: we have been ſometimes proud to ſee them take the lead. Let us now precede them, and ſhew them the Parliament will ſupport that independence which the people for the Parliament obtained. Thoſe are the ways of pleaſantneſs, and all their paths are peace!—It is true, Sir, the Right Hon. Gentleman has opened his buſineſs with great delicacy: he has not wounded our ears—but the bill is deſtructive of our rights. The fourth Propoſition, that has been ſo much cenſured, is not more reprehenſible,

in my opinion, than the fifth, ſixth, and the ninth: theſe all equally tend to legiſlation; and if you agree to the principle, you open the ſettlement of 1779; you open the ſettlement of 1782; you reſtrain your foreign trade, which, as an independent nation, you have no right to do, and Ireland is undone.

'The poverty and diſtreſs of our manufacturers made a clamour of protecting duties, that they might have a preference in their domeſtic markets: their demand laid the firſt foundation of the Commercial Regulations; it made the partial explanation of the Navigation Act take place, and brought on an unequal compact reſpecting the Weſt-India trade, by which the commerce of Ireland began to be again bound by Britiſh regulations. Ireland had, indeed, ceaſed to be a province of Great Britain in 1782, but the provincial regulations ſtill remained; and now thoſe regulations, and all others that Great Britain may think proper to make, muſt be perpetual. You are to be for ever bound to the Eaſt-India monopoly; you are to be reſtricted in your trade to every part. But let me aſk, what right has one nation to ſay to another, "Thus far you ſhall trade, and no further." The command is like a judgment of God—its preclusion has immenſity in point of ſpace, and eternity in point of duration.

"And what is the conſideration for all this? I am almoſt aſhamed to mention it—The ſhips of the Eaſt-India Company may, if they pleaſe, when outward-bound from London to Aſia, come out of their way to take goods on board here! What a pitiful and abſurd condition?

"When, in order to equalize the duties on the produce of the Britiſh Plantations, to prevent ſmuggling, we are told we raiſed the duty on the articles to what it was in England, it was, no doubt, a heavy tax on the conſumers; but now that we are for ever bound to deal only with the Britiſh Plantations, that tax becomes a grievous oppreſſion, as we are tied to the Weſt-India monopoly of England. And what does the Miniſter offer us for all this? A viſionary reciprocity, which we find really conſiſts in an equality of burdens, which England may bear, but Ireland cannot.

"I call upon the Houſe, I call upon the Treaſury Bench, to know what authority you have to ſurrender the free trade of 1779? for what you are going upon now is not a ſettlement, but a doing away of all ſettlement. I ſtill repeat, that no trade can exiſt, which you cannot govern: this truth every man, though he is not a merchant, muſt know. Now as to the great queſtion—Will you give up the independence of your legiſlature, and accede to a virtual union with England, differing only from what Scotland agreed to, in that your Parliament is to ſurvive its authority?

"The principles of this bill are, that any authority in the Iriſh Parliament is incompatible with the Britiſh empire. Let me tell you, however, once more, that you are the delegated, but limited truſtees of the nation, and cannot ſurrender its conſtitution. And ſhould you now admit and paſs this bill, the conſtitution of Ireland, not ſubject, like man, to caſual mortality, ſhall, ere one year paſſes, raiſe again its honoured head, and flouriſh in native ſplendor."

On Monday, Auguſt 15, Mr. Secretary Orde roſe, and ſaid, that he hoped the plan which Miniſters were determined to purſue in the very important buſineſs of the commercial regulations, was ſo candid and equitable, that it would not only preclude the neceſſity of the motion which a Right Hon. Gentleman had intimated for this day, but would alſo render the debate unneceſſary. It was his intention after preſenting the bill, to move that it ſhould be read a firſt time—then to move that it ſhould be printed—and afterwards move for an adjournment, to give the Members of that Houſe, and the conſtituents in the country, time to examine and diſcuſs its merits. Having brought up the bill, he then moved that it be read a firſt time. This was accordingly done, and the bill ordered to be printed.

Mr. Flood ſaid, there was nothing in the plan of the Right Hon. Gentleman which ſatisfied his mind, or ought to ſatisfy the minds of Gentlemen. He had given notice of a motion, by which that Houſe had it in their power to guard the nation againſt the conſequences of the bill which was now on their table. The reſolution he meant to move would declare, that no authority could take from the Iriſh parliament its exerciſe of the power of legiſlating for Ireland commercially, and externally as well as internally. That declaration he conceived to be indiſpenſible, and it was ſtill his purpoſe to move the reſolution.

Mr Secretary Orde ſaid, he wiſhed to ſatisfy the Houſe, that the motion was unneceſſary—at leaſt it was unſeaſonable—not provoked by any thing which Miniſters were then urging—and to do away effectually all ſhow of argument on the neceſſity or the expediency of ſuch a motion, he now ſtood up, he ſaid, "to pledge himſelf to the Houſe, "that Government ſhould not agitate the bill "further in the preſent ſeſſion." He had confidence in the Houſe, that after ſo explicit a declaration, they would not oppoſe a motion, "That the Houſe do now adjourn "to this day three weeks." He accordingly concluded with moving this queſtion.

Adc-

A debate of between ſeven and eight hours now took place, which was conducted with much heat and acrimony.

The Attorney-General warned Gentlemen of the danger of rejecting the ſcheme. He hinted at the inſecure quality of the Iriſh tenures, their internal diſſentions from difference of religion, the probability that the natural and obſervant rival of the Britiſh empire would be quick in fomenting diſcord between the ſiſter kingdoms, and ſtrain every nerve to bring it to a rupture. In caſe of a rupture, what muſt be their fate? England was a lion not eaſily provoked; but when arouſed, not eaſily ſubdued—Ireland was a whelp, eaſy to provoke, and eaſy to quiet——Here he was called to order.

Mr. Flood reprobated his language—He had never heard a ſpeech more miſchievouſly charged with inflammatory and infectious matter—He had never witneſſed ſuch wanton and dangerous aſperſions on the honour and integrity of his country. It was a ſpeech of rank and unjuſtifiable inflammation, and of fancy folly. The Attorney-General called him to order, complained of the perſonalities—and moved that the words ſhould be taken down.

Mr. Flood would not retract them, and the Attorney-General inſiſted on their being taken down if he would not. A long and warm altercation enſued on the point of order, in which Sir Henry Cavendiſh was involved; and the Attorney-General and Mr. Curren had alſo a diſpute, in which the latter retorted on the former with ſo much point, that the Attorney-General left his ſeat. [A duel was the conſequence, but happily without any hurt to either.]

Mr. Secretary Orde finding the ſenſe of the Houſe ſo ſtrongly and emphatically againſt the bill, again roſe and ſaid, that as Gentlemen were ſo pointed and warm in their oppoſition to the bill, he would now give them an aſſurance in the name of Manſters, which he truſted would ſatisfy them. He was authoriſed to ſay, "That Government never "would, neither in the preſent Seſſion, nor "in any future period, agitate the bill, or pre-"ſent it again to the Houſe, unleſs it was "called for by the parliament and people of "Ireland."

After ſome further debate, in which this declaration of the Miniſter was treated as a total abandonment of the ſyſtem, and as the funeral knell of the bill, it was reſolved to agree to the motion of adjournment for three weeks.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

ON the 26th of July, All's Well That Ends Well, by Shakſpeare, altered by Mr. Pilon, and reduced to Three Acts, was performed for the benefit of Mr. Banniſter, jun. This alteration was made with little judgment. The parts of Bertrand and Helena were left without any importance or intereſt; and the character of Paroles, repreſented by Mr. Banniſter, loſt much of its effect by injudicious omiſſions. If any thing can be offered to palliate ſuch mangling of Shakſpeare, we apprehend it muſt be looked for in the liberty uſually indulged at benefits. Previous to the performance, the following

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. PILON,

Was ſpoken by Mr. BANNISTER, jun.

AS wary Generals, ere they riſque a fight,
Send ſpies to range the hoſtile camp at night;
Or as pioneers clad in groteſque array,
Before an army march their grimly way;
So ere the Piece, the Prologue ſtill is found
To mark the ambuſh, or to clear the ground,
With laughter loving whim to cheer the town,
And calm the terrors of the Critic's frown.
But where ſhall much-lov'd Novelty be found?
London ſcene lies buried in a ſleep profound;
Oh! for electric Graham's aid once more,
Our paralytic feelings to reſtore;
His giants now methinks before me riſe,
Gilt on their hats, and famine in their eyes,
Great as tall Patrick, though not quite his ſize.
Were we but bleſt to ſee return again
The ſhout-liv'd ſplendours of his Pall-Mall reign,
In vain would yelping armies cities ſack,
By General Jackoo led to the attack,
And e'en the vocal Duck would dive beneath the Quack.
But far from town muſt Fancy ſtretch her wing,
For ſomething new before this Houſe to bring:
Now, for Brighthelmſtone poſts the town-bred ſpark
(That kind of ſea and land St. James's Park),
Where Venus to her native ocean flies,
With livelier bloom from out the waves to riſe;
Now azure ſkies and ſummer's heats prevail,
And hoys, in fleets, to well-throng'd Margate ſail:
The Margate hoy! well-freighted—what a ſcene
For Hogarth's pencil, in a laughing vein!

Stow'd

Stow'd 'twixt two hen-coops, Moſes Ephraim cries,
My Got! my Got! how high the waves do riſe;
How oft to Margate in a boyſh I'd go,
If ſtockſh and intereſtſh wou'd riſe up ſo!
Arrah! be eaſy, ſaid an Iriſh blade,
I thought all Jews were of the ſtocks afraid;
I never ſaw you ſure, when firſt we met,
Or in the boy my foot I ne'er had ſet;
Put into port, and leave this thief behind,
His very look's enough to turn the wind;
If you refuſe me, Captain, by this hand,
I'll quit your ſhip, though twenty leagues from land.
With leering eye, replied a Cheapſide wife,
I like the propoſition, on my life.
You do, ſaid Bull her ſpouſe, diſpos'd to joke,
Wrapt in a cloud of politics and ſmoke;
From you I thought nought came but oppoſition,
But this, forſooth's an Iriſh propoſition.
But from our boy—a mightier charge we boaſt—
'Tis Shakſpeare ſteers to-night upon your coaſt:
To cut him down from firſt-rate ſize we've dar'd,
Finding ſome planks and beams by time impair'd;
The heart of oak of genius is the ſame;
You ſend the gale that blows him on to fame.
One glowing bold, energic golden line,
Drawn with the fire of Shakſpeare's pen divine,
Genius and taſte can never prize too high,
For whilſt he lives, thoſe twins can never die.

29. Mr. Nunns, huſband of the Lady who performed Clariſſa, appeared for the firſt time at the Hay-market, in the character of Pepper, in Captain Topham's farce called "The Fool." Mr. Nunn's walk ſeems to be the old men in low comedy, in which he promiſes to be a uſeful actor. If not excellent, he was at leaſt decent.

Auguſt 4 was repreſented, for the firſt time, a comedy called, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT.

THIS comedy is avowedly the production of Mrs. Inchbald, and conſiſts of a happy combination of humour and paſſion, ſentiment and pleaſantry, equally ſuſtained by affecting incidents and comic ſituations.

The Characters are as follow:

Mr. Anthony Euſton	Mr. Benſley
Sir George Euſton	Mr. Williamſon
Major Cyprus	Mr. Palmer
Mr. Euſton	Mr. Parſons
Charles Euſton	Mr. Bannitter, jun.
Sir Harry Harmleſs	Mr. R. Palmer
Col. Downright	Mr. Aickin.
Lady Cyprus	Mrs. Bates
Lady Euſton	Mrs. Bulkeley
Bloom	Mrs. Reily
Mrs. Euſton	Miſs Farren.

The comic part of the plot is founded upon the divorce of Sir George Euſton from his former wife Lady Harriet, now Lady Harriet Cyprus, in conſequence of finding Major Cyprus concealed in a cloſet in his houſe; from which very cloſet it is contrived Sir George himſelf ſhould afterwards make his appearance; a ſituation which, though he is not criminal with Lady Harriet, gives at firſt view every reaſon to ſuppoſe he has an intrigue with his diſcarded wife again.

The ſerious part, which is highly intereſting, is ſimply this: —— Mr. Anthony Euſton is ſuppoſed to have diſinherited his only ſon Charles Euſton, for marrying a beautiful young girl without a fortune. The piece opens with Mr. Anthony Euſton's arrival from the Weſt-Indies: he accidentally meets his own daughter-in-law, driven by extremity of want, having two infants to ſupport, to aſſume the ſimilitude of a proſtitute, in order to gain the ear of ſome man of feeling and honour, to make known her diſtreſſes to him. The perſon in whoſe company Mr. A. Euſton is at the time of his meeting with his daughter-in-law, feels no ſentiment for her but what her beauty inſpires; and ſhe is, without knowing her deliverer, ſaved by her own father from violation. The conſequent eclairciſſement may be eaſily imagined, and in working it up it is but ſtrict juſtice to ſay, that the Author has touched the fineſt chords that awaken the heart to ſenſibility.

The two firſt acts, as well as the laſt, abound with happy ſtrokes of ſatire on ſeparate maintenances, divorces, licentious intermarriages, and all the train of faſhionable gallantries: the intermediate ſcenes diſcloſe a tale artfully interweaved with the main ſubject of *I'll Tell You What!* and we know not, whether the audience were more diverted with the comic parts, or affected by the pathetic; for at ſome moments the houſe was convulſed with burſts of laughter, and at others diſſolved in tears. The ſeam that divided the partitions of the plot was perhaps, in ſome places, wrought too inartificially; but, on the whole, the piece hung well together, and promiſes much future entertainment from the ſame pen, which has before entertained us with that excellent farce *The Mogul Tale*; a circumſtance which, not being generally known, rendered the Prologue ſomewhat leſs intelligible and amuſing than it would otherwiſe have appeared to many of the audience. The Epilogue, being founded on a main incident in the play, was univerſally felt and admired;

and

and Miſs Farren, as well as the Writer, very *critically* managed *the critical minute*. The performers acquitted themſelves much to their own honour, and the advantage of the piece.

PROLOGUE

To the Comedy of I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

LADIES and Gentlemen, *I'll tell you what!*
Yet not, like Antient Prologue, tell the plot—
But, like a Modern Prologue, try each way
To win your favour tow'rds the coming play.
Our Author is a woman; that's a charm
Of pow'r to guard herſelf and Play from harm.
The Muſes, Ladies-Regent of the Pen,
Grant women ſkill, and force, to write like men:
Yet they, like the Æolian maid of old,
Their ſex's character will ever hold;
Not with bold quill too roughly ſtrike the lyre,
But with the *feather* raiſe a ſoft deſire.
Our Poeteſs has gain'd ſublimeſt heights—
Not Sappho's felt has ſoar'd to nobler flights.
For ſhe, bright ſpirit, the firſt Britiſh fair,
Climb'd, unappall'd, the unſubſtantial air:
And here, beneath the changes of the moon,
Wond'ring you ſaw her launch a grand balloon;
While ſhe, with ſteady courſe, and flight not dull,
Paid a thort viſit to the Great Mogul.
Shrink not, Nabob! our Poeteſs to-night
Wakes not the genius of Sir Matthew Mite.
Beyond our hemiſphere ſhe will not roam,
Keeps in the line, and touches nearer home;
Nay will not, as before, howe'er you ſcorn her,
Reach e'en the turnpike-gate at Hyde-park-corner.
But hold!—I ſay too much—I quite forgot,
And ſo I'll tell you—no—SHE'LL *tell you what!*

EPILOGUE

To the Comedy of I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

MALE critics applaud to the ſkies the male ſcribblers:
When a woman attempts, they turn carpers and nibblers:
But a true patriot female there's nothing ſo vexes,
As this haughty pre-eminence claim'd 'twixt the ſexes.
The free ſpirit revolts at each hard propoſition,
And meets the whole ſyſtem with loud oppoſition.
Men, 'tis true, in their noddles huge treaſures may hoard;
But the heart of a woman with *paſſions* is ſtor'd;
With paſſions, not copied from Latin or Greek,
Which the language of Nature in plain Engliſh ſpeak.
Girls who grieve, or rejoice, from true feeling, as I do,
Never dream of Calypſo, or Helen, or Dido.

To the end of our life, from the hour we begin it,
Woman's fate all depends on *the Critical Minute!*
A minute unknown to the dull pedant tribe,
And which never feeling, they never deſcribe.
'Tis no work of ſcience, or ſparkle of wit,
But a point which mere Nature muſt teach us to hit;
And which, in the changes and turns of my ſtory,
A weak woman's pen has to-night laid before ye.
And ſay, ye grave prudes! gay coquettes too, ah, ſay,
What a *Critical Minute* was mine in the play!
Here poverty, famine, and ſhame, and reproach!
There plenty and eaſe, and a Lord, and a coach!
But perhaps our bard held Mrs. Euſton too mean,
And conceiv'd her diſgrace would but lower the ſcene:
Let us then, better pleas'd to acquit than convict her,
On the ground of high-life ſketch the very ſame picture.

Imagine ſome Fair plung'd in modiſh diſtreſs,
Her wants not leſs than mine, nor her agony leſs!
At Hazard, ſuppoſe, an unfortunate caſt
Has ſwept her laſt guinea, nay more than her laſt!
Her diamonds all mortgag'd, her equipage ſold,
Her huſband undone, genteel friends looking cold!
At her feet his ſweet perſon Lord Foppington throws,
The moſt handſome of Nobles, the richeſt of Beaux!
At once too his love and his bounty diſpenſes,
Soothes with thouſands her grief, lulls with flatt'ry her ſenſes!

Alas!

Alas! what a minute! ah! what can be done?
All means muſt be tried; and our drama ſhews one.
Let papa, in that minute, that ſo frowns upon her,
Redeem the vile debts that encumber her honour!
Let papa in that minute, that teems with undoing,
Step in, like my father, and mar a Lord's wooing!
Let her know, as I've known, all the horror that's in it,
And feel the true force of *the Critical Minute!*

Thus wiſhes our Bard, and ſhe bids me declare;
And ſuch is my wiſh — by mine *honour* I ſwear!

POETRY.

SONNET,

Written extempore, on ſeeing an antique Manſion in a moſt romantic and retired Situation, near the River T. in Devonſhire.

O! Manſion, ſuited to the mind ſublime,
Here could I bid this valued world adieu;
Here ſweetly wait the ſilent lapſe of Time,
And bend on Heaven my ſoul-directed view.

Nor Pleaſure's ſyren voice ſhould hence allure;
Nor all the charms that riches could impart;
Nor all that honours, titles, could procure,
Should raiſe one longing impulſe in my heart.

For ah! the bloom of youth is quickly o'er,
Short is the triumph of each tranſient grace;
E'en life itſelf, the pageant of an hour,
The chilling breath of Time ſhall ſoon efface.
But here would ſweet Reflection learn to ſoar,
And lift my ſoul from earth to ſomething more.

G. C.

SIMPLICITY.

LET others ſing of proud alcoves,
Of lofty domes, and gilded ſpires,
To primros'd vales and verdant groves
My muſe with jocund ſtep retires;
The op'ning flow'r, the murm'ring ſtream,
The woodlark's wild untutor'd ſtrain,
To me a more inſpiring theme
Than all the brighteſt courts contain:
For there Simplicity alone
Makes every artleſs ſcene her own.

When orient bluſhes hail the dawn,
And mildneſs breathes in every gale;
When dew-drops glitter o'er the lawn,
And labour echo's through the vale:
Ah! then to climb the mountain's ſide,
And wander o'er the braky way,
Where fancy leads, or chance may guide,
Will well the early talk repay:
For in each flow'ry path will be
The charm of ſweet Simplicity.

Or deep within the ſilent ſhade,
Where Solitude delights to dwell,
Where many a moſs-grown couch is ſpread,
And many a wild note heard to ſwell;
There, fainting from noon's ſcorching beam,
'Tis bliſs, one's "littleſs length" to lie,
Cloſe where ſome cool refreſhing ſtream
In dimpling eddies bubbles by;
The grove, the bank, the ſtream will be
All charming through Simplicity.

When modeſt Eve, with gentle pow'r,
"Shall weave her robe of twilight grey,"
By yonder ivy-mantled tower,
Still will I find an hour to ſtray;
For there will Philomela's note
Steal ſweetly o'er my raptur'd ear,
And many an echo far remote,
The ſoft heart-ſoothing ſound ſhall hear:
Thus may each hour be ſpent with thee,
And thee alone, oh! ſweet Simplicity.

G. C.

PROLOGUE

To the ORPHAN of CHINA,

Written by J. S. PRATT, Eſq.

And ſpoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Eſq.

At his private Theatre at Dover, in Kent, laſt March.

FROM Herſchell gazing on his Georgian Star
To daring Jeff'ries ballancing in air,
The law ſupreme that governs human kind,
Pleaſure to give and take we ſtill ſhall find;
Social the ſource whence all our paſſions flow,
Mutual is every joy and every woe;
And ne'er to *ſelf* we ſtint the lib'ral flame,
Which gilds the paths of glory or of fame.

Hence, Sirs, each glowing purpoſe of the
ſoul,
And parts, as ſung the Bard, but ſerve the
whole:
Hence iſſues forth, "indebted and diſcharg'd,"
The generous feeling and the thought en-
larg'd:
Hence young Ambition ſpreads her proudeſt
ſail,
Power climbs the mountain, and Peace decks
the vale:
Hence Sculpture bids the ſoften'd marble warm,
And Painting emulates life's vivid form:
Muſic her voice, and Poeſy her lyre,
With equal incenſe feed the ſocial fire:
Love breathes his vow, Compaſſion drops her
tear,
Pleaſure and Pain both pay their homage here:
The *world's* great drama this fair truth can
tell,
Not for *themſelves alone* would men excel.
To night, not leſs obedient to the power
Of ſocial pleaſure, we devote the hour;
To cheer the gale that chills the coming ſpring,
To melt the ſnow yet lodg'd on winter's wing;
Like lovers we by moon-light woo the heart,
And try the powers that grace the ſcenic art!
Friendſhip for this calls Candour to our ſtage,
Who brings no catcall, bids no party rage:
The ſhining rows that grace this little round
Will fright our heroes with no fearful ſound.
Arm'd with no terrors do *our* Critics ſit,
To roll the thunders of a London Pit;
No awful phalanx, ſedulous to blame,
Blaſts the fair roſe-buds of our *private* fame:
The full grown flowers which on her ſummit
grow,
Conſcious we knit, to crop the ſhrubs below.
All our *kind Gods*, too, are from malice free,
Here Members ne'er *divide*, but all *agree*;
And tho' both ſexes on our edicts wait,
In *a full houſe* we dread no harſh debate.
A zeal to pleaſe ye *animates us all*,
And ſhould we fail, your ſmiles would break
our fall:
Yet if we pleaſe not, our beſt hopes we
maim,
"Self-love and ſocial" *we* ſhall "feel the
"tame."

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Eſq.

And written by J. S. PRATT, Eſq.

WELL, Dames and Sirs, we've had rare
doings here,
Princes in van, Conſpirators in rear!
To-night you've ſeen what Patriots were of
yore,
Tyrants you've heard declaim, and Tartars
roar,
Nor dare ye now deny *they* were indeed
A race of mortals *wond'rous apt to bleed.*
The Dames of China were ſo fond of death,
Maids on their wedding-day gave up their
breath,
And huſbands (Ladies, how unlike your own)
Stole off before the honey-moon was down.
Your Eaſtern bridegrooms offer'd up their
wives,
Whene'er the general welfare claim'd their
lives;
Each beauteous victim, at her Lord's command,
Took the dire inſtrument of fate in hand,
Amidſt the red-hot pile undaunted ſtood,
Burnt, hung, or *drowned*, for the *public good.*
"Do die, my dear," the tender huſband ſaid;
"This for thy country!" then ſtruck off her
head.
Untimely deaths were then indeed ſo common,
Woman for ſport kill'd man, and man kill'd
woman:
A bowl of poiſon was the *virgin's* end,
She *drank it off*, and call'd it *Virtue's* friend;
Bent her white boſom to the patriot blow,
And ſaw the ſtreams of life unheeded flow;
Then whiſper'd her kind Lord—but not to
ſave her,
Gave *him* the blade—He thank'd her for the
favour:
"Take it, my deareſt"—ſoftly—you know
the reſt,
The good man ſeiz'd and plung'd it in his
breaſt;
Then ſide by ſide ſtill man and wife they lie,
Kiſs and expire, *without one daſtard ſigh.*
To Britons turn we from ſuch tribes as theſe,
Britons who pleaſe to live, and live to pleaſe;
Our Engliſh Dames *ſuch* killing cuſtoms hate,
And, born to conquer, ne'er ſubmit to fate.
Should ſome deep ruin on *their* country preſs,
Too gen'rous they—to *leave her in diſtreſs*
Inſtead of *dying*—they, like patriots ſtout,
Boldly live on—and *live the miſchief out:*
Or if ſome off'ring the ſtern fates require,
They nobly ſpare their *huſbands* to the fire:
"Yes, ye lov'd Lords, we give ye up—they
cry,
"'Tis for the general good ye all ſhould die."
"Alas, ſad widows! ſure our hearts will break!
"But we will bear it for our country's ſake."
"Yes, oh dear Martyrs, what we ſtill muſt
"dread,
"Is, leſt the ſtate again ſhould bid us wed."
Ye pride of Albion, yours the graceful art,
To point with nicer ſkill the potent dart;
Yours the ſoft privilege whole ranks to kill,
And make death lovely, tho' no blood ye
ſpill:
Ye like the chalky cliffs that guard our coaſt,
Affect your ſkies, and are yourſelves an hoſt.
Tho' of young roſes are your fetters made,
In vain would lion man their force evade

Tho'

Tho' your triumphant car is drawn by doves,
And captives tied to the proud wheels by Loves,
Not vex'd Ixion e'er was bound so fast,
And while you frown the punishment must last.
Fame, life, and death, are in your conquering eyes,
And of each polish'd art your *smiles* the prize:
O, for *our* toils in every beauteous face,
Those fair rewards of pleasing may we trace!

The FATE of COQUETRY.

A POEM.

Inscribed to Miss ———.

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit. P. Arb.

NOW smiling leisure crowns the passing day,
And favouring muses chide my long delay;
Say, shall my lyre unheeded wave in air,
To catch the murmurs evening zephyrs bear?
Perish the thought! I'll wake each quiv'ring string,
And scenes unwelcome to a lover sing;
Coquettish scenes, which I can well display,
Since *Laura* reigns the heroine of my lay.
I once conceiv'd—('twas phrenzy fir'd my breast!)
Her well-known form each peerless grace possest;
That such perfection in her face appear'd
As skilful painters to express despair'd;
That heaven had form'd her with peculiar care,
Fair as the first-born flow'rets of the year;
Sweet as the dew-drop that impearls the rose,
And free from blemish as untrodden snows:
Then, what she urg'd, tho' doubtful, I believ'd;
Then, while she err'd, no errors I perceiv'd;
But thought Minerva beam'd upon her brow,
And Folly shunn'd her as his deadly foe.
I scorn'd the crowd who with'd me (but in vain)
To cease my visits which might end in pain;
And swore, lest scoundrels shou'd her conduct blame,
I'd gladly perish to support her fame:—
Blind to her foibles, I with madness heard
The seeming falsehoods which my friends avert'd;
And still relying on the muses' power,
Her praises chaunted in each leisure hour;
Pleas'd too, I sung! for never did I seem
To want another, or an ampler theme.
Scarce did I think beneath a form so fair
Cou'd lurk a heart beneath a lover's care;
Much less believe her smiles, that cheer'd my soul,
Were feign'd my future pleasure to controul;
That pride and avarice revell'd in her breast,
That curs'd Coquetry was her daily guest;
That e'en so selfish was a *Laura*'s aim,
She'd flatter *Albert* to obtain her fame.—
Too true the tale! She play'd a treach'rous part,
And won by stratagem my wandering heart.
But tho' conviction rushes on my mind,
And swears that *Laura*'s a coquet refin'd;
Tho' I, by Heav'n! no longer can retain
For her one symptom of a lover's pain;
Yet must I own, with pity I behold
Her mind mere tinsel, which I fancied gold.
Now while reflection with her cheering pow'r
Beguiles the dullness of the passing hour,
Fond memory pencils with her silent aid
Those wond'rous changes which a month has made.—
Once *Laura* seem'd celestial in her mien
As fam'd Calypso, or the Cyprian Queen;
But, since her follies are unveil'd to view,
Her beauties vanish like the morning dew—
The gems that sparkled in her eyes so bright,
Are robb'd for ever of their wonted light;
The rose, that blossom'd on her cheek, grows pale
As untouch'd lillies in the lonely vale;
And all her smiles, which taught me to adore,
Seem form'd for mischief, and allure no more.
The scene thus chang'd, those gifts * I priz'd so much,
That hands profane ne'er foil'd them with a touch,
Are now return'd!—They've lost the pow'r to please,
And injur'd *Albert* boasts a mind at ease.
Shou'd some fond Bard, by passion's dictates led,
Now wake the lyre, and swear her cheeks are red,
Pleas'd with the thought, she'd listen with delight
From morn's first glimm'ring 'till returning night;
Then, with a smile, wou'd court him for a song
Which hail'd her fairest of the female throng.
Blush, *Laura*! blush! when you these strains peruse,
That spring unpolish'd from an honest muse,
Whose aim is ever, with impartial hand,
When justice calls, to censure or commend;
More pleas'd, I own, when brilliant virtues claim
The tuneful tribute, as a wreath of fame.

Norwich. ALBERT.

* Some trifles, intrinsically of no value, given by Laura to the author.

COURTSHIP.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ.

ALARM'D and jealous at the herd
Which ſtill purſued my life,
I ſwore, yet think me not abſurd,
To prove my future wife,
And narrowly obſerve each ſpark
At morn, noon, twilight, and the dark;
So that at length I might diſcover
The charm which caught each ardent lover.

Our *morning* ſuitor prais'd her eyes;
Our *noon* admired her breaſt;
The *twilight* ſwain in rapture cries,
Her ſhape excels the reſt.
At length when darker grew the night,
My ſudden entry with a light
Into a private ſhady bower,
Shew'd me a youth who found it lower.

APOLLO's ROUT.

By the COUNTESS TEMPLE.

APOLLO, facetious and merry, no doubt,
The Muſes to pleaſe had a mind to a rout;
Wing'd Hermes was order'd to tap at each door,
Who ſmil'd at command's never given before:
"Let the Deities know that Apollo's at home,
"And begs they will do him the honour to "come."

Upon hearing the news, mark Diana the prude—
"What, go to the man who to Daphne was "rude!
"My compliments make—I'm engag'd on "that day,
"And have buſineſs below that can't be ſaid "nay."

The houſe put in order, the chairs in a row,
Apollo, as fine and perfum'd as a beau,
Put on his white gloves, and conducted the gueſts in;
The Goddeſſes all came, dreſs'd out to a pin.
The tea carried round to the ladies, if dry,
To Juno the firſt—to the reſt by and bye;
The nectar I mean—for a goddeſs, d'ye ſee,
Sips nectar, when thirſty, inſtead of green tea.
The card-tables plac'd, and the parties all made,
At games moſt in faſhion the company play'd;
When, lo, Venus was miſs'd!—"Why, "where is ſhe flown,"
They cry out all at once—"She can ne'er be "alone:
"And what is ſtill ſtranger, the men are all "here,
"She's come to ſome dreadful diſaſter we fear."
Theſe words were repeated again and again,
When a rap at the door put them out of their pain;
Fair Venus comes laughing—"I'll tell you "fine news,
"I'm juſt come from earth, ſo my dreſs you'll "excuſe.
"(But firſt, my reſpects to Apollo I'll pay,
"And apology make for my keeping away)
"You know that I'm curious, I thought it was "odd,
"That Diana alone ſhould refuſe the bright "God.
"At a diſtance I follow'd, and what did I "ſee, [tree,
"But Endymion with her playing under a
"The maid was ſo fond, you 'ad ſworn it "was me.
"She had buſineſs you ſee; ſhe has told you "no lie,
"She's no better than me, but a little more "ſly."
The company parted all ready to burſt;
And happy was ſhe who could tell it the firſt,
To ſuſpect you, ye prudes, cannot now be thought rude;
Diana herſelf, till found out, was a prude.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

AUGUST 1.

THE coal lighters and coal gangs, which have ſtopped above a fortnight on account of the diſpute between the perſons in the coal trade, went to work for the firſt time; the interference of the Lord Mayor, ſupported by government, having had the deſired effect of breaking through a combination which was dangerous to the town in the article of fuel. A number of ſhips began to clear out that day, and deliver their cargoes as uſual; the matter in diſpute between the two parties having been ſettled by mutual conceſſion, and the arbitration of friends.

4. Seven malefactors were executed at Kennington Common, viz. Philip Gibſon, John Mutton, and Henry Wiggs, for a burglary; Thomas Hudſon, for a highway robbery; Charles Jenkins, for a footpad robbery; Owen M'Carthy, for houſebreaking; and William Shearman, for horſe-ſtealing. They all behaved very penitent, and owned the juſtneſs of their ſentence.

8. A moſt melancholy affair happened on board the Sampſon of 64 guns, the Admiral's ſhip, lying in Hamoaze. Captain Douglas of marines having dined at the meſs of one of the regiments quartered at Dock Barracks, returned

turned rather in liquor on board the Sampſon (with three officers of the regiment), at whoſe meſs he dined, at ten o'clock at night. They ſupped in the ward room. After ſupper ſome converſation aroſe reſpecting under whoſe command the ſhip would be in time of action, if the captain and lieutenants of the ſhip ſhould be killed. The maſter, Mr. Walton, ſaid, of courſe the command would devolve on him. A diſpute on this commenced, and proceeded with acrimony on both ſides till near one o'clock in the morning; when Captain Douglas ſaid ſomething rather provoking to Mr. Walton, which he returned with a very ſlight blow. This irritated Capt. Douglas to madneſs; he ran into his birth, and though ſome of the officers endeavoured to keep him in it, he burſt out into the ward room again, made up to Mr. Walton, ſtruck him on the head with his bayonet, and ſtabbed him in the belly.—Mr. Walton fell, and died in a few minutes. Captain Douglas inſtantly jumped overboard, and ſwam to a boat at ſome diſtance; he was taken up and delivered to the ſhip's boat, which rowed off at the ſame moment. When he came on board he was put under an arreſt: the next morning when reaſon reſumed her ſeat, Capt. Douglas felt all the horrors of his lamentable ſituation; he refuſed ſuſtenance, and declared he had killed a man he regarded as a ſincere friend. The Coroner's Inqueſt ſat on the body, on Wedneſday the 10th inſtant, and brought in their verdict, *Wilful Murder*. Capt. Douglas was delivered over to the civil power, and ſent to Launceſton gaol on Thurſday the 11th inſt. to take his trial at the next Lent aſſizes. Mr. Walton was univerſally reſpected as a good officer and worthy man, and was buried with naval honours at Stoke Damarel.

Extract of a Letter from Halifax, in Yorkſhire, Aug. 11.

"Mr. Joſeph Binns, of this town, has diſcovered a certain method in the ſteerage of balloons, which will aſtoniſh the ſcientific part of the world.

"Yeſterday this gentleman, accompanied by Meſſ. Newmarch and Frobiſher, of the ſame place, aſcended from the Beacon-hill, a prodigious eminence in this neighbourhood, and, to the pleaſure of ſome thouſands of ſpectators aſſembled on this occaſion, he conducted the balloon for twenty miles in a horizontal direction againſt the wind."

15. This morning the priſoners in the King's-Bench aſſembled in a moſt riotous manner, and by their threats and behaviour made it neceſſary for the guards to be ſent for, and even then the Marſhal found it abſolutely requiſite to have ſome of the ringleaders ſeized, and ſent to the New Gaol, before peace and quiet could be reſtored.

A remarkable execution took place this month in Paris. The criminal was named Francis Gaudron, and lived as valet to a gentleman in La Rue de Notre Dame St Nazareth. On the 15th of July laſt, he broke open his maſter's ſcrutoire, took out money to a conſiderable amount, and depoſited it in a lodging which he had taken in a fictitious name, previous to the robbery. His next ſtep was to place fifteen pounds of gunpowder under the ſcrutoire, with a view of blowing it up when his maſter was writing at it. To this a train was laid, at one end of which a parcel of tinder was placed, contrived, by its ſlowneſs in communicating fire to the train, to favour his eſcape.—This diabolical deſign was diſcovered at the inſtant the villain was attempting to put it in practice. He was ſecured, brought to trial, and condemned to be burnt. On the morning of execution, he was conveyed in a cart to the door of the church of Notre Dame. His head and feet were bare: he was in his ſhirt, with a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand—He there begged forgiveneſs of God, the King, and the people. He was thence carried to the Place de Greve; but the execution was delayed till half paſt ſix in the evening, owing to a violent fall of rain, attended by thunder and lightning. At the above-named hour he was laid proſtrate on a pile of wood, and tied faſt to ſtakes placed for that purpoſe, covered with ſtraw and faggots, and in that ſtate the pile was ſet fire to; after which his aſhes were ſcattered to the wind by the executioner.

The peaſant at Zevenhuyſen, againſt whom an action had been brought for damages done to Mr. Blanchard's balloon, in his defence proved, that he underſtood *logic* better than *Aeroſtation*. He thus addreſſed his judges: "Gentlemen, it is an eſtabliſhed point in law, that whatever falls from the clouds becomes the property of the owner of the land on which it falls:

"Mr. Blanchard and his balloon fell in my field:

"Ergo, Mr. Blanchard and his balloon both became my property, which I permitted him to re-purchaſe for ten ducats, to which I am juſtly entitled."

This curious ſyllogiſm, which appeared irrefragable, diverted the court exceedingly; and Mr. Blanchard was one of the firſt to join in the laugh.

Letters from Paris mention, that there are no leſs than four hundred divorces now pending before the Parliament, and eight hundred more before the *Chatelet*. A ſtriking proof to what a height the corruption of morals is arrived in that kingdom, where divorces were unknown till 1621.—*O tempora! O mores!*

17. The following malefactors were executed on a ſcaffold facing the debtors door,

Newgate, viz. Richard Jacobs, for breaking into the houſe of Edward Thompſon, at Iſlington, and ſtealing a quantity of ſilver plate, &c. John Rebouit, alias Preſcot, for robbing Mr. Edward Henry Jump, on the highway, near Hornſey, of a gold watch, two gold ſeals, two guineas, &c. Thomas Bailey, for breaking into the dwelling houſe of Mr. Bates, in James-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, and ſtealing 15 ſilver table ſpoons and other plate; John Morris and James Guthrie, for robbing John Marſhal on the highway in St. James's Park, of a ſilver watch and three guineas; James Lockhart, for ſtealing a diamond ring, a quantity of pearls, 19 rough diamonds, and two handkerchiefs, value 150l. the property of Major Bewley, his maſter; Martin Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor, brother and ſiſter, for a burglary in the houſe of Mr. Samuel Hooker, at Highgate, and ſtealing lace, ribbands, &c.

George Olive, a boy, convicted of ſetting fire to the houſe of his maſter, Mr. Parſloe, of the White Hart Tavern, St. James's, was ordered to be executed with the above malefactors, but is reſpited during his Majeſty's pleaſure.

Extract of a Letter from Dublin, Aug. 17.

"Our city was yeſterday evening illuminated throughout (a few houſes only excepted), and there were bonfires in moſt of our ſtreets, in exultation of the triumph which the generality of the people imagine their Houſe of Commons have obtained, in conſequence of the rate that has attended the bill brought in by Mr. Orde on Monday laſt, on the ſubject of the Iriſh propoſitions, or rather the reſolutions of the two Houſes of the Britiſh Parliament. The crowds in the ſtreets acted peremptorily, and inſiſted upon lights being put to the windows, where none appeared at firſt. The houſes that came under this deſcription, however, were but very few, and of thoſe who refuſed to obey the mandate ſtill fewer. Mr. Forſter, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had ſome of his windows broken, and here and there a few panes of glaſs were ſacrificed, but in general peace and good order prevailed."

18. Mrs. Lane of Goſwell ſtreet having purchaſed a pennyworth of liquid for deſtroying flies, half of which ſhe placed in the ſhop, leaving the reſt on the kitchen table; her daughter, a child of about four years of age, ſeeing the cup, dipped her finger into the mixture, and taſting it, and finding it ſweet, drank the whole. Mrs. Lane going into the room a few minutes after, and ſeeing the cup had been emptied, queſtioned her daughter, who ſaid ſhe had drank the contents. Upon this, an apothecary was ſent for, but notwithſtanding all his endeavours, the child died in great agonies within four hours. The Coroner's Jury have ſat on the body, and brought in a verdict of accidental death.

Extract of a Letter from Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 20.

"On Tueſday laſt his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales honoured this place with a viſit; he dined at Mr. Delme's, and afterwards accompanied him and his family to the ball, where his Royal Highneſs joined in the dancing, which continued till one in the morning. The ball room was crowded with company, and diſtinguiſhed by many families of the firſt diſtinction. On his Royal Highneſs's arrival in the place, he was ſaluted with a diſcharge of 18 pieces of cannon; and the ſhops and parade (along which his Highneſs paſſed in his way to the rooms) were illuminated in the evening. The condeſcenſion of his Royal Highneſs, in walking on the public parade the next day for three hours, was a gratification to hundreds, who flocked in from the adjacent villages.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, AUGUST 1785.

JUNE 23. at Madeira, Samuel Sills, upwards of 40 years conſul of that iſland.

In Margaret-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, viſcounteſs dowager Powerſcourt, in the 78th year of her age.

20. At Biſhop Auckland, Mrs. Agnew, widow of the late general Agnew, killed in America.

22. William Weatheral, eſq. of Lincoln.

23. At Nutwell-houſe, Devon, the ſeat of ſir Francis Drake, Mr. Rowe, in the 106th year of his age.

Mr. John Buckler, of Warminſter, Wilts.

27. Mrs. Gertrude Snell, daughter of Mr. Snell, canon of Exeter.

In the Fleet priſon, the counteſs Charlotte Potocka, a native of Poland.

Lately at the Hollings, near Bury, Lancaſhire, Mr. Edmund Meddowcroft, aged upwards of 90.

28. At Wincheſter, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs. Jenkinſon, mother of Charles Jenkinſon, and of Mrs. Cornwall, wife of the Speaker.

In Maid-lane, Southwark, Mr. Robert Brooke, aged 70 years.

At Edinburgh, John Carmichael, eſq. formerly one of the magiſtrates of the city, and treaſurer of Herriot's Hoſpital.

Lately at Tunbridge, Nicholas Halhead, eſq.

eſq. regiſter of the dioceſe of Durham, and governor of Greatham Hoſpital.

The reverend Richard Lumley, rector of Dalby, in the North Riding of Yorkſhire.

29. Mrs. Cockayne, widow of colonel Cockayne, and ſiſter to ſir Wm. Mildmay, bart.

Robert Dalton, eſq. of Turnham-hall, in the county of Lancaſter.

Mr. Vezey, in partnerſhip with Meſſ. Bradney and Roebuck, drug-merchants, in Lawrence-lane Cheapſide.

At Heyteſbury, Mr. John Snellgrove, of that place.

Lately at Heaton-houſe, Lord Grey de Wilton.

Lately at Ryegate, Surrey, William Cholmley, eſq.

Lately at Southampton, A. L. Collins, eſq. late lieutenant-colonel of the firſt regiment of dragoon guards.

Lately Mark Cephas Tutet, eſq. fellow of the Antiquarian Society.

Lately, in the 68th year of his age, the reverend John Fitzherbert, M. A. forty years vicar of Doveridge, in Derbyſhire.

Lately, at Baſſenthwaite, near Keſwick, in Cumberland, the reverend John Wilſon, A. B. vicar of Wilkirk.

Lately, at Loughton, Bucks, the reverend Mr. Goodwin.

Lately, Dr. Richard Huck Saunders, formerly phyſician to the army, and to St. Thomas's Hoſpital. He was the author of two papers in the Medical Obſervations, Vol. III. and other pieces.

Aug. 1. Mrs. Berkeley, relict of the late hon. Charles Berkeley.

At Cheſter, Thomas Doe, eſq.

2. At Dorcheſter, Mr. Nathaniel Strickland, apothecary, and one of the coroners for the county of Dorſet.

At Bramford, in Suffolk, the reverend Robert Hudſon, vicar of that place, rector of Brockley, and perpetual curate of St. Nicholas, Ipſwich.

Miſs Payne, of Walker's-court, Soho. On the very day ſhe died, being in perfect health, her nuptials were fixed upon for Sunday, which, by a melancholy reverſe, became the day of her burial.

Benj. Roebuck, Ocean ſtreet, Stepney.

3. Mrs. Lomax, wife of John Lomax, Eſq. Hackney.

4. Mr. Rowland Page, of Iſlington, late a diſtiller in Bread-ſtreet.

At Briſtol, Joſeph Stringer, Eſq. adjutant in the Oxfordſhire militia.

At Camberwell, Mr. Richard Lawrence.

At Hadley, near Barnet, major Peter Grant, formerly of the Eaſt India Company's ſervice.

Thomas Brock, Eſq. town clerk of Cheſter.

5. In Dublin, alderman Darragh.

At Briſtol, lieutenant James Bengough, commander of the Roſe tender.

6 At Lambeth, John Wilſon, Eſq. captain of an independant company of Invalids at Plymouth.

Lately, Mr. Parry, rector of Wolverly, and prebend of Worceſter.

7. Mrs. Strahan, relict of the late William Strahan, Eſq.

Mr. Richard Holms, looking-glaſs manufacturer, in Barbican.

Mrs. Bury, wife of Mr. Bury, chymiſt, of Newgate-ſtreet.

Lately, George Arnold, Eſq. of Brompton near Chatham, Kent, formerly of the navy-office.

8. In Welbeck-ſtreet, Lady Moor, relict of admiral Sir J. Moor.

9. Mr. Addington, wholeſale haberdaſher, in Milk-ſtreet, Cheapſide.

At Bath, in an advanced age, Mrs. Mackworth, widow of Herbert Mackworth, Eſq. deceaſed.

Mrs. Feaſt, wife of the late William Feaſt, Eſq. in the city road.

Mr. George Burnial, of Great Marybone-ſtreet.

10. In Manchеſter-buildings, Weſtminſter-bridge, John Applebee, Eſq.

11. Mrs. Stephens, a widow lady, at Chatham.

Lately, Joſeph Longley, Eſq. father of the recorder of Rocheſter.

13. Edward Leades, Eſq. at Melford, Yorkſhire.

At York, aged 76, Davifon Toplady, Eſq. The war before laſt he was captain in the 72d regiment of foot (the duke of Richmond's, which regiment was on the unfortunate expedition to St. Cas, and afterwards at the reduction of the Havannah, previous to which he loſt an arm in the ſervice

14. Jonathan Goodman, of Clerkenwell-green, horſe-taleſman.

Mrs. Paul, wife of the Rev. G. H. Paul, at Highgate.

The Rev. John Fletcher, vicar of Madeley, Shropſhire. He was the author of ſeveral pieces in defence of the principles of Mr. Weſley.

At Hull, Mr. Richard Mitchell, captain of the Swallow cutter.

16. Mr. William Parrat, of Barton-ſtreet, Weſtminſter.

Philip Allen, Eſq. comptroller of the bye and croſs-road letter-office.

18. Samuel Richardſon, Eſq. of Ludlow, Shropſhire.

22. Mr.

22. Mr. Humphreys, maſter of the Hercules eating-houſe, Royal Exchange.

At Stourhead, Wiltſhire, Mrs. Hoare, wife of Richard Colt Hoare, Eſq.

23. Mr. Henry White, ſteward of Bethlem hoſpital, formerly a gold-beater in St. Mildred's alley.

MARRIAGES, AUGUST 1785.

THE hon. Mr. Barnet, nephew to the marquis of Buckingham, to Miſs Moulin, of Groſvenor-ſtreet.

Sir James Tilney Long, Bart. to lady Catherine Windſor, ſiſter to the preſent earl of Plymouth.

George Hewett, Eſq. major of the 43d regiment of foot, to Miſs Johnſon, of Bennet-ſtreet, Bath.

The Rev. Mr. Rennels, one of the prebendaries of Winchester, to Miſs Blackſtone, eldeſt daughter of the late Sir William Blackſtone, one of the Juſtices of the Court of Common Pleas.

Richard Greaves Townley, Eſq. M. A. of Trinity College, and nephew of William Greaves, Eſq. of Fulbourne, to Miſs Gale, ſiſter of Wilſon Gale Braddyll, Eſq.

The Rev. Mr. Taprall, to the only ſiſter of the late Rev. Mr. Lucas, M. A. vicar of Milborne-Port, and fellow of Winchester College.

Vincent Newton, Eſq. late of Great Ormond-ſtreet, to Miſs Savage, ſiſter to Dr. Savage, of Conduit-ſtreet, Hanover-ſquare.

Mr. Richard Butterfield, to Miſs Jenny Vian Ward.

William Hallet, Eſq. of Cannons, in Middleſex, to Miſs Stephens, of Breakſpeare, in the ſame county.

Robert Taylor, Eſq. of Eyre in Suffolk, to Miſs Sambrook, of Manſion-houſe Street.

Abdy Maw, Eſq. of Lambeth, to Miſs Jane Troutbeck, of Biencowe, in Cumberland.

Capt. Boucher, of the navy, to Mrs. Hawkins, of George-Street, Hanover-Square.

The Rev. Mr. Blyth of Solihull, to Miſs Birch of Leadenham-Hall, Lincolnſhire.

Mr. Richard Hurſt, of Pontefract, to Miſs Hurſt, of Murfield.

At Preſton, Lancaſhire, Thomas Winkley, Eſq. to Mrs. Heſketh, widow of Thomas Heſketh, Eſq. of Ruſſord in the ſame county.

Stephen Rawlinſon, of Groſvenor-Place, London, Eſq. to Miſs Wright of Sandbach, Cheſhire.

William Henry Crowder, Eſq. of the Middle Temple, to Mrs. Brome, late from the Eaſt-Indies.

Sir Carnaby Haggerſtone, bart. to Miſs Frances Smythe, of Bramibridge in Hants.

Mr. Richard Roberts, of Manchester, to Miſs Wereat, of Trowbridge.

Capt. Honeywood, to Miſs Sophia Long, of Bury.

Mr. Charles Mann, of Norwich, to Miſs Maguire, late of Denver in Norfolk.

Mr. Shirley, merchant, of Warwick-court, to Miſs Henderſon, of Streatley in Berks.

Mr. John Cowderoy, of Woolhampton, to Miſs Jane Baker, of Littleſtoke in Oxfordſhire.

Thomas Sparke, Eſq. captain in the royal navy, to Miſs Fletcher.

Mr. Weſton, of Fenchurch-ſtreet, to Miſs Mary Stiles, daughter of William Stiles, Eſq. Secretary to the Commiſſioners of his Majeſty's Cuſtoms.

PREFERMENTS, AUGUST 1785.

JULY 29. Hugh Seton, Eſq. was preſented to the King, and had the honour to kiſs his Majeſty's hand, as hereditary royal armour bearer, and eſquire of his Majeſty's perſon.

30. Joah Bates, Eſq. appointed one of the commiſſioners of cuſtoms in England, in the room of Sir William Muſgrave, Bart.

—— Cherry, Eſq. late ſecretary to Lord Howe, commiſſioner to the victualling-office, in the room of Mr. J. Bates.

The Rev. John Burrel Blount, M. A. was inſtituted to the rectory of Barrow, in the county of Cheſter, void by the death of the Rev. Samuel Williamſon.

The Rev. Samuel Partridge, M. A. to hold the South Mediety of Leveſton, with the vicarage of Boſton, both in Lincolnſhire.

The Rev. Richmond Full, to the living of Warcop in Weſtmoreland.

The Rev. Tho. Gadſby, A. M. to the vicarage of Wooton in Bedfordſhire.

The Rev. Philip Papillon, M. A. of Oriel College, Oxford, rector of Eyethorpe, to hold the rectory of Kennington, in Kent.

The Rev. John Aſkew, ſenior fellow of Emanuel College, to the rectory of North Cadbury, vice —— Wragge, deceaſed.